CATHEDRALS, ABBEYS AND CHURCHES

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES

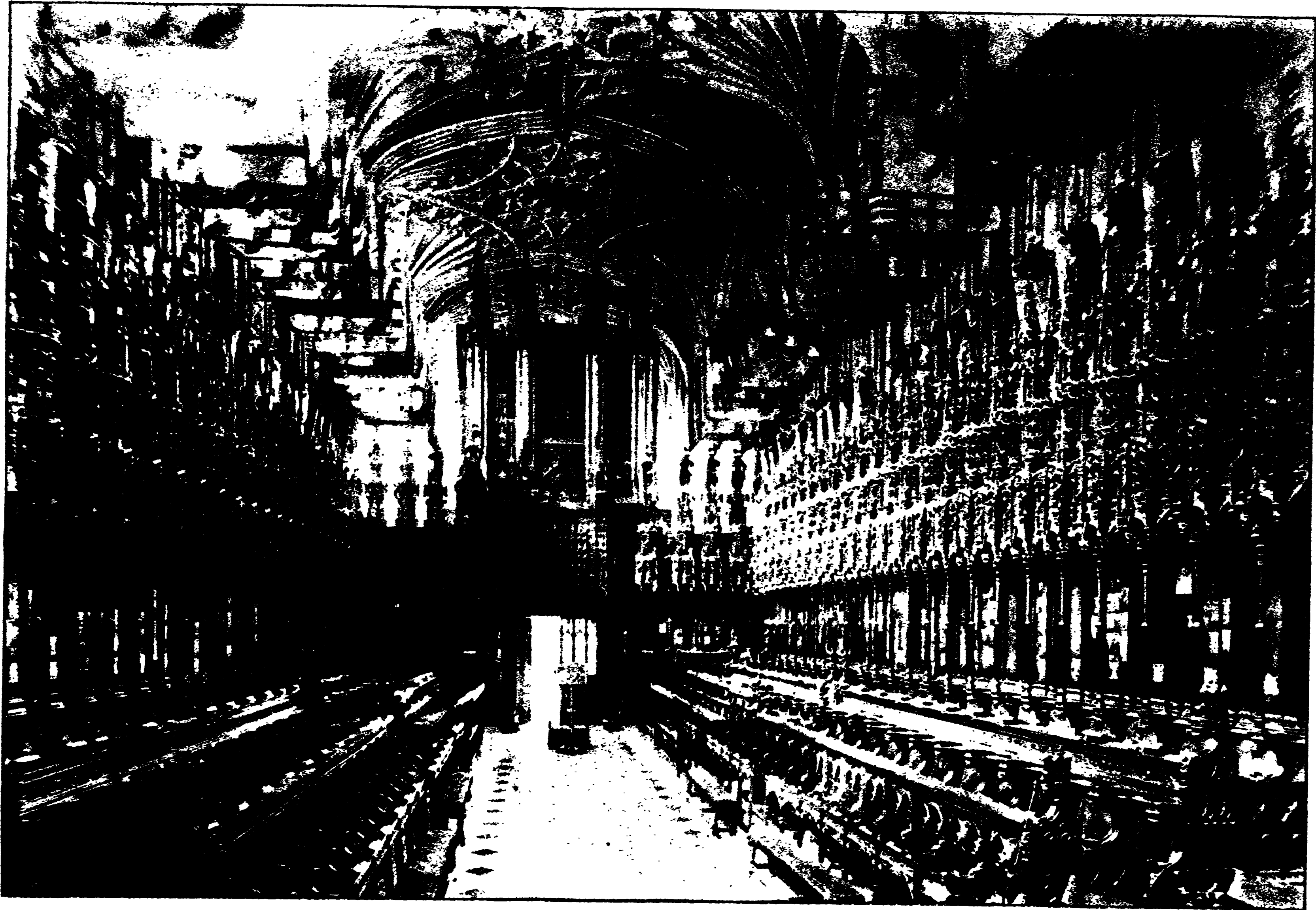


Photo: F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR; THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

CATHEDRALS
ABBEYS AND CHURCHES

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES

DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL, PICTORIAL

EDITED BY

PROF. T. G. BONNEY, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

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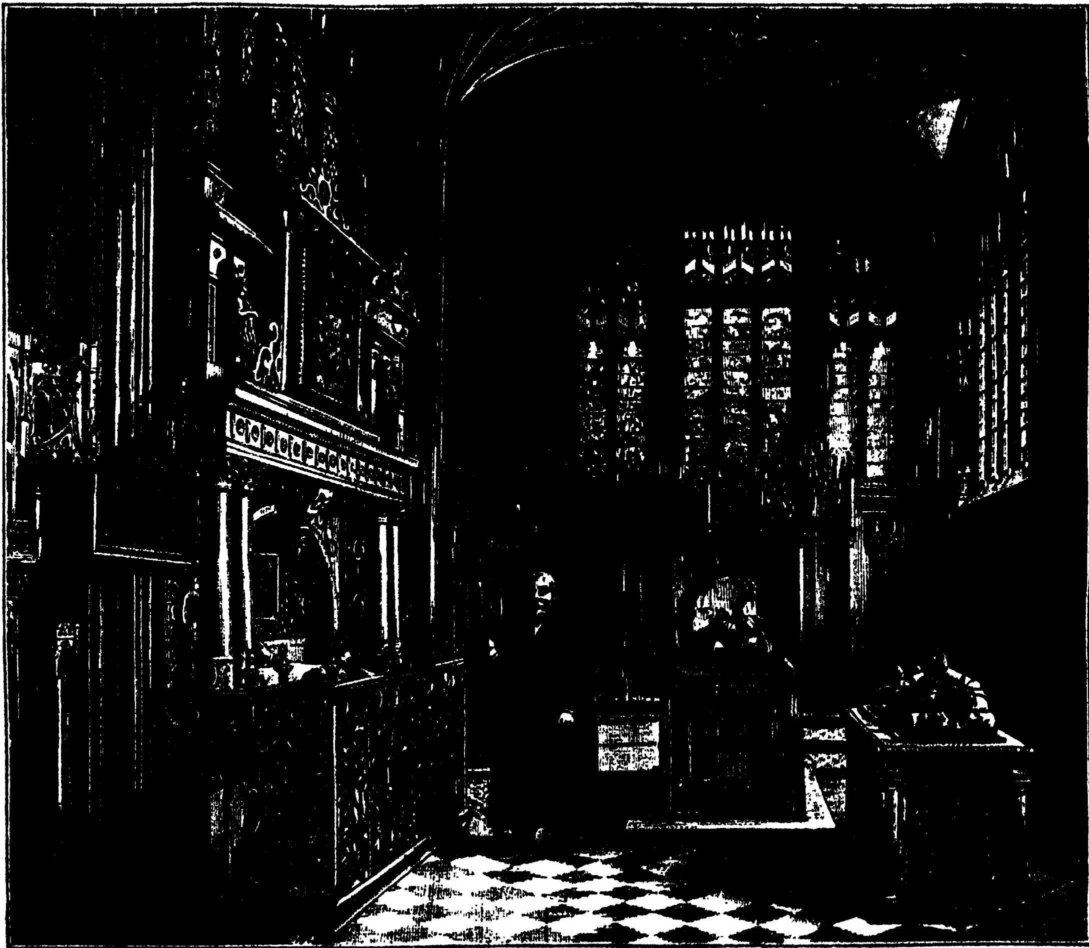
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ST. MARY'S, WARWICK.

TOMBS OF THE BEAUCHAMPS.

FEW towns in England have a name more familiar to readers of our country's history than Warwick, for it gave a title to one of the great families which in the Middle Ages so much helped to make that history. Its castle was their



THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL.

principal home; in its mother-church several of their members were laid to rest. Not indeed all. It is rare to find that, in the days of Plantagenet and Tudor kings, son followed father without a break in the succession of generations to the same place of sepulchre; the fortune of war, the king's pleasure or displeasure, the regard of this or that representative for some religious house which he had founded or endowed, all have combined in dispersing far and

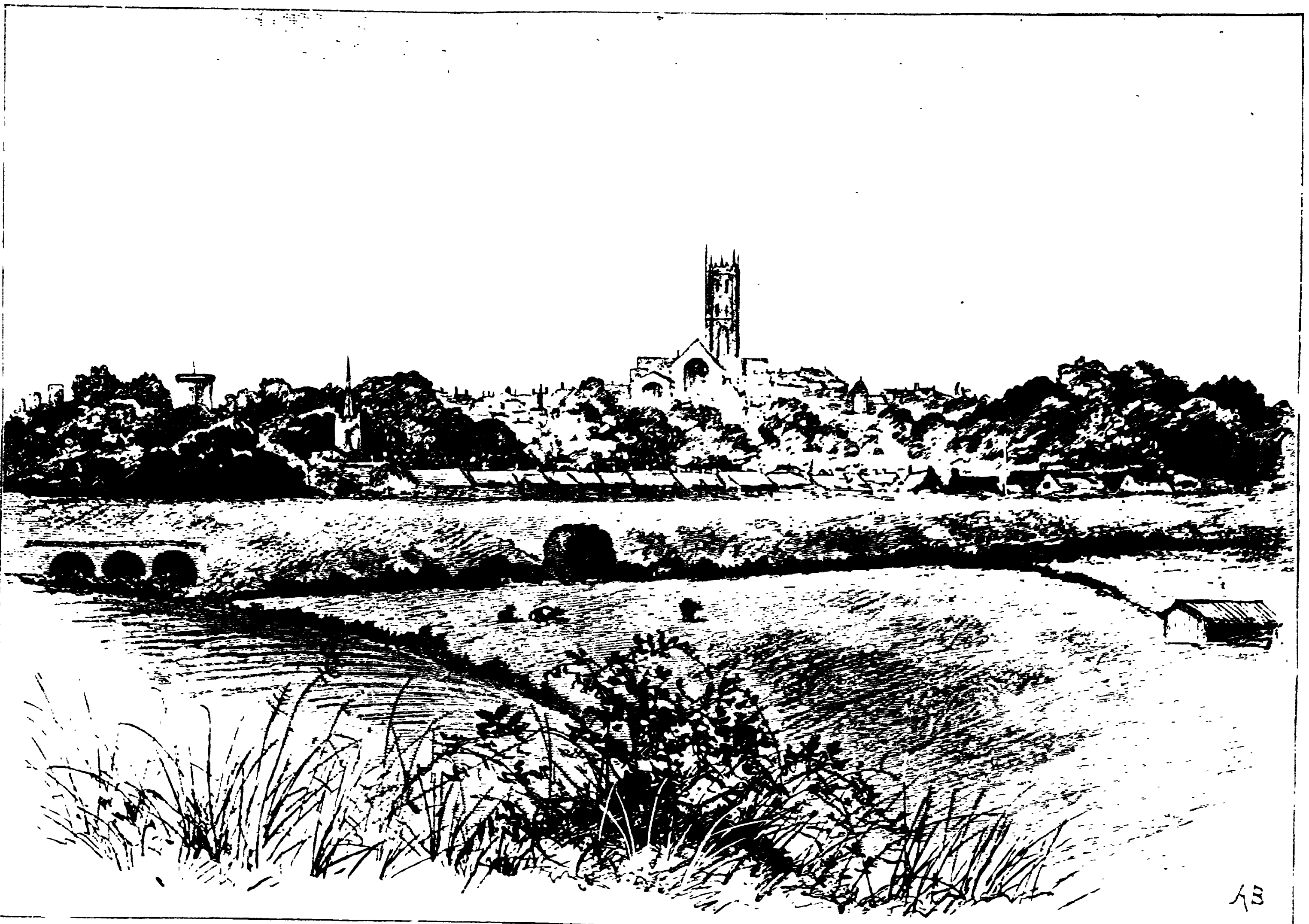
wide over England, even over Europe, the monuments of those who wore in turn the coronet.

The castle, which for centuries has been the dwelling-place of the Earls of Warwick, is surpassed in its situation by but few in England. Perched on a sandstone knoll by the side of the Avon, it rises like a great crag from the river; its walls command a fair prospect of rich sward and clustered trees, backed by slopes of field and copse. A residence of the family for so many centuries, and exceptionally rich—notwithstanding the disastrous fire from which it suffered a few years since—in relics of ancient days and in works of art, it is one of the most interesting among the stately homes of England.

The situation of the church is hardly less fine. The town is built upon a hill, of which the castle occupies one edge. From it the ground shelves upwards, to form a broad and moderately level plateau; and on the highest part of this a church was built, which has for centuries been the mother-church of the town. Thus, from far and wide, from windings of the valley, from many an undulation of the neighbouring district, its lofty tower forms a conspicuous landmark, indicating the position of the county town, and calling up memories of a family whose power at one time was little less than regal.

St. Mary's Church occupies a site which has been consecrated ground for many centuries. The date of the foundation is not known, but it is certainly anterior to the Norman Conquest. Warwick town, indeed, has a history which reaches so far back that the site of its principal church may have become consecrated ground no long time after the missionaries of Gregory won back England to Christianity. Certain it is that Warwick was destroyed by the Danes, and was rebuilt by Ethelfleda, the worthy daughter of the great Alfred, who laid the foundation of its castle about the year 915. Some antiquaries even carry back the lists of its Earls to the days of King Arthur, but we fear the sceptical students of the nineteenth century look askance at many of the names, and even demur to the veracious history of Guy, slayer of a giant, a dun cow, and a dragon, though he is said to have flourished in the days of Ethelfleda, and though they exhibit his armour and porringer unto this day in Warwick Castle.

While, so far as we are aware, there is no clear statement of the fact in history, it is highly probable that a church has occupied this site on the hill from a very early period. At any rate, when the commissioners of the Norman Conqueror came to Warwick, St. Mary's Church was in existence, and had been endowed with a hide of land by Turchil, who was Earl of Warwick when William landed in Sussex. No part, however, of that church now remains. Probably, before long the architects took it in hand, for the first Norman earl, Roger de Newburgh, was not unmindful of the religious wants of the place from which he took his title. Not only did he augment the endowments of the church, but



DISTANT VIEW OF ST. MARY'S, WARWICK.

also he made it in 1123 a collegiate foundation, with a dean, secular canons, priests, and choristers. The foundation lasted till the days of Henry VIII. Roger's son increased its revenues, and successive Earls of Warwick added to the endowments. The other churches of the town by degrees, and sometimes not without a struggle, were reduced to the position of mere dependencies; and at the time of the Reformation St. Mary's possessed a rich store of relics, and an annual revenue of considerably more than three hundred pounds. Of the church which was then standing, only the eastern half remains. In the year 1694 a great fire broke out in Warwick, which destroyed a considerable part of the town, together with the tower and nave of St. Mary's. These were rebuilt shortly afterwards; now they are being restored, at a cost of upwards of £12,000.

The present church is cruciform in plan, with a western tower, the transepts being rather short, the choir comparatively long. At a glance, it is evident that the whole structure west of the choir belongs to the last rebuilding. It is no less evident that, to a certain extent, an effort was made to reproduce the distinctive features of the ruined church. The leading lines of the nave, and yet more of the tower, suggest a structure in the Perpendicular style, but every detail indicates the influence of the Renaissance. The tracery of the nave windows would have been the death of a pre-Reformation architect. The ornamentation of the tower is in the style of Wren or of Vanbrugh. Everywhere is the classic "peard" beneath the Gothic "muffler." The towers of Westminster Abbey afford a somewhat parallel case, but with a less satisfactory result, for St. Mary's tower is impressive at a distance. The architect,* handling a style of which probably he had but small knowledge, and with which he had little sympathy, has, nevertheless, shown that a vigorous arm was wielding the unfamiliar weapon. The result is far better than the feeble efforts which signalised the early days of the Victorian "Gothic revival." With all its incongruities, the tower of Warwick Church is by no means a failure. In some ways, it is even better than much work that the above-named revival has produced. It is like a poem written by a man of genius in a language which he had imperfectly learnt, rather than the verse copy of the dull, but correctly taught, schoolboy.

The tower is supported on arches, covering the footway of the street, and its pinnacles rise to a height of 174 feet. The interior of the nave offers little to detain the visitor. It is like many of the "semi-Gothic" churches to which we have already alluded; having rather lofty aisles, columns indecisive in design, and a flattish roof. It is fitted up with pews which recall the days of our childhood, before church restoration had become general. Such monuments as it contains are in almost every case later than the conflagration, for this destroyed several of considerable interest which once found a place in the western part

* Often said to be Sir C. Wren, but really Sir W. Wilson.

of the church. Passing eastwards, we note in the east wall of the southern transept an elaborate doorway in a style which recalls the work of Tudor times, but is influenced also by Renaissance feeling. This leads into the famous Beauchamp Chapel, and is probably a restoration of the original door, executed after the great fire. The northern transept opens out on its eastern side to three connected chapels, of which one is used as a vestry; and that in the middle has an apse projecting to the north. This was the chapter-house of the collegiate church, but it is now occupied and considerably blocked up by a heavy canopied Jacobean monument commemorating "Fulke Grevill" (Lord Brooke), "servant to Queene Elizabeth, concellor to King James, and frend to Sir Philip Sidney." In a third room is a monument to Francis Parker, tutor, secretary, and steward to the Brooke family, who died in 1693, and another large canopied tomb to Sir Thomas Puckering, who died in 1636. This part of the church has been restored, and during the work a fine stone screen between the last-named room and the vestry was discovered, cleaned, and repaired.

The choir, the floor of which is on a higher level than that of the nave, and is interrupted by more than one step, fortunately escaped the conflagration, and has been restored of late years. Its style is Perpendicular. The roof is of stone, supported by ribs, which are partly detached, like a flying buttress. The windows are large, and not elaborate in design, and the lower half of those on the north and south are blocked, so as to form a sculptured panelling. The upper part of most of them is filled with modern stained glass, that in the large east window, to the memory of a former vicar and other persons, being rather good. The reredos, of marble and alabaster, is modern; so are the stalls and other fittings. In the middle of the choir is a fine altar-tomb, on which reposes the effigy of its founder, Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick,* who died in the year 1370, together with that of his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.

Beneath the choir is a spacious crypt, an interesting remnant of an earlier church, being of Norman architecture—the work, probably, of Roger de Newburgh; in it leading citizens of Warwick were once interred. On the north side, beneath the chapels, is the mausoleum of the Greville line of the Earls of Warwick.

The Beauchamp or Lady Chapel is, however, the chief ornament of St. Mary's Church. This is entered, not only by the main portal already mentioned, but also by a small door in the south wall of the choir, leading into one of three curious chapels, which occupy the narrow space between the two buildings. To discuss the probable intention of these would exceed our present limits. They are connected by doorways; from the eastern one which has an

* The choir was actually built (in 1394) by his son (of the same name), in conformity with his father's will.

enriched stone roof, a door on the north side leads to a very narrow and ruinous flight of steps, at the top of which a grated opening looks into the choir. This is popularly termed the confessional, but it may be doubted whether that is a true explanation of its purpose. Three rusty helmets and a curious old chest preserved here are worth examination. We descend by a short flight of steps into the Beauchamp Chapel, which was built for a tomb-house by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Commenced in the twenty-first year of Henry VI., and completed in the third of Edward IV. (1443—1464), it is in style a Late Perpendicular structure, reminding us somewhat, though on a small scale, of St. George's, Windsor, and the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. In the centre of the chapel, in front and to the west of the altar, so that he might hear well "the blessed mutter of the mass," is the founder's monument, a sculptured altar-tomb of Purbeck marble, richly adorned with figures of gilded brass. A slab of the same metal covers the tomb, on which lies the effigy of the Earl, also of brass. He is in full armour, but his head is bare, and rests upon his helmet; his hands are raised in prayer, but are not joined. A griffin and a bear support his feet. The figure is enclosed by a hooped hearse of brass, which is said to have formerly supported a velvet pall. The monument, fortunately, is still in good preservation, and as a work of art, no less than as a relic of ancient days, it is worthy of the closest study. The contract, with all the details of the expenditure for this memorial chapel, is still in existence. From it we learn that the cost of the Earl's effigy was £40, and of the whole building £2,481, a very large sum for that age.

But this tomb is not the only one of interest in the chapel. When mass had ceased to be said for the founder's soul, other folk came crowding in to share the grandeur of his tomb-house. Against the north wall is a sumptuous pile commemorating Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the noted favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The figures of the Earl and his second wife rest upon an altar-tomb, at the back of which rises an elaborately sculptured canopy. The monument is more indebted to the quality of the materials than to the grace of the design, and the reader must settle for himself whether the epitaph or history gives a truer picture of the Earl. On the floor of the chapel, near to the founder's monument, is another altar-tomb. This is to the memory of Leicester's brother, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, commonly called, by contrast, the Good Earl. It supports an effigy, but has neither canopy nor hearse. Against the south wall, near the eastern end of the chapel, is the figure of a child, clad in one of the long gowns which the pictures of Tudor days have made familiar to us, and of which we have in some sort a survival in the coats of the Christ's Hospital boys. This commemorates the "noble impe" Robert of Dudley, son of the former, nephew and heir of the latter, of the two peers just mentioned, "a child of greate parentage but of farre

greater hope and towardnes, taken from this transitory unto the everlastinge life" in the year 1584. These are the principal monuments in this interesting and, in many respects, beautiful chapel. The seats are of old oak, well carved; the windows were once filled with stained glass, but of this little remains except in the eastern one; the roof is stone, groined and ornamented with heraldic bosses; the floor is paved with slabs of black and white marble; the reredos is modern; a door on the left side of the altar leads into a chamber, once appropriated to the attendant priest, now used as a library. The chapel has, by rare good fortune, escaped with little harm from Puritan iconoclasts and Hanoverian vandals, and is hardly less interesting as a work of art than as a memorial of the Beauchamps and the Dudleys.

With a brief glance at the history of the illustrious families whose representatives rest in St. Mary's Church, we must conclude our notice. Passing over the family of De Newburgh, to which the earldom was given by the Conqueror, and of which the name is not specially connected with the church, we come to the house of Beauchamp, barons of Elmley in Worcestershire. They received the title by marriage, on failure of direct heirs in the male line of the De Newburghs, after the death of the sixth earl. All were men of mark. Guy, the second earl of this house, was the "black hound of Arden," whose fangs Piers Gaveston felt when he was brought as captive to Warwick Castle, and took his last look on earth from Blacklow Hill. His son, Thomas, fought manfully in the French wars by the side of the Black Prince, and died as Governor of Calais. His monument, as has been said, stands in the middle of St. Mary's Choir, of which he was the founder. The Black Hound's grandson, another Thomas, also won distinction in France, but, notwithstanding all his services, in the evil days of Richard II. his head was in no small danger, and he was kept for some time a prisoner in the Tower. The accession of Bolinbroke, however, restored him to liberty and honour. At his charge the nave of the church was built, and on his death, in the year 1401, he was buried there. His monument was destroyed by the great fire, but the brass effigies of himself and his wife were saved, and are now fixed against the wall of the south transept, near to the entrance to the Lady Chapel. Richard Beauchamp, his son, was even more distinguished than his illustrious progenitor. At the tournament or in war among the first, in private life irreproachable, the "father of courtesy," as he was called by the emperor, he filled, among other responsible offices, those of guardian to the young Henry VI., and Regent of France. There, in the year 1439, he died, and his body was buried, as mentioned above, in the stately Lady Chapel, which was built as directed in his will. His son, Henry Beauchamp, bade fair to equal the fame of his father, and was high in favour with the young king, who created him Duke of Warwick, and even King of the Isle of Man; but at the early age of twenty-two he died, and with him ended the house of Beauchamp.

The estates passed to Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, on whom the earldom of Warwick was conferred. This bearer of the title played a part in English history more famous, if less useful, than any of the Beauchamps, for he was the great "king-maker," who at last fell on the field of Barnet. He, however, does not rest within the walls of St. Mary's, but was buried at Bisham Abbey, with others of his house. A curse now seemed to cling for a while to the title. It was next held by "Clarence, ill-fated Clarence," done to death in the Tower. His son and successor was, from his boyhood, kept as a prisoner in that fortress, and, when still young in years, was murdered under the forms of justice, losing his head on the scaffold in order that the crown might rest more securely on that of Henry Richmond. For nearly half a century the title was dormant. Then it was conferred on John Dudley, Lord High Admiral of England. He rose to the dignity of Duke of Northumberland, but at last his head fell upon the scaffold on Tower Hill, in requital for his efforts to exclude Queen Mary from the throne. His grave also is far away from Warwick, for he was buried in St. Peter's Chapel, within the fortress. His grandson, Ambrose, was the "Good Earl," who lies buried in the Beauchamp Chapel, and in whose person the title again became extinct. It was now separated for a time from the estates, the one being conferred by James I. on Lord Rich, the other passing into the hands of the Grevilles, Earls Brooke, one of whom was the noted Lord Brooke, who was killed at the siege of Lichfield Cathedral. The title, after seven descents in the line of Rich, again became extinct, and was then conferred upon the Brookes, of whom the present owner is a descendant.



THE TOWER.

We mainly dwell on the connection of the church with the history of our country, but we must not forget that it is no less closely associated with the plain burghers of Warwick town than with the lords of its castle. Its mayors, its aldermen, its more noted citizens and public benefactors, have their monuments in the church, their graves beneath its pavements, more especially in the crypt. Its churchyard also is fully tenanted by the memorials of the dead. That aspect of its history has now become a thing of the past. This is in many respects wisely ordered, but in the time to come St. Mary's cannot be quite the same place to the citizens as when it was not only their place of worship in life, but their place of rest in death.

T. G. BONNEY.

CHRISTCHURCH AND ROMSEY.

HAMPSHIRE ABBEYS.

THE county of Hampshire, peculiarly rich in antiquities of every kind, contains within its borders many valuable specimens of early churches. The Priory of Christchurch is so ancient that we have no authentic record of its establishment, though some authorities hold that it was founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor for a dean and twenty Austin canons. The town undoubtedly derived its name from this church. There is, however, a legend of monastic origin which suggests more specific derivation. The story runs that during the building of the church a massive oaken beam, when hoisted to its place, was found to be a foot too short; but when the workmen after an interval for rest and refreshment returned to their work, the timber had been lengthened to its proper proportions by miraculous intervention. On this account the church was dedicated to Christ. This, as the reader may perhaps have noticed at odd times, is a type of tradition that has been often met with before, being, in short, merely an old friend in a dressing adapted for local uses. Near Christchurch, and in the surrounding neighbourhood, Roman earthworks point to an occupation by our original invaders. Connoisseurs in such matters have unhesitatingly pronounced certain remains to be a Roman camp and entrenchments, tumuli and barrows, the latter containing human bones. A Roman station here would be almost a matter of course. The Avon would make the position one of strategical importance, and the Romans were not far east of the spot when they sailed their galleys up Southampton Water and pitched at Clausentum.

The first clear mention of Christchurch is in the Saxon chronicles of about the year 900, and it arose from the fighting for the crown which was going on about that time between Edward the Elder and Ethelwald. In the Domesday survey it appears as a burgh and royal manor under the name of Thuinam. These scraps of ancient history, however, do not enlighten us respecting the priory with which we are immediately concerned; but, striking a balance between this and that probability, we may reasonably assume that the great house for secular Augustinian canons was founded by Ethelstane.

The church of modern times, picturesquely planted on the banks of the Avon, and justly accounted a magnificent structure, was the collegiate church of the priory, of the establishment of which there are no authentic records. Camden states that it was founded in remote English times on the ruins of an ancient heathen temple. In the reign of Edward the Confessor there were known to be a prior and four-and-twenty canons of the Order of St. Augustine. The church and convent were given to Flambard, Bishop of Durham, by William

Rufus, and this prelate rebuilt the church on a larger scale, and dedicated it to Christ. The revenues of the establishment received substantial support from de Redvers, Earl of Devon, to whom the manor was granted, and who built the castle which commanded the passage of the Avon. Close to the church, as



CHRISTCHURCH, FROM THE RIVER.

we see it in its restored condition, a wall covered with long-established verdure and an old-world section of causeway mark the whereabouts and solidity of the priory. Portions of the castle keep, more than ten feet in thickness, are also well preserved. On the banks of the river a remarkably good specimen may be seen of the Norman house of the twelfth century, with loopholed walls, chimney-shaft, and windows, of a purity of style rarely to be met with in this country.

At the Dissolution the church was granted to the parish, the abbey lands, according to the custom of the high-handed monarch who carried out the work, being apportioned to private individuals. The last prior was one John Draper, suffragan Bishop of Naples, who was consoled for his deposition by a pension, and has been passed down to posterity as a very honest and comfortable person. In the south aisle the memory of this dignitary, who died in 1552, is perpetuated by a chantry and stone screen, erected by himself twenty-three years before his death; and his grave-slab forms part of the pavement. Vast sums of money

have been expended on the restoration of this beautiful church, and the principal work was carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Ferrey, by whom a memorial window was placed in the south aisle in memory of his father, Benjamin Ferrey. The church is in the form of a cross, and, in size and richness of exterior and interior, is superior to some English cathedrals.

Much of Flambard's original Norman work has been preserved. The principal example is the nave, 118 feet by 58 feet, used at the present day as the parish church The basis is of course Norman, but the clerestory is Early English, and the high-pitched roof was ceiled in comparatively recent times by Garbett. Prior Flambard, it may be remembered, after his elevation to the rank of bishop, continued his architectural enterprises with great effect in Durham Cathedral. Admirably in harmony with the main structure is the Early English north porch, which is entered by a recessed gateway. The north aisle, also Early English, is a hundred years later than the southern aisle, where there is a Norman arcade, with Early English windows. There are, moreover, the remains of a staircase which led to the dormitory, the conventual buildings having joined the church on this side. The nave, with its double row of massively squared pillars, demi-columns, and semicircular arches springing between them from grouped pilasters, is considered to be one of our best extant specimens of the Norman style. There are evidences of the same style, with Perpendicular insertions, in the north transept, which has undergone, however, more alteration than the nave; and there are two chantries projecting eastward, instead of aisles. Where the transept joins the north aisle a two-storeyed stone building, known as the governor's rooms, once stood, recalling the departed days when there was a Christchurch Castle, and an appointed governor.

William Eyre was elected prior of Christchurch in 1502. The letters "W.E." in the Perpendicular arch of the south transept, which is Early English, are his initials, and they are also to be found in the choir. This is 70 feet by 21 feet, mainly of Perpendicular character, and retaining traces of the ancient colouring. The roof, of four bays, is much admired. Most curious are the stalls and seats of the choir. The stalls are thirty-six in number, and are probably as old as the latter part of the fifteenth century; the chancel and the whole of the eastern portion of the church being of more recent date than the transept and nave. The carvings of the stalls are quaint, even grotesque; and the fox, geese, and monkey chiselled in the oak are thought by some to be symbolical, if not satirical. The high altar bears an inscription to Baldwin de Redvers, who was lord of the Isle of Wight; he died in 1216, and the crypt beneath is reported to have been his place of burial. The old altar-piece is finely sculptured, and the reredos is, like that of Winchester, in three storeys, the subject being the Jesse tree.

Apart from its architectural beauties and handsome proportions, the church abounds in interesting memorial and other features. One of the most popular, perhaps, with modern visitors is the monument in the tower at the west end of the nave to the poet Shelley. It was sculptured by Weekes, and erected by the poet's son, Sir Percy Shelley, in 1854. The subject, which cannot be said to be felicitously treated, is the recovery of the body by the sea-shore, and the inscription is from *Adonaïs.* The mortuary chantry on the north side of the altar was erected by the Countess of Salisbury, who was mother of Cardinal Pole, and who at the age of seventy was beheaded by Henry VIII. The chapel fabric is well preserved, though the finer surface ornamentation has been destroyed. According to one historian, the escutcheons on the ceiling were defaced by the direct order of bluff King Harry. On the south side of the altar there is a good piece of sculpture by Flaxman, and in the vicinity are two ancient tombs of former priors. Elsewhere is a Perpendicular chapel with memorial to John Cook; a smaller Decorated chapel with a monument by Chantrey; and a chantry and stone screen to one Robert Harys, who died in 1525. The vestry was an ancient chapel in the Early English style.

The Lady Chapel, of the Late Perpendicular period, is one of the most beautiful portions of the church, with its delicate screen, carefully preserved altar, and ancient monuments. St. Michael's loft, over the Lady's Chapel, once the chapter-house of the priory, in modern times became a school-house, which was approached by a winding staircase outside the church. An altar-tomb in the north aisle has effigies of Sir John Chydioke and his wife. The knight was killed in the Wars of the Roses, and his helmet has been preserved. The defacement of the effigies is attributed to the vulgar superstition of a past generation, who believed that the scrapings of Chydioke's tomb would cure certain diseases.

The Abbey Church of Romsey in South Hampshire has made the pretty municipal and market town on the river Test famous for many generations. Some antiquarians, indeed, used to maintain that it was the abbey that gave birth and growth to the town, but it is now more generally accepted, largely on the authority of Stukeley, who devoted much time and labour to the study, that we must go back farther if we would fix the origin of Romsey. The contention of Dr. Stukeley is that here stood the Roman city once named Arminis, but subsequently changed to Romana Insula. The river Test, and a tributary stream which joins the main river near Broadlands, virtually place Romsey and its venerable abbey upon an island, and in the opinion of some this natural conformation gave to the place its earliest Saxon name of Rumes-ey, the broad island. Dr. Stukeley's views have been supported by Mr. Spence, a

more recent writer, who points out that the situation of Romsey makes it nearly equidistant from Sorbiodunum, or Old Sarum; Brige, or Broughton; Venta Belgarum, or Winchester; and Clausentum, near Southampton; and that as these were Roman stations of acknowledged importance, the Romans must have passed through Romsey on their marches from one camp to another. The discovery of a number of Roman coins at Abbotswood, near Romsey, in 1845, was accepted as strong evidence in favour of Dr. Stukeley's contention. On the other hand, it is to be noted that no traces of Roman occupation have been discovered within two miles of Romsey.

The Abbey Church of Romsey, like the Church of Christchurch, was thoroughly restored by Ferrey in modern times, and it is valued by archæologists as presenting more fully than any building of equal size in England the outline and general aspect of a Norman conventual church, and the manner in which architectural styles became merged. Whatever changes may have been introduced, as in the three west bays of the nave, which are of a later period than the oldest portions of the structure, the dimensions and broad proportions of the original architects have been in the main preserved. The clerestory windows, somewhat similar to those at Waltham Abbey, Essex, and Christchurch, Oxford, are worthy of special study, and there is a clearly defined apse, of the kind which was characteristic of the Norman style. The lofty arched recesses, carried up over the actual arches and the triforium, though suggesting supplementary work over the original building, are nevertheless characteristic of the first design, of which they form a part. Fortunately, the general character of the stately abbey, which has always been architecturally famous, has not suffered in the careful restoration it has undergone. In Romsey Abbey, the student of ecclesiastical architecture has a most attractive course of investigation open to him from the Norman to the Pointed, and from the Early English to the Decorated, since definite examples of each are there.

The Norman portion of the nave of the abbey, cruciform in design, was the work of Bishop Henry de Blois, and may be dated somewhere between 1129 and 1169, but the west end is Early English. As the abbey was a minster church to an ancient nunnery, it lacks the great west doorway for which one naturally looks in a building of such important dimensions. The choir is so short as to be peculiar, and the apsidal chapels attached to the east side of the transepts form a feature of the Norman work which should not be overlooked. The three-light windows are Early Decorated additions, but in the north aisle are several windows of four lights, some Perpendicular, others earlier. A gracefully bold Early English arch spans the west front of the nave, and no purer examples could be desired than are furnished by the Early English doors, chastened by slender shafts and foliated capitals.

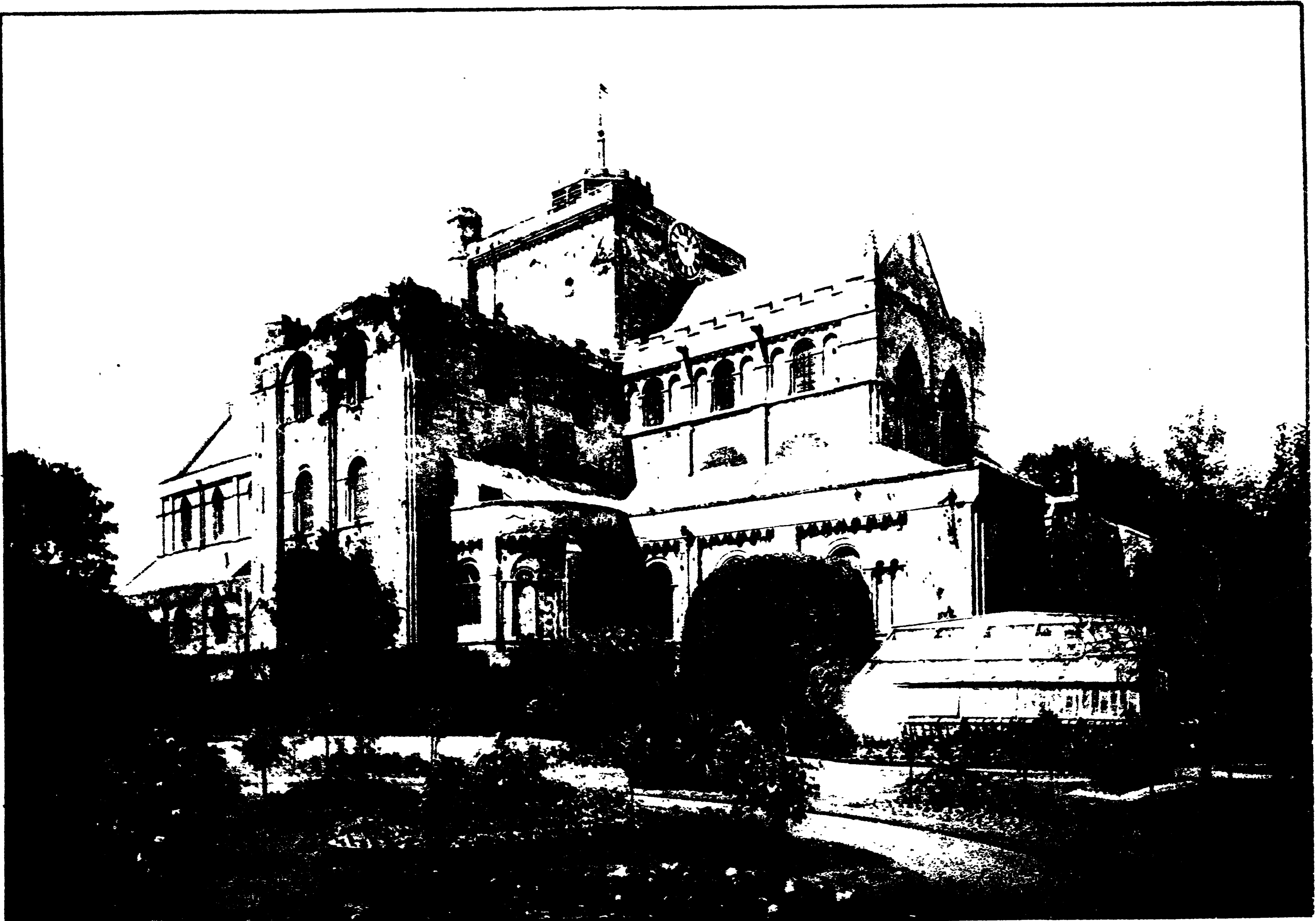


Photo: F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton.

ROMSEY ABBEY.

The Dedication Chapel, in Early Decorated style, stood at the east end of the choir, but this has long disappeared, and the discovery of the foundation is due to the zeal of the Rev. E. L. Berthon, vicar until 1891. The chapel was probably built about 1305 A.D., but the only remains are portions of the shafts and groinings of the old walls, and the two restored windows which had been inserted in Norman archways. The excavations which led to this discovery brought to light, within the foundations of the Lady Chapel, the foundations of the smaller and rectangular Norman chapel. The southern entrances to the abbey, one of which has been reopened in modern times, formed the old communication with the cloisters. The transepts, which are distinctively Norman, are 125 feet long and 74 feet high. The total length of the abbey is 275 feet. The nave is 134 feet long, 72½ broad, and 74 feet high, and a general idea of the squat appearance of the heavy Norman tower may be formed from the statement that it is nearly 100 feet high, and some 26 feet square.


CHRISTCHURCH: THE RINGING-ROOM.

Reference has been already made to the nunnery associated with the abbey, and one of the most interesting of the abbey relics is a cope, afterwards converted into an altar-cloth, supposed to have been the handiwork of some of the Romsey sisterhood. The material is green brocaded velvet, spangled with golden stars and figured with lilies, finely worked into the fabric. This altar-cloth was apparently made about the year 1450, or perhaps as much as a century earlier. The nuns are closely associated with the earliest history of the abbey, which was founded in a small way by Edward the Elder about 907 A.D.; and it must have been very soon converted to the purposes of an insignificant nunnery. This at first was only poorly endowed, but Edward's grandson, Edgar, able to turn his attention from the alarms of war to the arts of peace, pushed its fortunes, aided by Archbishop Dunstan of Canterbury, along with those of other churches throughout the recently distracted country. In Edgar's reign, Romsey Abbey was accordingly enlarged and rebuilt under Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and was opened by the king in presence of his nobility on Christmas Day in the year 974.

High patronage without stint fell to the share of the abbesses of Romsey,



some of whom were themselves of the lineage of Saxon kings. Marivanna, a lady of noble blood and exemplary piety, was one of the first abbesses, and her days were those of peace. Stormy times disturbed the reign of her successor, for the troublesome Dane and his warlike marauders pushed up the Test as far as Romsey, and pillaged the abbey. Elwina and her nuns, having received, as the



ROMSEY.

legend goes, supernatural forewarning of the attack, fled in the nick of time across country to Winchester, taking with them such holy relics as were portable.

Matilda, queen of Henry I., was educated at Romsey Abbey under the charge of her aunt, the abbess Christina. Later, a daughter of King Stephen was head of the nunnery. This abbess was Countess of Boulogne, and it may not have been forgotten that she was the occasion of a great mediæval scandal by defying the Pope and marrying a son of the Count of Flanders, in defiance of monastic vows, and without troubling his Holiness the Pope for a dispensation. The high-handed proceeding was doubtless instigated and helped on to its *dénouement* by Henry II., as a telling point in his course of opposition to the troublesome Thomas à Becket. For ten years the count and his abbess wife survived excommunication and the bitter denunciation of the Church, but the Church was in the end too strong for them, and they separated. An abbess, in the reign of Henry III., petitioned and actually obtained royal letters patent for the

restitution of the privilege of condemning and hanging, that function of the abbesses of Romsey having then become obsolete. On the whole the abbey of Romsey was strictly, virtuously, and liberally managed, and enjoyed high repute for sanctity and learning.

The abbey church shows boldly above the charming valley in which it is built, and the view from the square flat tower is typical of the richest English pastoral scenery. Within easy walking distance of the town is Broadlands, the seat of the Rt. Hon. Evelyn Ashley; and Westmacott's monument in the abbey to the memory of Frances, Viscountess Palmerston, reminds us that this was the ancestral home of one of the most popular of English Prime Ministers. The epitaph was written by Lord Palmerston's father. Amongst other tombs in the church should be mentioned a canopied monument and an effigy, the latter probably commemorating Lady de Waldron, mother of one of the abbesses; and a lettered stone to the memory of Sir William Petty, who, the son of a Romsey clothier, became physician-in-chief to the army of Ireland, and died in 1687, the founder of the Lansdowne family.

W. SENIOR.



THE CHURCHES OF LEICESTER.

THE LAST HOURS OF WOLSEY.

LEICESTER, once a city and the home of a mitred abbey, and now a busy, thriving manufacturing town, is a very quaint mixture of the old and the new. It possesses in plenty the traditions of antiquity, and some of its streets—such as

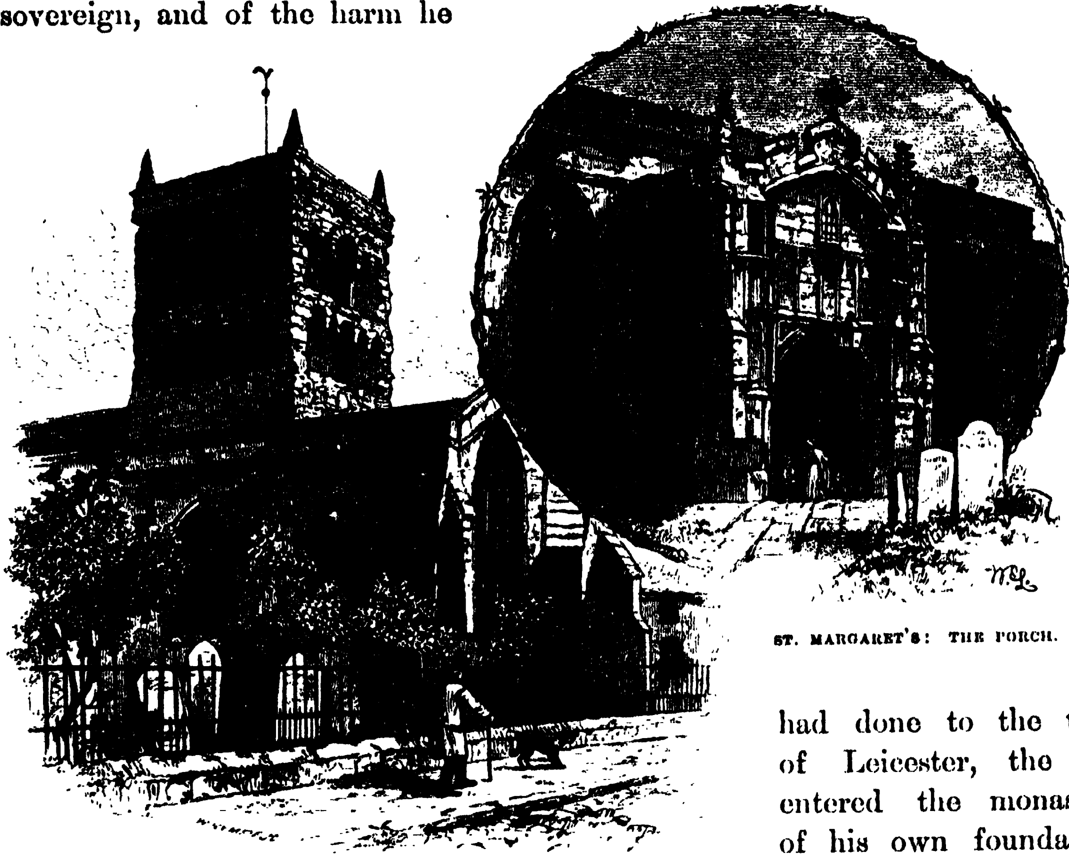


RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY (*p.* 421).

Gallowtreegate and Belgravegate—bear names which sufficiently indicate their olden origin; but, with the exception of its churches and the exceedingly scanty ruins of its abbey, few outward and visible signs of that antiquity remain. To the archæologist and the student of town-lore, the narrow, tortuous streets speak plainly enough of their history; but it is to be feared that the ordinary casual visitor regards Leicester merely as a busy, inelegant town. As a matter of fact, few Midland towns have a longer or more interesting history; and, at all events from an architectural point of view, several of its churches are very curious and attractive. Leicester, moreover, was the scene of the death of Cardinal Wolsey under circumstances so dramatic, not to say tragic, that it was inevitable they should take a strong hold upon the imagination. It was in a chamber of the abbey of St. Mary de Pratis that the Cardinal Thomas Wolsey,

Legate a latere and Archbishop of York, expired, upon a dreary November day in 1530; and long before dawn on the following morning the disgraced prelate was buried by torchlight in the abbey church. That church has long since entirely disappeared; and the day came when even the dust of the proud Chancellor was scattered to the winds.

The Abbey of Leicester was founded in 1143 by Robert, second Earl of Leicester of the de Bellomont creation for Augustinian Canons Regular. In expiation of his rebellion against the sovereign, and of the harm he had done to the town of Leicester, the earl entered the monastery of his own foundation, and died there. Leicester Abbey was wealthy from the first. It counted thirty-six manors in Leicestershire alone among its endowments, and was able to maintain the whole of the poor in its neighbourhood. A few crumbling walls are all that now remain of Earl Robert's rich foundation; and for the most part they belong to a mansion built by one of the Cavendishes out of the ruins of the Abbey. The little river Soar flows sluggishly near these scanty vestiges of the building in which was ended one of the most remarkable careers in history. Few men whose names have resounded through the world have left so few visible personal traces as Thomas



ST. MARGARET'S: THE PORCH.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Wolsey; for he has neither tomb nor monument, and even the stone coffin which contained his body is traditionally said to have been used as a horse-trough after his disinterment.

As was the case with most monastic foundations of any importance, many odd legends were current regarding Leicester Abbey. The buildings were enlarged by Petronilla, daughter-in-law of the founder; and it is said that after her death a plait of her hair was used to suspend the ever-burning lamp of the sanctuary. Another anecdote has a more genuinely monkish flavour about it. Gilbert Foliot, the first abbot, who was afterwards successively Bishop of Hereford and of London, one night left the presence of King Henry II., with whom he had been conferring relative to the monarch's differences with Thomas à Becket. As he went along he heard a voice, which he took to be that of the devil, reproaching him: "O Gilbert Foliot, dum revolvis tot et tot, Deus tuus est Astaroth." But the holy man was not to be daunted, even by the devil in person; and he answered proudly and severely: "Mentiris Dæmon! Deus meus est Deus Sabaoth."

Of the five churches of Leicester which possess any historic interest, St. Nicholas's is at once the oldest and the quaintest. It is small and low, with a fine square arcaded tower, containing herring-bone work on the north and south sides; and is constructed of granite, sandstone, and Roman tile. Some of these materials, it is conjectured, were taken from the old Jewry Wall close by. The style is mixed, for we find Saxon, Norman, and Early English. The south porch is an interesting piece of brick and ancient timber work, and the doorway to which it gives access has a Norman arch in good preservation, with dog-tooth mouldings. The Saxon church was a plain, rough, barn-like building, with narrow lights, two of which are still to be seen in the nave. The Norman building was cruciform. The church now consists of nave, Early English chancel and south aisle, Norman tower and nave, a modern north aisle and north transept. The roughness of the interior masonry gives the building a curiously bare and unfinished appearance, little relieved in other ways. The pulpit, of recent date, is a stone gallery running partly round one of the massive supports of the tower. The church contains three good windows of modern stained glass, the best of which is the richly coloured one representing Christ raising Jairus' Daughter. The east window represents the Crucifixion, and is somewhat weird and striking. There are a few flat tombs, consisting mainly of slabs of slate. In the churchyard are two mutilated pillars of red sandstone, which are conjectured to have formed part of the Roman forum. They were dug out of the street close by. The church, with its low roof and fine tower, makes a striking appearance as seen from the street which commands it.

If St. Nicholas be the most curious, the formerly collegiate St. Mary de Castro is assuredly the most generally interesting as well as one of the most architecturally handsome, of the Leicester churches. As its name indicates, it is close to the castle; and is a fine large church, of great length and of very varied architecture. The ancient square pinnacled tower, from which rises a tall and slender Decorated spire (rebuilt in 1783), imparts a noble and elegant appearance to the exterior. There is evidence that a church existed upon this site in Saxon times. A portion of St. Mary's was built by Robert de Bellomont, first Norman Earl of Leicester, father of the founder of Leicester Abbey. He founded in it a college of twelve canons, to which he granted ample endowments and privileges, among them being the patronage of all the other churches in Leicester, with the exception of St. Margaret's.

The church consists now of two naves of equal length, and a narrow north aisle, said to have been built by John of Gaunt. The tower and spire, which rest upon arches, stand independently of the walls of the church. The interior is exceedingly handsome; and although the building contains examples of so many different styles, the work harmonises excellently, and all the details are fine in themselves as well as exceedingly interesting to the architectural antiquary. The Norman work presents some unusual features. The buttresses of the chancel walls are characteristic of the early forms of that style; they are "of the same breadth and thickness from the ground to the top, and die into the wall with a slope immediately below the parapet," and are ornamented with dog-tooth and billeted mouldings. The sedilia are likewise Norman, but of somewhat later date, which has been conjectured as about 1150. They have double rows of pilasters, and are adorned with lavish chevron-work.

At the east end of the aisle is the chapel, or choir, as it has sometimes been called, of the Trinity Guild, founded in the time of Henry VII. by Sir Richard Sacheverel, Knight, and the "good" Lady Hungerford. On the south side of the chancel the stout Norman walls still remain. The chief beauty of the chancel is in the very fine Perpendicular screen, which dates from about 1450. This is a very elaborate piece of work, richly bossed, panelled, and foliated. It contains an abundance of the characteristic Perpendicular quatrefoil work, deftly varied and harmonious. This handsome screen is happily still in very good condition. In the chancel is a monument, conceived in by no means the best taste, to the Rev. Thomas Robinson, the author of "Scripture Characters"—a book which once enjoyed a popularity as great as it now seems amazing. The character of the monument may be gathered from its date—1813. The rich clerestory dates from the thirteenth century; and the font is of about the same period. The handsome and richly carved roof of the chancel is a fine example of

Norman work; and many of the windows, particularly the two east windows, contain good modern stained glass. St. Mary's forms a richer and more harmonious whole than any other church in Leicester.



ST. MARY'S: THE TOWER.

St. Margaret's is a fine church of somewhat later date than those we have been considering, and occupies the site of the Cathedral of the Saxon Bishopric of Leicester—a see which endured only from A.D. 680 to 870. Its most striking external feature is its embattled Perpendicular tower, more than one hundred feet high. The building is, indeed, mainly Perpendicular, and contains some admirable work of that period. When the pious Robert de Bellomont endowed the collegiate church of St. Mary de Castro, we have seen that he granted to it the patronage of all the other churches in the town with the exception of this, which was almost simultaneously erected into a prebend to Lincoln Cathedral by the bishop of the diocese. St. Margaret's consists of nave and side aisles, with an unusually large chancel, and is a church of fine and ample proportions; but the whiteness of the internal stone-work gives the building a somewhat cold appearance. The church is in exceedingly good condition, and is very well kept, as, indeed, in these later days, are nearly all the other ancient fanes of Leicester. The writer has said that the chancel is of considerable size; and it is almost as interesting as that of St. Mary's. It contains the very finest ancient tomb existing in the town, which is, oddly enough, singularly destitute of interesting sepulchral memorials.

This is the tomb of John Penny, for many years abbot of the monastery of St. Mary de Pratis, and afterwards Bishop of Bangor and of Carlisle, who died in 1520. It is a chaste and beautiful monument of alabaster, with a recumbent figure of the bishop in episcopal vestments, executed with all the taste and more than the simplicity of the time. It is happily still quite perfect. The chancel is entirely Perpendicular, and is closed by a handsome modern Perpendicular screen, noticeably excellent in itself, but naturally neither so rich nor so elegant as that of St. Mary's. The chancel windows, which are likewise Perpendicular, have some modern stained glass. Some well-carved poppy-head stalls and two or three *misereres*, which have been figured in more than one book upon ecclesiastical architecture, were removed early in the century; and some of them now enrich the church of Aston, Birmingham. In the side aisles are several slabs to the memory of members of the Burnaby family, an old Leicestershire house which has achieved conspicuous distinction in very recent times. The churchyard contains the very plain tomb of Andrew, fifth Baron Rollo, who died at Leicester in 1765. Lord Rollo was one of the most distinguished members of a military and Jacobite family, which seemed at one time to have an insatiable taste for fighting. He obtained well-deserved laurels for his share in the reduction of Canada, and in the capture of Martinique in 1762. Robert Grossetête, who, after St. Hugh of Avalon was the most famous of Lincoln's bishops, once held this benefice.



WOLSEY.

Notwithstanding that the church of All Saints dates from the fourteenth century, and was no doubt once interesting and sightly, it is now in many respects a disappointment. Even the roof of the chancel is whitewashed, and of the chancel itself, which was rebuilt in the worst days of ecclesiastical architecture, one cannot help saying that it is nothing but an eyesore. The side aisles are match-boarded, which necessarily produces a cheap, commonplace effect that is sadly out of keeping in a church. The benches, too, are painted and grained; and there is still too little coloured glass in the building. Yet the church, which was founded in the middle of the twelfth century, is not without some interesting features; and it is to be hoped that as the restoration proceeds care will be taken to preserve them. The lower section of the tower and the west doorway are Early English. There is a fine and well-carved hexagonal oak pulpit, of Perpendicular work, very much smaller, of course, than most modern pulpits. The windows are of

that Decorated curvilinear fashion which is so often found in Leicestershire churches. The roofs of the side aisles are handsome pieces of Perpendicular woodwork. The font, too, is a beautiful example of Early English carving. There is still preserved in the church part of a curious old clock, having a painted representation of Time and two human figures, or "Quarter Jacks," which formerly, when the clock was over the west door, outside the church, struck the quarters with hammers. The only noticeable tomb the church seems to have contained in recent times was that of William Norice, whose claims to remembrance were that he was twice Mayor of Leicester, was thrice married, was ninety-seven years of age when he died in 1615, and that, according to his epitaph, his

"—grave from all the rest is knowne
By finding out the greatest stone."

This tomb has disappeared. Close to the west door is a holy-water stoup, with two iron links for the chained bowl still remaining. In the south aisle two piscinas and a bracket-pedestal for a statue indicate that there were formerly side altars. Under the communion table are some ancient tiles, and near the font are the remains of the old screen, unhappily covered with paint. The church was partially restored in 1877, when the beautiful Early English arch between the north aisle and the tower was opened out. In 1887 a new organ was erected in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee; and since then several other improvements have been effected.

St. Martin's (or St. Cross, as it has sometimes been called) is the largest church in Leicester. It is cruciform, of great width, having three aisles, two on the south and one on the north; and it has a fine central tower supported upon arches, and an elegant spire put up in 1867 from the designs of Mr. R. Brandon. The body of the church is Early English, but the existing windows were inserted in the Decorated period. The chancel was rebuilt about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the great south aisle, which is almost as wide as the nave, the archdeacon holds his court. This aisle contains two chapels or oratories—the chapel of Our Lady at the east end, and that of St. George at the west end; but neither of them is now used. The altars of these chapels, together with the high-altar, were destroyed at the Reformation. These oratories were the chapels of the two powerful guilds that were long attached to the church: the Guilds of St. George and Corpus Christi. The confraternity of St. George possessed many peculiar privileges; and the "Ride of St. George," which it annually performed, was a gorgeous pageant. There was formerly in the church an effigy of a horse decked in the brave trappings that were used on the yearly festival day of the confraternity; but at the

Reformation it went the way of the three altars, and is recorded to have been sold for a shilling. The Guild of Corpus Christi was the more ancient of the two, and was invested with an odd mixture of civil and religious jurisdiction. There were two joint masters of the confraternity who were empowered, in association with the mayor, to impose fines upon members of the corporation who misbehaved themselves.

The roofs and woodwork of St. Martin's are very fine; and the church happily still retains its Norman piscina. There is also a creditable "Ascension" by Vanni, formerly used as an altar-piece, which was presented by Sir William Skeffington, Bart. Here is the unpretending tomb, bearing the date of 1710, of Abigail Swift, mother of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Of the several tombs of members of the Heyrick family, none is of especial interest. The church has unfortunately now finally lost the ancient font which was removed during the Usurpation. It was sold in 1651 to one George Smith for seven shillings, and a new one erected near to the reading-desk, as was common in Puritanical times. But nine months after the Restoration a parish meeting was held, at which it was "agreed that the font of stone formerly belonging to the church shall be set up in the ancient place, and that the other now standing near the desk be taken down;" and a little more than a year later the font was repurchased from George Smith's widow for the same price that had been given for it eleven years previously. St. Martin's suffered much during the civil wars. A Parliamentarian garrison, that was driven out of Newark, took refuge in it, and converted it into a barrack. The church was stormed, and many of the soldiers were killed within its walls, while others were cut down in the market-place near by.

In 1729 a violent and unseemly dispute broke out between the Rev. Mr. Carte, the Vicar of St. Martin's, and Mr. Jackson, a Confrater, who afterwards became Master of the Wigston Hospital. Mr. Jackson disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the doctrine of the Trinity; and on several occasions when the Vicar in his Sunday morning sermon had upheld that doctrine, scandalous scenes were caused by Mr. Jackson going into the pulpit in the evening and denying the Vicar's teaching. Upon one occasion the churchwardens commanded him in the middle of his sermon to leave the pulpit; and at another time he was stopped on the steps of the pulpit by the sexton. A judicial decision was at length obtained to the effect that the Confrater's action was illegal.

The tendency of time is always to raise the level of the streets in an old town; and at Leicester several of the more ancient churches are considerably below the street-line, and are entered by a descent of two or three steps.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY; ST. MARY-IN-CASTRO, DOVER; ST. MICHAEL'S, VERULAM.

MEMORIES OF BRITISH CHURCHES.

THERE is no church in England more venerable than that which looks down from the last undulation of the chalk downs over the valley of the Stour, and the city of Canterbury. For nearly thirteen centuries it has borne the name of St. Martin of Tours; for the same period, practically without a break, has Christ been worshipped on this spot—nay, we might almost say, within these walls. Externally, there is little to attract notice, though the view from its churchyard is of exceptional interest. It is a simply-built structure of moderate size, with a low, almost stumpy, tower. But closer investigation proves that if it has little architectural beauty it is full of historic interest. A glance at the rude masonry of its walls shows Roman tiles abundant among the miscellaneous materials of which it is composed. Here and there may be seen plain and heavy semicircular arches similarly constructed. Among the changes of later date, it is easy to distinguish the shell of a very ancient building, which, if it do not reach back to Roman times, is, at any rate, largely constructed from the ruins of Roman buildings.

This is the history of St. Martin's. Ethelbert, the Pagan King of Kent, towards the end of the sixth century married Bertha, a Christian, daughter of King Charibert, of Paris. Ethelbert, though he did not adopt the creed of his wife, assigned to her and her chaplain a ruined Christian church outside Canterbury, where his palace also was a relic of the Roman occupation of Britain. Thus, on the site of St. Martin's Church, "prayer was wont to be made" at the time when Augustine landed at Ebbe's Fleet; and here, not long after his arrival at Canterbury, he worshipped with the queen. In due course the king was baptised—as some have asserted, at St. Martin's. This, then, may be regarded as in a certain sense the very seed-plot of the Anglican Church, and still more as a visible link between that and the yet earlier British Church, for, as we are told by Bede, the building given to Bertha had been a church prior to the invasion of the English.

Does any part of this structure remain? Can we touch the walls which have witnessed the prayers of Bertha and Augustine? It is not easy to answer the question. Certainly a great part of the church is of later date. There is work of the fourteenth century in the tower, and in the windows of the nave, with some which is yet more modern. The chancel is of the thirteenth century, and something is left older than this, but later than the Norman Conquest. Nevertheless, in the rude masonry with Roman tiles, and the simple openings—doors, or windows of

some kind—now mostly blocked up, there is evidence that parts of the building are anterior to the last-named period. Still, it must be admitted that though



ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

Roman materials enter abundantly into the masonry, this, as a rule, appears to be of later date than the age of Ethelbert. Here and there, however, a little may be seen with the characteristic Roman "salmon-coloured" mortar, which appears to be still *in situ*, and also some pieces of pavement, seemingly of Roman date, which entitle us to claim for the present fabric of St. Martin's a material connection with that in which Roman Christians worshipped and Bertha listened to the voice of Augustine.

There are many details of the church, as will be inferred from the above remarks, of the highest interest, such as a curious opening in the west wall, and another in that on the south side of the chancel, monumental brasses, and the like, two of which, at least, demand a brief notice. One is the font. It is evidently of great antiquity, formed of more than one piece of stone, approximately cylindrical in shape, the ornamentation consisting of three tiers, with rim and

base (modern). The two lower tiers are occupied by two zones of knotwork or scroll work, the third by a row of intersecting semicircular arches; on the rim, again, is scroll work. Tradition points to it as the font in which Ethelbert was baptised. Not only is the locality of the king's baptism uncertain, but also no part of the ornamentation of this font can be assigned to so early a date as the end of the sixth century; indeed, the interlacing arches would suggest rather the twelfth. So that the only way out of the difficulty would be to suppose, as some have done, that the ornamentation is more recent than the font itself. We can hardly say that this is impossible, but on the whole it seems more probable that the font is of later date than the days of Augustine. Again, an old stone coffin under a semicircular arch in the north wall of the chancel is designated as the tomb of Bertha. But here, too, apart from architectural difficulties, we are confronted with the fact that she was not buried at St. Martin's, but nearer the ruined chapel of St. Pancras, on the lower ground just outside the city walls. Church and churchyard alike are carefully tended. The latter was chosen by Dean Alford for his resting-place. The view from it is a grand one. Below the slope, beyond the spot where Bertha and Augustine were buried, are the remnants of the noble abbey which the latter founded, and which bore his name. Beyond this rises the stately mass of the noble cathedral, which, taking the place of the humbler structure founded by Augustine, also stands on the site of a building of Roman age, and is now the visible centre of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, the middle link in a chain of Christian congregations which girdles the earth.

On the top of the chalk cliffs at Dover, within the walls of its famous castle, we find another connection with the Roman occupation, and possibly with the British churches. There stands a rugged octagonal structure, with massive walls built of tufa and other stone, bonded with Roman tiles, the lower and greater part of which is indubitably a work of that people, though the upper storey was evidently added about the fourteenth century. This is supposed to have been a landmark or lighthouse. A few feet distant to the east is a church, obviously of great antiquity. It is cruciform in plan, with a central tower, restored by Mr. Butterfield. The walls are constructed of rough masonry of stone, and flint, and brick. The quoins are partly stone, partly Roman tiles. Many of the openings are round-headed, the jambs being like the quoins, the arches mostly turned with tiles. Within, and beneath the tower, similar round-headed arches open into the transepts, but those east and west are insertions of later date. The west front has two round-headed arches in the gable, a single similar opening in the wall below, and beneath that a very plain door of like form. Both these are supposed by the late Sir G. G. Scott, by whom the church was carefully

restored, to have been once connected with the "Pharos." The age of the church is less certain than that of this tower. Some authorities, including the late Canon Puckle, place it not later than the fourth century. Others have ascribed it to Eadbald, son of Ethelbert, and thus to about the year 640. Sir G. G. Scott, however, regards it as more modern, though he considers it to be one of the three oldest churches in England, Worth and Brixworth being the others. Thus it is long anterior to the Norman Conquest. It undoubtedly contains materials derived from a Roman building, and there is, of course, a possibility that some fragments of this age may be incorporated into its walls. The various later alterations call for no special mention, and the few monuments which now remain have only a local interest; but plain and almost humble as is its architecture, we cannot gaze unmoved on this venerable relic, which, after years of disgraceful neglect, has been rescued from ruin, and bids fair to remain for centuries to come a memorial of the older period of our national history.



THE PHAROS.

St. Michael's Church at St. Albans, though no part of it may be actually Roman masonry, brings us into close contact with the work of that nation and with the first days of British Christianity. As we stand on the bridge over the river Ver, which parts the English from the Roman town, we are surrounded by memorials of full nineteen centuries of our history. Towards the east our eyes rest on a grassy strath, by the side of a little river fringed with lines of luxuriant trees, and bordered by gardens which extend to the brink of the stream down the slope of the northern plateau. On this cluster the houses of St. Albans, overtopped or masked by tall trees; these almost conceal the tower of the stately abbey, raised by the first Norman abbot, Paul of Caen, on the site of the religious house founded by the English king, Offa, in memory of the British martyr. The town creeps down not unpicturesquely to the bridge, a substitute for the old ford, and from this it again straggles a little way up the gentle slope on the south side of the valley, towards a small old church. On this slope, above and below the bridge, where now, except in our immediate neighbourhood, are grassy fields and hedgerows, or shadowy groups of trees, once stood the Roman Verulam, which itself, in the opinion of some antiquaries, replaced the stronghold of Cassivelaunus, chief of the Casii, stormed and captured by the legions of Julius Cæsar. St. Michael's Church, and the little suburb around it, with a fragment of wall and some grassy mounds, are the

sole memorials of the Roman city, whose inhabitants were gradually drawn away to gather round the gates of the abbey which had risen on the spot where a Roman soldier had paid with his life for becoming a convert to the faith of the despised Galilean.

The church of St. Michael stands not far from the middle of the southern



ST. MARY-IN-CASTRO, DOVER.

wall of the Roman Verulam, probably at no great distance from the site of the gateway. Though no part of it may be of Roman masonry, yet it is traditionally said to occupy the place of a temple. At any rate, Roman substructures are so common all round as to make it often difficult to dig a grave in the rather ample churchyard, the wall of which, considerably higher than the road, is said to rest on a foundation of Roman work. Parts of the church presently to be described are undoubtedly very ancient. Matthew Paris states that Ulsinus, second abbot of St. Albans, built, about the year 950, three churches, of which this, dedicated to St. Michael, was one. It is, therefore, probable that the earliest work now visible dates from the middle of the tenth century, while the materials of which it was constructed are from the Roman town.

There is some difference of opinion as to the relative ages of the older

part of the church, one authority stating that the nave was built about the year 1086, while another holds that the nave belongs to the earlier date, and that its walls were pierced and aisles added at the later. This appears the more probable. The extremely rude pier arches certainly seem not later than the eleventh century, and yet they are evidently newer than some small plain round-headed arches, constructed of Roman brick, which are visible in the clerestory wall, for these bear no relation in position to the pier arches, and in one case one of the latter actually cuts off the lower part of the former. The aisles have been, however, rebuilt and altered. The pier arches are unequal in number, three on the north, four on the south; of the latter, two open into a chapel, one is partially built up and communicates with a porch, and the westernmost is closed. The original clerestory windows were built up, and others of late type inserted during one of the many alterations, though prior to the construction of the above-mentioned chapel, which has two lancet windows at its eastern end. The tower is Perpendicular, but the great blocks of Hertfordshire pudding-stone on which its masonry rests may belong to an older building. There are several interesting details in the church, such as a possible "squint," remains of a rood-loft, brasses, and a Jacobean pulpit, with an iron bracket for an hour-glass; but over these we must not linger.



ST. MICHAEL'S, VERULAM.

There is, however, a monument to be noticed, which brings, perhaps, more visitors to St. Michael's than its ancient arches and walls. This is the grave of Bacon, the profound philosopher, once—unfortunately for his repute—keeper of the Great Seal of England. Gorhambury, his home, is a short distance from Verulam, from which he took one of his titles, and the picturesque ruins of the Elizabethan house which he inhabited may be still seen in the park. A chill, caught while experimenting on the effect of snow as an antiseptic, by the roadside of Highgate, proved fatal to his already enfeebled constitution, and he died at that place, whence he was brought to this church for burial, in accordance with his own desire, it being the resting-place of his mother. His monument is placed in a recess in the north wall of the chancel, and is no doubt an excellent likeness.

T. G. Bonney.

GRASMERE AND CROSTHWAITE.

THE LAKE POETS.

"IT was sunset when we approached Grasmere. The solemn heights towards the setting sun showed their dark sides reflected in the water with wonderful distinctness. The effect of this lake upon the spirit was immediate, awakening a feeling of something profound in one's nature. Windermere was tranquil, but it was a cheerful tranquillity; its genius was peace, but peace with a smiling aspect. Grasmere seemed to be formed amidst the mountain recesses expressly as an abode for lonely, silent, pensive meditation." Since these words were written, by a visitor from the great American continent, Grasmere—the village, at least, and in some respects the lake and vale—may be said to have suffered loss of the loneliness, silence, and reflective solitude so eloquently claimed on behalf of the beautiful spot. It has quite a number of hotels, together with many lodging-houses, villas, and mansions, denoting a place with a "season," and with no lack of tourist visitors at all holiday times of the year. Grasmere, in truth, is a place of much resort, and can no longer be spoken of as by the poet Gray, when its repose and "happy poverty" were unspoilt, or even as, at a much later time, by Channing, when all its impressions were still those of pensive loneliness.

With Grasmere is inseparably linked the fame of William Wordsworth. Here he lived from 1799 to 1808, occupying a house—now known as "Dove Cottage"—which he celebrates in his poem entitled "The Waggoner," as having once borne the sign of the Dove and Olive-bough. Here, too, in the shade of yew-trees which he is said to have planted with his own hands, he lies buried. The grave is covered with a plain slab of blue slate, bearing the names—sharply cut, as if the work of the chisel had been done yesterday—of the poet and his wife Mary, who survived him. Other graves of his household are here, having, indeed, been tenanted before his own. His sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, lies near; nearer still rests Dora Quillinan, the married daughter whose death shook him so severely that it may be said to have hastened his own. This highly gifted lady, beloved by all who knew her, was the wife of Mr. Edward Quillinan, a native of Oporto, and a man of rare literary attainments, who first married a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and lost her by a lamentable accident. A little behind the graves of the Wordsworth family is the mound, denoted by a cruciform tombstone, which covers Hartley Coleridge, eldest son of S. T. Coleridge, another of the Lake brotherhood. Within the heavy, square-built church, ancient and interesting, is the medallion profile of Wordsworth, accompanied by Keble's epitaph. The church itself, dedicated to St. Oswald,



hoto: Green Brothers, Grasmere.

GRASMERE CHURCH

is in its architecture a puzzle to antiquaries. In the "Excursion," Wordsworth thus happily describes it:—

"Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs in some thick wood. . . ."

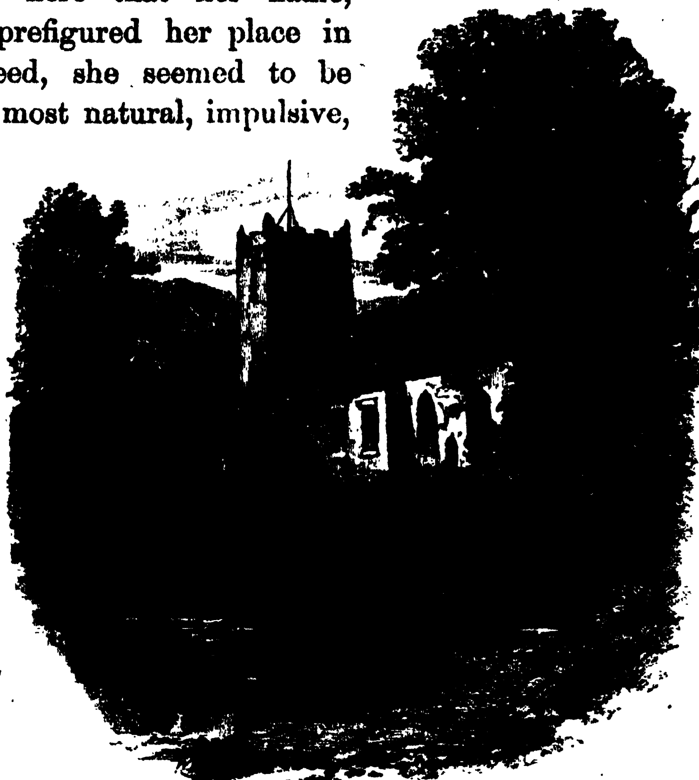
The Rothway glides gently by the resting-place of Wordsworth, on which the heights of Fairfield, Silver How, and Helm Crag look lovingly down; and with the winding stream as a foreground, the church falls well enough into its place in the picture.

Never doubting his claim to poetic immortality, Wordsworth was spared the painful effects of that misgiving which has beset many other poets. He could not help knowing himself to be, in his own words, "a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them."

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, a small town of Cumberland, on the high road from Keswick to Whitehaven. His father was a solicitor and law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale, a capricious, eccentric, and oppressive nobleman, who, in his official station of Lord Lieutenant over two counties, is said to have behaved at times with the arbitrary and disdainful haughtiness of a feudal chieftain. The estate for which Wordsworth's father was agent was very large, and, at that time, savagely grand and primæval. There were oaks that might have built a navy; yews that had possibly furnished bows for the soldiers of Cœur de Lion; forestal glades and sweeping lawns which for centuries had been unapproached by the hand of art; and, instead of timid fallow deer, such as are seen in other parks of the aristocracy, thundering droves of wild horses, that made the solid earth tremble beneath their fast-galloping feet.

The children of the Cumberland lawyer received all the advantages of a complete education. Of the four sons, Richard, the eldest, followed in the footsteps of his father, and was trained to the law. William, the second, and Christopher, the third son, after being some years at Hawkshead School, in Lancashire, proceeded to Cambridge University, where, as is well known, the younger man rose to the dignified station of Master of Trinity College. The fourth and youngest son, John, entered the East India Company's service, and, having risen honourably to the rank of captain, perished at the very outset of

the voyage which was meant to be his last, and which would, if successful, have raised the sum of his fortunes to £20,000. While the outward-bound ship, *Abergavenny*, was still in charge of the pilot off the Dorsetshire coast, she went ashore and became a total wreck. "O pilot, you have ruined me," were nearly the last words that the unfortunate officer was heard to speak. Of the one sister, it is but necessary to say here that her name, Dorothy, *id est*, Theodora, aptly prefigured her place in the poet's household, where, indeed, she seemed to be "the gift of God." She was the most natural, impulsive, sympathetic, helpful, companionable, tender, and real of human beings. Who can say how much we, who have found joy, strength, and encouragement in Wordsworth's poetry, owe to that loved sister? Her musical soul joined his in many and many a ramble; for she was ever ready to walk out with him; and that poem, "To my Sister," beginning, "It is the first mild day of March," was but the frequent and ordinary expression of a desire to roam forth with her in her woodland dress and "feel the sun." His own acknowledgment of obligation to her influence should, in fact, be ours. Happy, also, in his choice of Mary Hutchinson, his meek, cheerful, intelligent cousin, for a wife, Wordsworth had all that could foster that peculiarly tranquil and reflective faculty of imagination which made his poetry what it was and is for the English-speaking race. Retirement and rustic ease, freedom from petty troubles, the constant congenial promptings of that natural beauty which he was so keenly competent to perceive and admire, all helped to feed his divinely-given genius. He had little reason, with his simple and austere tastes, to fear poverty; that is, so soon as he was in possession of any moderate means; and though, about the time of his leaving college, his whole regular income was, as De Quincey puts it with characteristic quaintness, "precisely = 0," this was but a fleeting condition of embarrassment, if it was even that. Never, surely, was penniless poet more readily helped above the menaces of



GRASMERE.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

worldly care. A young man of good family, and with extraordinary discernment of the uses to which money might beneficially be put, happened to be dying of pulmonary consumption; and, as might befall in a pleasant fiction, though a most unusual incident of real life, he left £900 to his poetical neighbour, because he wanted it; a most ridiculous reason, as many excellent persons no doubt thought, for a young gentleman-farmer to entertain. It was, however, the basis of Wordsworth's prosperity, which was built up by a series of lucky accessions. The "bad Lord Lonsdale," out of sheer mad perversity, and a determination to do the thing that was wrong, had withheld payment of money due to his law-agent, Wordsworth's father. His lordship's successor, a man of conscience, looking into his family affairs, found out the true state of the case, and hastened to make restitution. By this act of simple honesty, the Wordsworths were duly benefited. Then, Miss Hutchinson brought her spouse some little fortune, which, after their marriage, was handsomely increased by a legacy. The removal of Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth to Rydal Mount, where the poet continued to reside for the rest of his life, a period of thirty-seven years, was marked by continued access of fortune. Through the instrumentality of Lord Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, a somewhat lucrative post, yielding an annual revenue of £500; to this was in time added a Government pension of £300 a year; and, apart from these monetary benefits, the Laureateship and the academic honours conferred on him by the universities of Oxford and Durham, together with his advancing fame, gladdened the declining years of his honoured life. He died on St. George's Day, 1850, three years after



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(From a Portrait by Hancock.)

his beloved daughter, Dora Quillinan, and about thrice that interval of time before the death of Mrs. Wordsworth, who continued to dwell at Rydal Mount, deprived of sight, but cheerful and full of conversational power, as in the old time.

Nor is it alone with the church of Grasmere that, in fame as well as in mortality, we associate the name of William Wordsworth. His epitaph on Southey has been read by every Lake tourist visiting the church of Crosthwaite. This large, ancient, and massive building, with heavy buttresses and battlements, is dedicated to St. Kentigern. The church was restored in 1845. Its ancient monuments and brasses, curious font of Edward III., and other points of antiquarian interest, are obscured in general estimation by the monument of Robert Southey, a recumbent figure, by the self-taught sculptor, John Graham Lough. The epitaph, by Wordsworth, happily touches every memorable point of Southey's history. These are the closing lines :—

> "His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
> From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
> Through a life long and pure; and Christian faith
> Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death."

Of whom do we speak as the "Lake Poets"? There is inevitably some confusion of ideas in the frequent use of a phrase so loose and uncertain. The "Lake School," a still less intelligible designation, was first applied to the followers or imitators of Wordsworth, who are now forgotten, if they ever really existed. But by the "Lake Poets" we may signify a small group of independently creative minds that never constituted, nor ever could constitute, a school. Of these, Wordsworth himself stands first; and when we have added the names of Coleridge, who wrote too little, and Southey, who wrote too much, the alliance or community of poetical thought and feeling indicated by the term "Lake Poets," or "Lakists," is made up. To the group might indeed be attached, by some license of imperfect association, Thomas de Quincey, who for a time succeeded to the occupancy of Wordsworth's first dwelling-place at Grasmere, and who, though not strictly definable as a poet, had undoubtedly the poetical gifts, both of imagination and fancy, in a high degree. The single volume in which Wordsworth published his "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798 contained, as the contribution of an anonymous friend, Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." As if to complete, for all future time, the personal association of the two poets, then unknown by name, Wordsworth's own hand appears in two of the most familiar lines of his friend's poem.

The "ray of a new morning" was found by De Quincey, though only a boy of thirteen at the time, in this book, so coldly and ignorantly received by the public. He, almost alone, perceived in it an absolute revelation of untrodden worlds, teeming with power and beauty as yet unsuspected among men. It seems that

Professor Wilson, entirely unconnected with "the English Opium-Eater," and not even known to him until ten years later, received from the same volume the same startling and profound impressions, he being no older than De Quincey himself. Wordsworth and Coleridge were, at the time of publication, respectively twenty-eight and twenty-six years of age; but it is scarcely necessary to remind any ordinary reader that both were precocious versifiers, or that, in addition to the poetic faculty, Coleridge was a very Gibbon of erudition when but a boy of fourteen. A "playless day-dreamer," he acquired learning without effort; and having made himself head-scholar at Christ's Hospital, where he was schoolmate of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, he proceeded to Jesus College, Cambridge, where, in his first year, he gained the Browne gold medal for the Greek ode. Incurring debts, which weighed heavily on his mind and spirits, though the amount was small, and having, moreover, made himself obnoxious by the unpatriotic principles—as they were thought to be—which were afterwards so strongly expressed in his ode, "France," he suddenly left Cambridge, flung himself forlorn and desolate on the world of London, and enlisted, as all people know—even though knowing little or nothing else about Coleridge—in the 15th Light Dragoons, soon to be discovered and bought out by his friends.

From both his friends, from Southey more, indeed, than from Wordsworth, Coleridge differed vastly in all but the common ties of intellect. Circumstances and their effect upon character strengthened the contrast between him and Wordsworth; but in habit, conduct, all that comes of character—in principle, that is to say, which is little affected by circumstances—Coleridge was still further removed from Southey. What Wordsworth would have been without the easy flow of fortune which satisfied his wants it would not be easy to say. But of Southey, changeable in his opinions like Wordsworth and like Coleridge, but fixed in laborious resolution, and in calm, steadfast adherence to the rules he had laid down for his own guidance through life, it may be safely said he was the very opposite of that common type of mankind, a "creature of circumstance." A voluminous poet, whose published verse might have been vastly augmented had he not destroyed at least half the quantity he produced, it was by his prose writings that, as he himself laughingly said, he "made the pot boil." And boil it did, to a pretty tune; for this often anonymous writer of reviews, who was exceedingly modest and contented in his ideas of remuneration, and neither courted nor enjoyed popularity, amassed a library which was itself a fortune, and left £12,000 to be divided amongst his children.

There was close fellowship through many years among these great men and a fourth, who, though falling short of the mark at which greatness can be said to begin, was not unworthy to be associated in literary labours with two of them, Coleridge and Southey. This was Robert Lovell, who began his intimacy by

publishing, in conjunction with Southey, a volume of poems, and who afterwards joined in other labours—not to mention a wild scheme of emigration—which



CROSTHWAITE.

included Coleridge. It must not be left unmentioned that the three fellow-poets married sisters, natives of Bristol, named Fricker. The lady who was espoused by Southey died an unhappy imbecile; and, as is well known, he took for his second wife the gifted Caroline Bowles. In the matter of boons and legacies not even Coleridge had cause to complain of ill-fortune; for an annuity of £75, left him by his friend Mr. Wedgwood, who had materially aided his travels and studies, must have helped him in later years to keep the wolf from the door. Mrs. Lovell, widow of the poet who was brother-in-law of Coleridge and Southey, came to live for a time with the two families, when they occupied in combination the plain dwelling-house on a hill overhanging the river Greta. She brought her son with her, so that there were in all three families, the children of each having by consequence two several aunts. It was one of Southey's jests to call the eminence on which their house was placed the *ant-hill.*

Coleridge abandoned the Lakes many years—twenty-four, according to De Quincey—before his death at Highgate, on the 25th July, 1834. Southey, of whom it may be said, in distinction from Wordsworth and Coleridge, that his ideality was tinged less by German thought than with the colours of that strong and richly-blossoming Teutonic branch of the Latin tongue, Spanish, remained,

like Wordsworth, constant to the scenes in which his part in life had principally been played. The poet of the "Prelude," the "Excursion," and many a more familiar and better-loved strain of natural, reflective verse, lies buried, as we have seen, at Grasmere. "Westminster contains no resting-place so fit for him." Southey's grave is in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, and of his monument within the church mention has already been made. It is a link between the two friends, who rest apart, but whose tombs are drawn together in the deathless sympathy of poetic thought, Wordsworth's heartfelt lines shedding immortal radiance on the cold marble of Southey's sculptured form.

GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.



CROSTHWAITE: SOUTHEY'S MONUMENT.

THE PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, BRECON.

"THE second cathedral church in this great diocese." So spake the Bishop of St. David's on the memorable occasion when the ornate eastern window was unveiled by his lordship, on April 13th, 1882, to the memory of those noble fellows (many of them brave Welshmen) who fought against fearful odds on that terrible field of carnage, Isandhlwana, and of those who battled even more gloriously in defending the hospital at Rorke's Drift. "Brecon Priory Church is indisputably the third church not in a state of ruin in the Principality: it possibly might venture to dispute the second place with Llandaff." Thus wrote, a few years ago, Mr. Freeman, the historian, and withal an authority on Norman churches. The grandeur of this sacred Norman pile as a whole, added to its internal architectural beauty, and to the wealth of its archæological and antiquarian records, has given well-earned meaning to the phrase, "the grand old Priory Church."

The Priory Church (or the Church of the Holy Rood) is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and was first built by Bernard de Newmarch, one of the Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror (said to be indeed his half-brother). There is something intensely pathetic about the tale of the subjugation of Breconshire to the Norman yoke. Brecon had a noble line of native princes; they fought valiantly against the foreign invader; and on the spot where the earlier Romans had erected their camp (the great Gaer-camp), a few hundred years later we find the native British princes squeezed into a corner, as it were, and compelled to fight against the mailed hosts of the merciless Conqueror. The Norman knights had "already paid homage and sworn fealty for the lands they had not yet conquered in Wales;" and thus it comes about that we find Bernard de Newmarch confronting Prince Blethyn ap Maenarch in his chief town of Caer Vong (ancient Brecon), situated two miles higher up the valley than the present town. Here Blethyn made "a last stand." Alas! he was slain; his town of Caer Vong was razed; and Newmarch moved down the river Usk two miles into a beautiful and secluded valley: he had an eye to the picturesque, hard, feudal lord though he was, and here he built a castle, fortified a town, and presently erected the fine embattled pile of St. John's and the priory of Benedictine monks adjoining. One can pretty well picture the scene of those bygone times. Brecon (which is 171 miles from London—seven hours' railway journey) is built in one long and narrow valley: on the one side the stately Beacons rear their heads; and the fine old tower of St. John's, almost as massively square as it is tall, would then, as now, be a conspicuous object in the panoramic view.

The Priory Church is nobly situated on an eminence, and is almost a perfect example of pure Norman work; and, to quote Mr. Freeman once again, "Brecon is a grand and perfect whole, which Llandaff is not. Its external idea is that of pure bulk, and no building ever better expressed it. Its outline, as a matter of picturesque effect, is inimitable;" and we have been further told by this eminent expert, and the words have been reiterated by the late Sir Gilbert Scott (who carried out the restoration work in 1860—75), that the Priory Church, with "the splendours of its magnificent presbytery, is one of the choicest examples of the Early English style, on a scale intermediate between the sublime majesty of Ely and the diminutive elegance of Skelton." The presence of an old Saxon font has led some antiquarians and archæologists to wax warm on the theme whether the church is to be reckoned of Norman or pre-Norman creation; but the dim light of mediæval history fairly and conclusively points to the conclusion that after the battle of Caer Vong (*temp.* 1090), the "local monarch" founded Brecknock Priory as a cell to Battle Abbey, in Sussex; and when we further remember that one of the chapels in the church of the Holy Rood of Brecon is called to this day Battle Chapel, Battle being the name of the parish in which Prince Blethyn and his troops were slain, we think the evidence is irresistible that the first ecclesiastical pile was erected here by Bernard the Norman.

This Bernard de Newmarch was a stern, boisterous, commanding old knight. His time on earth seems to have been pretty well and fully occupied in the serious pastimes of conquering, murdering, building, praying, endowing. "For the peace of his soul," as the old terroriser well expressed it in his "last will and testament," he bequeathed corn-mills, and tithes, and churches, to keep the Priory of Benedictine Monks at Brecon a-going; and when Bluff Old Hal "laid hands" upon the monasteries and their rich endowments, "Brecknock Priory" must have been a veritable golden egg. After supplying all the wants and scruples of Henry VIII., Sir John Price, of the Priory, antiquarian, author, and promoter of the Welsh Act of Union, who had been commissioned to carry out the unpleasant duty of "evicting the monks," inherited a large and goodly estate out of "the royal leavings;" for when Robert Halder, the last prior, surrendered up possession to Henry VIII. in 1537, the revenue was estimated at £112 14s. 2d.

Newmarch, besides being a faithful son of the Church, was a very astute lord. He accordingly married a Welsh damsel, the daughter of one of his most turbulent and valiant foes (Gruffydd ap Llewellyn), but this expected model Norman-Welsh alliance brought unhappiness and disaster into the Lord of Brecknock's castle. The story is that Newmarch had a son and daughter by his wife Nest. The son's name was Mahael, a high-spirited youth, who had observed that his mother was unfaithful to her sovereign lord, and was actually carrying on an intrigue against his father's home and kingdom. This incensed Mahael, and he warned his guilty mother of her

infamy. This not having the desired effect, he challenged her knight and wounded him. To be revenged on Mahael, the sinful mother, whose passion had seemingly destroyed all maternal feeling, declared that he was not her lawful son; this was credited by Newmarch; Mahael was disinherited, and the estates were given to his sister.

There are several interesting periods in the history of the Priory Church. The first was the period of the rule of the de Breoses, the Fitzwalters, and the de Bohuns (all Lords of Brecon). We must pass this by somewhat hurriedly, all-important though it was in the history of the Priory; its great and vast-embattled walls were built up in the heyday of conquest and riot, and wealth and property flowed into its coffers from the deathbeds of spiritual cowards—men who had lived boldly and courageously after a fashion, but who yet feared to die as they had lived.

The second period in the history of the church comprised probably the building of the fine central tower, which still remains, and of the chancel—which is ten feet longer than that of St. David's Cathedral—by Bishop Giles de Breos of Hereford; and it is assumed, with some amount of certainty, seeing that this bishop was Lord of Brecon, "that the tower in the hands of his effigy in Hereford Cathedral refers to Saint John's Church at Brecon." This was the Early English period, and "those were the days of the glory of the noble church," when "the praise of God ascended daily, almost hourly, and the doors were continually open for the devout burgesses and followers of the lordly patron." Then succeeded the Buckinghams, who held as Lords of Brecknock; and while the second Duke of Buckingham enjoyed this lordship, it was his ill-fate to have consigned to him, for safe custody, Morton, Bishop of Ely, by King Richard. Duke Henry had assisted to raise Richard to the throne, but both he and the wily bishop were not slow to show that they did not like the king; and here, in Ely Tower, in the Castle of Brecon, and within speaking distance of the Priory Church, was concocted the famous plot for dethroning Richard. The Duke of Buckingham set out from Brecknock Castle on a given day with a large army; he reached Gloucester, but the floods had much swollen the river Severn, rendering it impassable, and we are not surprised to learn that Buckingham's ill-appointed army "melted like snow in the warm sun." Buckingham was taken prisoner through the treachery of a trusted servant, and executed in the Market-place, Shrewsbury. Edward Stafford, the traitor's son, was ultimately restored to title and estates, by Henry VII.; like his father, he was proud, ambitious, and *felt* himself a duke:—

> "He deemed plebeians, with patrician blood
> Compared, the creatures of a lower species:
> Mere menial hands, by nature meant to serve him."

It is recorded that on one occasion he exhibited such haughtiness that he threw a basin of water in Cardinal Wolsey's face, and this impetuous incident sealed his



ST. JOHN'S, BRECON.

destruction; he was executed on Tower Hill, May 17th, 1521. He met his fate with heroic courage, disdaining to sue for mercy. A foreign emperor, when he heard of his execution, severely remarked that "a butcher's dog had run down the finest buck in England" (alluding to Wolsey's being the son of a butcher).

With the fall of the Buckinghams, succeeded by the dissolution of the monasteries, the former magnificence of the Church and Priory of St. John passed away. Then came the era of the trade guilds, with their beautifully sculptured memorial stones, many of which still adorn the paved floors of the church—the mercers, the corvizors, the weavers, the tuckers: honest burgesses of Brecon, many of them of ancient lineage, and many of them, again, the ancestors of opulent families now resident in the county. The baron and his retainers, the prior and his monks, were now to disappear for ever, and "the town and trade" became conspicuous in their place. The borough coat-of-arms remains to this day painted on the south respond of one of the stately arches. The remains of the screens and wainscoting of this period may yet be seen. The "guild crosses"

are dated from 1550, and the latest date found on a cross is "1602." These guilds, each of them, had separate "chapels" in the Priory Church, and the chapels are called after them to this day.

In 1723 and 1741 the church was described "as a magnificent, spacious building, built in the shape of a cross; it is near 200 feet long and 60 feet broad." The Priory House, so called after the Dissolution, when it became the ancestral seat of the Prices, of whom Sir John Price was the founder, opened into the church on the north side of a well-paved "cloyster." The church was "handed over" by Robert Halder, the last prior, to the Vicar of Brecon, Sir Thomas ap Jenkin Groge, on the 1st August, 1520, and the deed recites that the vicar and his successors for ever "shall have meat and drink at the Prior's Torne messe continually and daily, and when it pleases him to come, he to have his beaver at two of the clock at afternoon, and also after supper, that is to say, *a cup of ale* at the Buttery Hatch."

Sir Richard Price, of the Priory, son of Sir John Price, and William Gwynne-Vaughan, Esquire, M.P., of Trebarried, near Brecon, are stated to have been on terms of great-intimacy with the immortal and divine Shakespeare; and Thomas Campbell, the poet, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons" (the great actress of tragedy herself was born at Brecon on July 5th, 1755), observes, under date May 18th, 1833: "It is no later than yesterday that I discovered a probability—almost near a certainty—that Shakespeare visited friends in the very town where Mrs. Siddons was born, and that he there found in a neighbouring glen, called 'The Valley of Fairy Puck,' the principal machinery of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." A first folio edition of Shakespeare was some few years ago found in an old muniment room at Vaughan's place (Trebarried Mansion), and is now at Glanusk Park, Crickhowell, the seat of Sir J. R. Bailey, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant of Brecknockshire. These facts, coupled with the beautiful situation of Priory House, opening out, as it does, on to shaded and well-wooded walks, called "The Groves" (the pride of Brecon and the theme of all visitors), and the fact that one of Shakespeare's characters, "Fluellen," is the counterpart of "The Brecknockshire Squire," Sir David Gam, knighted on the field of Agincourt by Henry V., would reasonably point to the conclusion that Shakespeare actually visited at the Priory House, which at that time would be the principal and most stately mansion in the county.

The monuments in the Priory Church comprise sculptures and slabs to many county families, some of them the descendants of the original fifteen Norman knights that "came over to help" Bernard Newmarch, and among whom he afterwards parcelled out the fair county into manors. The Awbreys, Walbeoffes, Skwlls, Havards, Herberts, are represented. Quaint Thomas Churchyarde, in his "Worthinesse of Wales," has left us a goodly store of verse descriptive of

many of the ancient tombs in this church, but at the time of the Cromwellian upheaval some of the stones seem to have been removed, and others broken. Several of the Prices, of the Priory, are buried here, Shakespeare's friend, Richard Price, and his lady among the number. The recumbent effigy, in alabaster, of Sir David Williams, one of the Justices of Pleas (died 1613), and that of his wife, Lady Williams, lying on his right side, vividly depict to the eye of the observer the dress customary in those days. Lady Williams has the partlet head-dress, wears a ruff round the neck, and is habited in a gown with ample skirt, over which is worn a rich stomacher buttoned in front of the breast. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, and cuffed at the wrists with small ruffs. A curious effigy, called "Mary Drell," is worthy of note. There are several monuments here to the Camden family, one of whom, by marriage with an heiress, acquired this old monastic property (the Priory); another to Dr. Thomas Coke, the founder of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who was bailiff and alderman of Brecon; and several to the Penrys, all of whom are descended from John Penry, the martyr, the morning star of the Reformation in Cambria. He was a native of Breconshire, and was executed at St. Thomas-a-Watering, in Queen Elizabeth's reign (*temp.* 1593), after what Sir Thomas Phillips declares to be "a trial that disgraces English justice." Several of the monuments are the work of John Evan Thomas, a famous Welsh sculptor. One, however, is by the great Flaxman himself, and another by his brother artist, Bacon.

Numerous sculptures commemorate past vicars of the parish. And we may here be allowed to say that Brecon has had one or two notable clergymen. It is a long stretch from Archdeacon Giraldus Cambrensis to Archdeacon Davies. As to the former, we remember reading an amusing account of a collision between the venerable, but not always decorous, Giraldus and a certain Bishop of St. Asaph, when they met in full canonicals and disputed very warmly each other's right to dedicate Kerry Church (in Montgomeryshire). Neither would give way, so they set about excommunicating one another in right down earnest; but the wily Archdeacon of Brecon got possession of the church keys, and commenced to dedicate the sacred place. The bishop once again excommunicated the archdeacon, and Giraldus, nothing daunted, excommunicated the bishop in return, and ordered the bells to be rung three times as the usual confirmation of the sentence. This so discomfited his reverence of St. Asaph that he hastily mounted his horse, and, together with his followers, beat an undignified retreat. Archdeacon Davies, of Brecon, lived at the time of the French invasion scare, and was major in one of the home regiments of volunteers that had been raised to defend the county in case of need. The venerable archdeacon was a tall, finely-built man. "Who is that smart officer?" asked a stranger who visited Brecon, when he saw the volunteers on Sunday parade. "Why, don't you know? Archdeacon Davies,"

was the reply. The next Sunday, after coming out of church, the same person asked, "Who preached that capital sermon?" "Why, Major Davies, to be sure!" was the reply.

This magnificent and historical church has been thoroughly restored at a cost of some £13,000 or £14,000. The chancel, transepts, and tower were restored in 1860, and the nave and aisles in 1873—75. The late Sir Gilbert Scott devised the whole of the restoration plan, and the sacred pile was re-opened on May 18th, 1875, by Bishop Basil Jones, who observed:—"The temple which we this day open afresh for the service of God is remarkable, among other things, on this account, that the design of an architect who has been in the grave for some six hundred years has only been carried out to its completion in our own day."

Of the fine five-light window, designed by Mr. W. G. Taylor, the gift of the officers of the South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment of Foot), we have already spoken as having been placed in the church—at a cost of £600—to the memory of 22 officers and 655 men of the 1st and 2nd battalions who fell in the South African campaign of 1877—79. The unveiling of this handsome memorial was made the occasion of an imposing military display, when some 5,000 persons assembled in the church. There is also a memorial brass, mounted on black marble, near the pulpit, with inscription and names thereon. On the 27th October, 1886, a new organ was erected in the church, in the place of an ancient instrument that originally came from Drury Lane Theatre in 1789. The new organ has been placed in Tregunter Chapel, which has been restored for its reception.

Should the diocese of St. David's ever be divided, the Priory Church at Brecon will assuredly become the new cathedral. The present bishop, an historian and archæologist, admits that there is not another church in Wales like it, and not a single church in his diocese to compare to it. St. John's has been spoken of in this probable connection, and it well merits the honour, especially when we bear in mind that in perhaps no town in the Principality of Wales has the Church of England made more progress during the last twenty-five years than she has done in the county town of Brecon.

Edwin Poole.

TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON; ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE AND NORTHAMPTON; LITTLE MAPLESTEAD, ESSEX.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

ONE result of the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders was the establishment of two Orders, which differed from most others in being at once martial and religious; their members being professedly men of war rather than men of peace: these were the Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers. The former had the more brief, but the more brilliant, existence. Established for the especial defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and called at first "the Poor of the Holy City," they obtained their more familiar name from the Temple,* near to which they were lodged. Their residence here, like their earlier poverty, was comparatively short-lived. Jerusalem was recaptured by the Saracens in the year 1187, and the Latin Kingdom came to an end.

But prior to this event the Templars had establishments in Europe, where at first they were in high favour. Men's goodwill took a material form, and the Order was soon rich in money and in lands. The usual results followed: with wealth came corruption, and such virtues as they had possessed when poor they lost when rich. If we could believe the stories told by their enemies, there were few crimes of which they were not guilty, and the Order had secretly ceased to be Christian even in belief. But the suppression of the Templars is among the mysteries of the past, of which, probably, we shall never know the whole truth. The Order was very rich, this is an undoubted fact; that wealth had wrought its common effects is almost as certain; and that the peculiar union of soldier and monk in one person had not produced a happy result may be well understood. It is also possible that Eastern lore and Eastern mysticism may have exercised their fascinations over some of the members, and exposed them to suspicions of unorthodoxy which were not wholly without foundation. But the common charges seem to be incredible in their very monstrosity. Many men disbelieved them at the time, and saw the finger of God when, not long after the destruction of the Order and the judicial murder of many of its members, its principal enemies died miserably; and most people think that old Fuller was not far wrong when he considered their wealth to have been their real crime, and quaintly said that their foes "could not get the honey unless they burnt the bees."

The churches of these two Orders, of which four still remain in England, were peculiar in plan, a rotunda or sometimes a polygonal building standing at

* The Mosque El-Aksa was at this time called *Templum Salomonis*; the Kubbet-es-Sakharah *Templum Domini*. The Templars' residence adjoined the former; the Hospitallers' was near the Holy Sepulchre.

the western end. This was in memory of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where a dome-shaped building still covers, as it did in the twelfth century, the traditional site of the sacred tomb.

The Temple Church in London, though not the oldest in England, may be fitly described first, as being the largest and most sumptuous, and the head-quarters of that Order in England. Its rotunda was built about the year 1185, that is, shortly before the fall of Jerusalem; the rest of the church appears to have been completed during the next half-century. Thus the latter is a beautiful example of the best period of the "first Pointed" or "Early English" style, while the rotunda marks the transition from the Norman. The entrance door and the windows are round-headed, the triforium has similar arches interlacing, while the supporting arches are pointed. It thus exhibits a peculiarly felicitous combination of Norman solidity and Early English grace—the fruit of a happy union of styles, essentially masculine and feminine.

The effect also of this dome-like structure, with its circular ambulatory and elevated central "drum," is peculiarly good. Whether we look into the body of the church from it, or into it from the other part, the contrast of the two plans and the novel grouping of the pillars may well cause us to regret that this arrangement has been so rarely adopted by English architects.

After the suppression of the Order, which was completed by the Council of Vienne in 1312, this church and the adjoining ground ultimately passed into the hands of the great legal corporation which still retains the name of the original founders, and is known as the Temple. This society, owing to the increase in the number of its members, was subdivided in the reign of Henry VI. The church is in the precincts of the Inner Temple, the other Corporation bearing the name of the Middle Temple. Our limited space forbids us to dwell on the history of these societies, though the memories of great lawyers cannot be separated wholly from the church. The most stirring incident in its career occurred in the insurrection of Wat Tyler, to whom men of the law were an abomination. He, it is said, took out of it "the books and records that were in closets of the apprentices of the law, carried them out into the street, and then burnt them." Even in the time of its former owners it had had some experience of robbery, but the plunderer was no less a person than Edward I., who in the year 1283, after gaining admission to the Treasury on the pretext of wishing to examine the jewels of his mother which had been deposited there, helped himself largely to the property of the knights.

The church had a narrow escape from the Great Fire of 1666, sixteen years after which it was beautified and adorned in the taste of that age; a few years later the south-west part was rebuilt. It was, we read, also "repaired and beautified" in 1706, being, among other improvements, "wholly new whitewashed." It suffered



THE TEMPLE CHURCH: THE ROTUNDA.

in like manner on three other occasions before the great "restoration," which began in 1839 and continued to 1842, at the cost of £70,000. It was no small misfortune that this was undertaken so early in the "Gothic revival," for the building lost much of its historical character, the old work was copied, the old carving perished, and much of the imitative detail is very unsatisfactory. Still, it is a very curious and beautiful church, the interior of which retains the structural character and the leading details of the original building.



ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE: THE ROTUNDA.

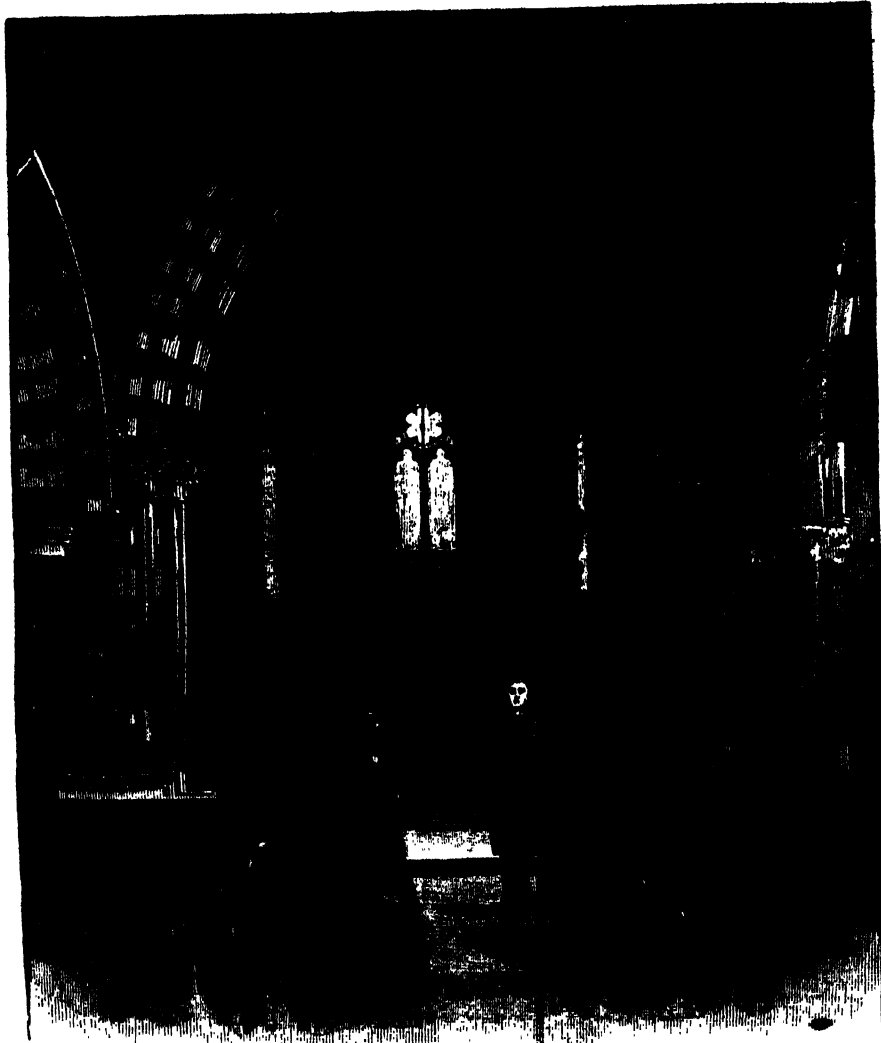
At the "restoration" the later monuments which had accumulated in the church were removed to the triforium. The most noteworthy among these commemorate Edmund Plowden, of whom as a jurist it was said "better authority could not be cited;" Howell, author of the well-known letters; and Martin, a recorder of London early in the seventeenth century. Opening on to the staircase which leads to the triforium is a narrow cell; in this "little ease," it is said, offenders were imprisoned, narrow slits in the wall enabling them to hear the services and look into the church. There is even a tradition that Walter de Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, died here of hunger in expiation of offences against the discipline of the Order. Some persons of prosaic minds, however, declare that it was only a cell for the bell-ringers.

In the rotunda have been placed nine effigies of associate-knights, and an ornamented stone coffin. These are commemorated by Butler in the days when the church, like the nave of St. Paul's, was desecrated, and men were wont to

> " . . walk the round with Knights o' the Posts
> About the cross-legged knights their hosts."

One effigy is supposed to represent an Earl of Pembroke, who was the husband of a daughter of Henry I.; another, the Earl whom Shakespeare represents as pleading with John on behalf of Prince Arthur; a third, his son, killed untimely at a tournament by a runaway horse. Of the father's monument a grim story is told. The Earl, it is said, had seized the lands of the Abbey of Fernes; the Abbot had pronounced a curse upon the spoiler, but in a merciful mood came to the grave and offered to take it off if the lands were restored. But the dead man made no sign, and so the curse fell, and, as men believed, was accomplished in the son's death.

As pavements, walls, fittings, are all modern, there is no need to describe them; we merely glance at the columns of Purbeck marble, repaired remnants of those that



ST. SEPULCHRE'S, NORTHAMPTON.

were once "polished like so many gems," and at the emblems of the Order painted on the new roof—the lamb and flag—the two knights on one horse, a memorial of its short-lived poverty—and the like. A plain slab, all but concealed, on the south side of the communion-table, has been spared to record John Selden, whose "stupendous learning" was equalled, in the opinion of his contemporaries, by his grace and goodness. A much older tomb, and more interesting to the archæologist, is believed to commemorate Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, while in the vestry are memorials to Eldon, Stowell, and Thurlow.

The memories, however, of the Temple are not wholly legal. More than

one name illustrious in literature is connected with its precincts. Samuel Johnson lived at No 1, Inner Temple Lane, where Johnson Buildings now stand; Charles Lamb lived for awhile in Crown Office Row; Oliver Goldsmith had chambers



LITTLE MAPLESTEAD.

beneath the studious Blackstone, whose labours at the commentaries on the laws of England were sorely disturbed by his neighbour's revels; Goldsmith died in Brick Court, and was buried in the churchyard near the path leading to the Master's house, where a tomb has been erected in his memory.

Among the occupants of this house—though the office, so far as authority goes, is now the shadow of a shade—have been famous men, who in their turn have ministered in the church. Among these it will suffice to name Richard Hooker, who, however, found here so little peace that, to compose the "Ecclesiastical Polity," he retired to the quiet of a country parsonage. The office is now held by Canon Ainger, who in 1894 succeeded Dean Vaughan; and, in addition to the attraction of the preaching, the music at the church is excellent.

The other three churches are said to have been connected with the Order of the Knights Hospitallers. The church of St. Sepulchre at Cambridge is of earlier date, but of much smaller size, than that of the Temple. The rotunda is a Norman structure, erected probably rather early in the history of the Order.

Massive circular pillars, with capitals of plain but good design, from which spring semicircular arches, simply ornamented, support the tympanum, which also is circular in form, lighted by round-headed windows, and crowned by a conical roof. The upper part, however, is mainly modern, being a restoration of the present century. Old plates represent an octagonal turret of two storeys as rising from the circular roof of the ambulatory. This is lighted by rather plain windows, Perpendicular in style. The round-headed windows which light, or profess to light, the ambulatory, are also a new restoration of the supposed originals, which in the fourteenth century had been replaced by much larger openings. The eastern part of the church was built about the year 1313, probably on the foundation of an earlier structure; except that, as in the Temple Church, its length is small compared with its breadth, there is nothing in it to call for remark.

The policy of the renovation of the rotunda is, of course, open to question, but probably the building in its present state very nearly represents the original structure. Restoration gave the church its first claim to a place in history. The work was done by the Cambridge Camden Society. Its leading members were in sympathy with the new school of "High Churchmen." Their proclivities were expressed by the erection of a stone altar in the restored church. The incumbent—who appears to have had little voice in the matter—objected, and a lawsuit was the result. Ultimately it was decided by the Court of Arches that the structure was illegal, and it was removed. This dispute practically broke up the Camden Society, which had been acquiring great influence at Cambridge; many leading members of the University withdrew from it, and others, finding the Church of England uncongenial, seceded to Rome.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre at Northampton is curious not only for its design and architecture, but also as an instance of growth by accretion. Perhaps we may give the best idea of a rather complicated plan by briefly indicating the probable developments. About the end of the eleventh century, some one—perhaps Simon de St. Liz, first Norman Lord of Northampton—erected a church in memory of the Holy Sepulchre, consisting of a rotunda after the usual plan, with a choir or chancel to the east. This choir, which forms the present nave, still exists, and probably terminated in an apse. About a century later the north wall of the chancel was cut through to form an aisle, and a few years afterwards a similar extension was made on the south side. After this, during the next two centuries, many changes were made. The upper part of the rotunda was pulled down, only the massive columns and the outer wall of the ambulatory being left, and in this some of the windows were altered. The part then destroyed was rebuilt with Pointed arches and on an octagonal plan, and many alterations were made in the church.

One of the latest—in the fifteenth century—was the erection of a handsome steeple west of the rotunda. Before the present century began the northern chapel had disappeared, as well as the original chancel; and prior to the restoration, which commenced in 1855, and was carried on at intervals until 1879, the building had suffered much from the effects of time and ill-usage. Then the north chapel or aisle was rebuilt on its old foundations; so was the present chancel, with its apsidal termination, the limit of this also being determined by the old substructures.

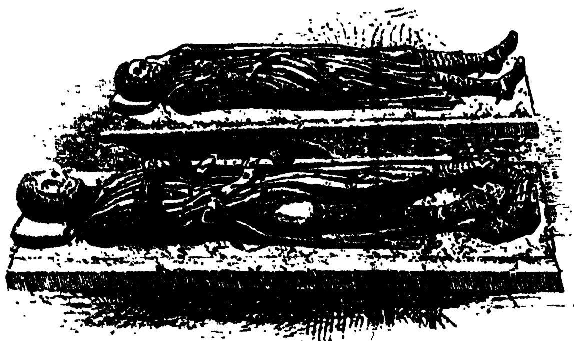
Much also was done in the restoration of details, such as roofing, fittings, window tracery, pavement, and the like, so that the church is now in excellent order, capable of holding a considerable congregation, and is an extremely picturesque though curiously irregular structure. The floor of the choir is at a higher level than that of the rotunda, and this also enhances the effect, which undoubtedly is much improved by the apsidal termination. So much restoration and rebuilding are, of course, perplexing to the antiquarian, but apparently this was almost inevitable. The rotunda is not seated, but is used as the baptistery; a large stone font, a memorial to the late Canon James, who was active in the restoration, occupying the centre. The surrounding pavement, an elaborate modern work, is from the design of Lord Alwyne Compton, the Bishop of Ely. No incidents of historic interest are connected with this church, but in itself it well repays a halt of some hours at Northampton, which town is also so fortunate as to possess in St. Peter's one of the most remarkable and most perfect Norman churches in the kingdom.

The church of Little Maplestead, the smallest of the four round churches still remaining in England, stands in a pleasant upland district a couple of miles from the market-town of Halstead, in Essex. This village, together with its neighbour, Great Maplestead, is said to be named from the maple trees once abundant in the district. The church of Little Maplestead stands just outside the small straggling village in a neatly-kept churchyard, which has been planted with trees. Structurally it yields in interest to none of the four; in detail it has suffered much from alterations and restoration. The latter process has been carried so far that almost all the worked stone, both within and without the building, appears either to be new or to have been re-faced. This renovation, begun in 1852, under the charge of Mr. Carpenter, may have been inevitable, for the building was for some years in part roofless, and all but a ruin.

The church consists of a rotunda or nave, and a choir or chancel, without aisles, terminating in a semicircular apse of the same diameter. It has a small western porch, partly of wood, which was added in the fifteenth century. The walls are built of flint rubble, squared stones being only used in buttresses, windows, etc. The modern chancel-roof has a high pitch; and over the rotunda is a low

roof and small wooden tower. This rests on a hexagonal structure which is supported by arches, and from each of the six pillars another arch is thrown off to the side walls to sustain the flat ceiling of the aisle. The nave-roof has dormer gables, traces of which were found by the restorers. The church has evidently been much altered; the outer walls are all that remain of the original Late Norman structure. The west door and the arches within the rotunda are Early Decorated; the windows, of both nave and chancel, are of about the time of Edward III. —assuming, of course, that the present details are a reproduction of the original, which we believe to be the case. There is now no east window, though one is mentioned in a former description of the church. There are two windows on either side of the chancel, and a small vestry stands on the southern side. The font, though it has been mutilated by chipping off the corners, in order to make it octagonal instead of square, to the loss of some of its simple ornamentation, is a remnant of the original church.

The church appears to have been built late in the twelfth century, for in the year 1186 the manor of Little Maplestead was granted to the Hospitallers by one Juliana Doisnel. This gift was confirmed by King John, and afterwards by Henry III., who added thereto the right of free-warren. The ground-plan, however, suggests that a very early type of church was adopted as a pattern, so that probably this structure reproduces more nearly than any of the others the original church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. T. G. BONNEY.



TOMBS OF KNIGHTS IN THE TEMPLE.



BEACONSFIELD: THE CHURCH, WITH WALLER'S MONUMENT.

BEACONSFIELD AND HUGHENDEN.

TWO QUIET RESTING-PLACES.

THE five miles and a half of winding and gradually ascending road which conduct the pilgrim from High Wycombe to Beaconsfield of so sweet memory, are among the most picturesque in Buckinghamshire. The chief charm of the walk is its infinite variety. For the first mile or two after leaving Wycombe the eye ranges across wide open meadows, watered by the little river which flows so gently and caressingly, as only little rivers can, right by the edge of the footpath. Then as the road ascends the prospect widens, and although the view is often interrupted by the luxuriant woodland and thick plantations, enough can be seen to make you long for a seat in the high-top of one of the abounding pines. Approaching Wooburn Green there is one of those sheer hills which are the despair of bicyclists and the joy of the pedestrian—when he has surmounted them. On each hand it is thickly edged with young timber, stretching from the deep valley beneath to the summit of the hill above. This silent, solitary reach of road is full of charm to the lover of rural highways; and after one

of the red sandstone lanes of Staffordshire or Warwickshire, I know few thoroughfares which are more purely picturesque.

This ever-mounting road at Beaconsfield widens to a broad plateau, and the little town is intersected by wide highways, which give it an aspect of dignity and consequence that somewhat atones for the lack of the delightful higgledy-piggledyism of most English villages. Beaconsfield always sleeps; and there is so little that is new in it that it is difficult to believe that the pretty little reading-room in the centre of the village has not stood there since Waller's time. Somebody at Beaconsfield has imitated the excellent example set in the rural communes of Belgium, and has inscribed the name of the parish upon the first house in the town. Fifty years ago Beaconsfield must have been a far livelier place than it is now. It stands a little more than halfway upon the high road from London to Oxford; and the rumble of coaches and the clatter of post-horses kept the village from going to sleep. The Saracen's Head and the Old White Hart were inns of dignity and importance then, for people travelled post and by coach all the year round; whereas cyclists, upon whom such hostelries now mainly depend, go out only in fine weather. Yet Beaconsfield is a substantial-looking townlet, wearing that quaint air of staidness and respectability which distinguishes so many of the small Buckinghamshire towns. To judge from appearances, the place has changed but little since Edmund Burke last looked out upon it in 1797. That great statesman's love for these broad streets of red and white houses was as profound as Lord Beaconsfield's affection for the less sightly village of Hughenden. His little estate of Gregories was to him a world in which, as he often hinted, he took more delight than in the noisier world of politics. Beaconsfield, indeed, has had a fortunate history. Edmund Waller, who so long had his home at Hall Barn, was a remarkable product of the changeful times in which he lived; and while he was alternately poet, politician, and conspirator, his name lives solely by virtue of his melodious versification. Burke was less versatile but more sincere; and Beaconsfield will bear sweet memory in political history so long as it is remembered that many of Burke's fiery and sonorous yet finely-balanced and well-proportioned speeches were composed beneath the graceful silent shadow of his own beeches.

Beaconsfield Church stands at the junction of the London and Windsor roads. It has a square tower, and is built of that mixture of flint and squared stones so often seen in Buckinghamshire churches. It is much to be regretted, on the score of lost reminiscences, that very little of the building, as Burke knew it, remains. The galleries have been removed; the height of the tower increased; the chancel lengthened; the north wall rebuilt; the south wall re-faced; and the high pews replaced by open benches. It is not exactly a handsome church, but it leaves a pleasing and adequate impression. Of remains of antiquity

it contains little beyond two altar-tombs; but it can well afford to rest its claim to fame upon its possession of the dust of the man who, when describing the wrongs of Marie Antoinette, lamented that chivalry was dead. Burke's pew was on the south side of the nave, nearly in the centre; and he desired that he might be buried beneath his accustomed seat. His wish was respected; and a small oval marble tablet of excessive plainness upon the south wall near by bears the brief legend—

Near this place
Lies interred
All that was mortal of the
Rt. Honourable EDMUND BURKE,
Who died on the 9th of July, 1797,
Aged 68 years.

The inscription goes on to record that his son and brother were buried in the same vault. The entrance to the vault is beneath the central aisle of the nave, and it is covered by a large handsome brass placed there in 1862 by Mr. Edmund Harland Burke, the statesman's great grand-nephew and representative. The brass bears Burke's armorial achievement, and the Norman-French motto of his family: *Ung roy, ung foy, ung loy.* These memorials are well in keeping with the simplicity of Burke's character, and contrast very pleasingly with the pompous affectation of the methods by which Waller, who, whatever he may have been, was assuredly not an honest man, is commemorated.

The tomb of the author of "Go, lovely Rose," is in the neatly-kept churchyard, and is readily to be recognised by its own proportions and by the great shady walnut-tree that overhangs it. As may be seen from the illustration (page 457), it is superlatively ugly and tasteless—a mere heavy mass of masonry, with ample space for laudatory inscriptions. It is a square raised tomb, with an urn at each corner, and is capped by a great stone pyramid or cone. Heavy iron railings enclose the massive memorial, which is of such weight that the supporting walls of the vault had perforce to extend far into the churchyard. The heaviness of the tomb combines with the deep shade cast by the handsome walnut-tree to leave a somewhat melancholy impression upon the memory. There is a very long and very eulogistic Latin inscription, beginning *Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti cessit,* which sets forth that he was a poet and a politician —and, it might with truth have been added, a conspirator, who narrowly escaped with his neck. Also there is the following short legend in English: "Edmund Waller, to whom this marble is sacred, was a native of Coleshill and a student at Cambridge. His father was Richard; his mother of the Hampden family. He was born on the 20th of March, 1605. His first wife was Anne, only daughter and heiress of Edward Banks. Twice made a father by his first

wife, and thirteen times by his second. He died the 21st of October, 1687." In his earlier years, and while his first wife lived, Waller was much at Hall



WALLER. (From a Portrait by Kneller.)



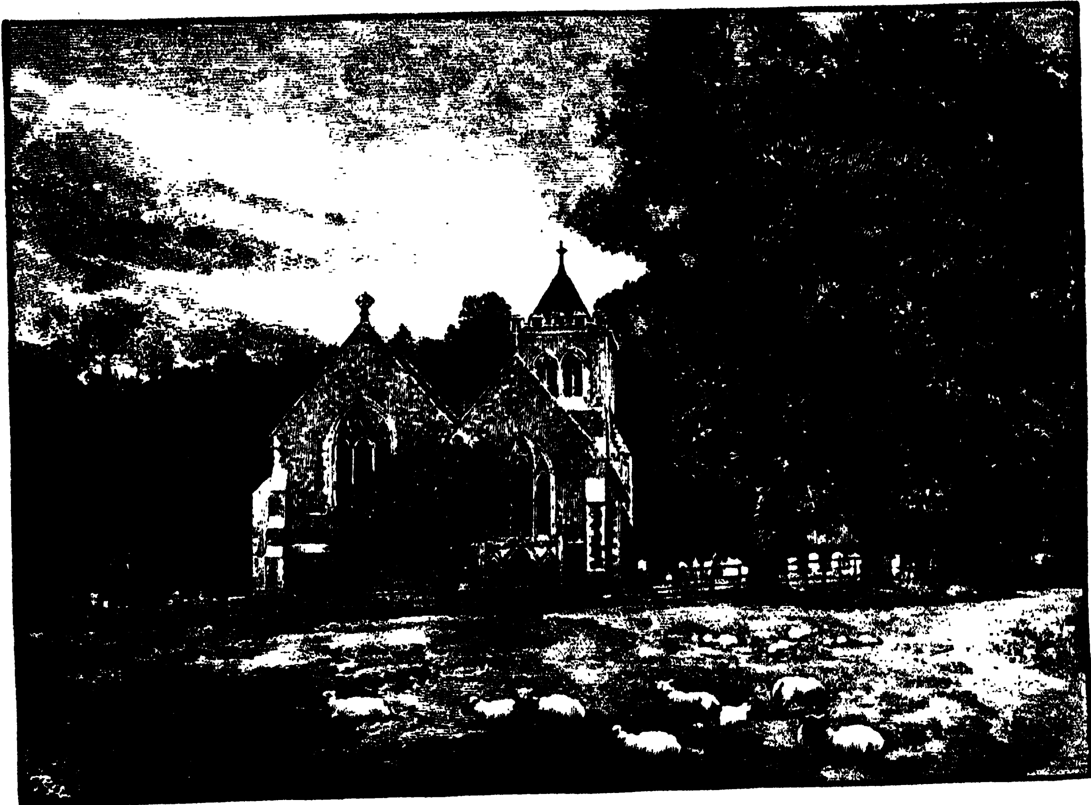
BURKE.

Barn, and took great delight in his gardens. It was no doubt at Hall Barn that he wrote his quaint apostrophe:—

"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curl me about, ye gadding vines,
And, oh, so close your tendrils lace
That I may never leave this place.
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
And I your greeny bondage break,
Do you, oh, brambles, bind me too,
And, courteous briers, nail me through."

Yet most of Waller's time was spent in attending Parliament—he took his seat for Amersham when sixteen—in following "the primrose path of dalliance" at court, and in carefully trimming his sails to suit the political winds. By continual turnings of coat, aided by his relationship to the leaders of the Parliamentary party—he was first cousin to Hampden and nephew of one of Cromwell's uncles—he succeeded in weathering all storms, and died a religiously-minded old man of eighty-five. His participation in what is known as "Waller's Plot," which aimed at restoring Charles I. to the throne, nearly cost him his life. His brother-in-law, who was much less guilty, was hanged in front of his own door; and it was only Waller's abject cowardice, and the expenditure of £30,000 in bribes, that

obtained a commutation of the death sentence to a fine of £10,000 and perpetual banishment. But in those days nothing was perpetual, and before many years had passed Waller had made his peace with Cromwell, and was writing "A Panegyric to my Lord Protector," to be duly followed in 1660 by an Ode to Charles II. "upon his Majesty's Happy Return." Waller was unstable as water; and it is utterly impossible to believe that even his epistles to Lady Dorothy



HUGHENDEN: THE CHURCH, FROM THE PARK.

Sidney, upon which his fame as a poet chiefly rests, are sincere. The haughty young beauty, so well known in literary history as "Saccharissa," preferred another suitor; and although Waller married his second wife shortly afterwards, there is reason to think that he never quite forgave the lady to whom he had addressed so many sweet lines. It was one of Waller's distinctions that he was almost the first writer of verses of society, and that he wrote them most sweetly and melodiously. His numbers were always musical, even when there was nothing in them.

The Hall Barn of to-day is not the house in which Waller lived. It was built in 1712, and has some interesting associations. In one of its rooms Lord Verney handed to Burke the £20,000 with which Gregories was purchased in

1769. For nearly thirty years that brave and prescient spirit enjoyed the sweets of rural life at Gregories; and it is an enduring regret to every admirer of his honesty, integrity, and eloquence, that the house in which he spent so many happy years no longer exists. It was burned down not very long after his death, and only a few grass-covered mounds, the overgrown, half-obliterated avenue, and the scanty ruins of the stables, now mark the site of the home Burke loved so well. There was a good deal of high thinking at Gregories in the days when Fox, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, Goldsmith, and Garrick were wont to visit their friend at this "place exceeding pleasant," as the owner himself described it, to say naught of the famous visit of Mirabeau and Madame de Genlis. Few villages possess such classic memories as Beaconsfield; and few, be it said, so well deserved to be the abode of the famous. Perched above the charming vales of Bucks, surrounded by the fragrant woodlands which unendingly delight more than one of the senses, the typical English scenery of Beaconsfield is full of that reposeful picturesqueness of which no lover of nature ever tires.

Hughenden lies some seven miles from Beaconsfield. The outskirts of the parish are not very far from the market-place of High Wycombe; but it is a beautiful walk of about a couple of miles up to the church. For three-fourths of the distance from Wycombe the narrow road is bordered by the pales of Hughenden Park. We pass the principal entrance to the park, which is guarded by a very unpretending pair of iron gates, bearing Lord Beaconsfield's cypher, crest, and coronet. The highway is remarkably picturesque. The park pales are low; much of the road is high; and there is a good view of great part of the park. The fine beeches and firs, which here and there obscure the prospect, pleasantly overhang the road; and the glimpses of the domain to be had through their leafy masses take the added charms of the partly-seen. Hughenden is, undoubtedly, one of the prettiest bits of park-like scenery in the home counties. From the tree-lined road the land slopes gently to a little brawling stream, reported to contain trout, which almost bisects the park. Beyond this stream the ground again rises to a succession of irregular uplands, all, like the flatter ground, richly and effectively timbered. Upon one of these wooded hills stands the monument erected by the Viscountess Beaconsfield to the memory of Isaac Disraeli, her husband's father. Lord Beaconsfield delighted in the sylvan beauties of his domain; for, as he once most truly wrote, "sylvan scenery never palls." It has a restful charm which most other scenery lacks; and to the wearied politician, few things in nature can be more delightful. The park of Hughenden Manor could not well contain more trees; neither could they be more artistically grouped and studded.

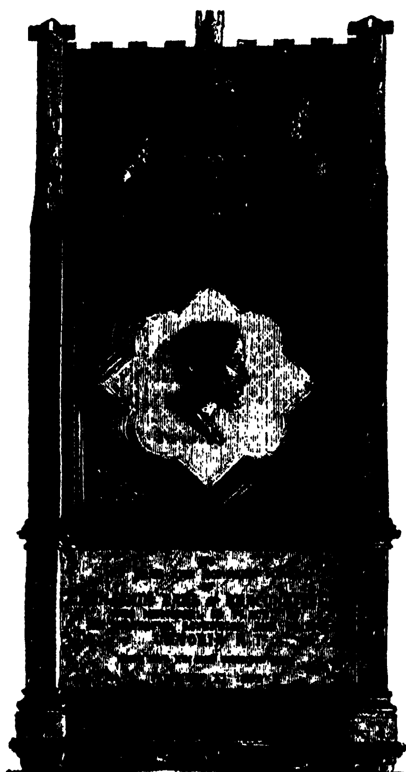
Hughenden Church stands within the park, at its furthest extremity. It is

of flint and stone, and is almost entirely modern, having been rebuilt in 1875. It is effectively placed upon the slope of the hill, and is almost surrounded by trees. The very first object which strikes the eye of the visitor in the neatly-kept churchyard is the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield. The three red granite panels which contain the inscriptions are built against the outer wall of the De Montfort Chapel at the eastern end of the church, closely adjoining the chancel. The effect is somewhat inelegant, and the low iron railing which surrounds the wreath-strewn space is most unornamental. The right-hand panel commemorates Mr. James Disraeli, third son of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature;" that to the left Mrs. Sarah Brydges Willyams, who left Lord Beaconsfield a fortune, "and was buried at her desire in this vault." Upon the central panel is inscribed: "In memory of Mary Anne Disraeli, Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right, for thirty-three years the wife of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Lord of this Manor; ob. December, 1872." Beneath are the simple words, "The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden, K.G., born December 21, 1805; died April 19, 1881."

The only remnant of antiquity inside the church, except the fine thirteenth-century font, is the De Montfort Chapel, in which are recumbent effigies of members of that house. The best preserved of these represents Richard de Montfort encased in armour of the thirteenth century. Another figure bears upon its breast eight incised crosses. Here, too, is the fine fifteenth-century brass of Robert Thursby, Vicar of Hughenden. Over Lord Beaconsfield's accustomed seat in the chancel, now marked by a brass plate with an inscription, is the beautiful tablet of Sicilian marble, erected by Queen Victoria, and represented on the next page.

By the side of the memorial are fixed the banner and insignia, removed from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of this "most noble and puissant Prince," as every Knight of the Garter is described upon his stall. The stained glass in the east window is the executors' tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's memory. The large west window was filled with stained glass with part of the "National Memorial Fund;" and the south window was the offering of Oxford Undergraduates. The walls of the chancel are covered with mural paintings of the Evangelists and the Greater Prophets, which were paid for out of the National Fund. The organ was partly rebuilt from the same source. There is probably not another church in England so full of memorials to one great man. Everything is in excellent taste; and the only objects that, were it not for the personal memories which attach to them now, and the matchless historical memories which will attach to them in time to come, one could wish away, are the trumpery-looking achievements of the Garter, which are too close to the eye to retain any of the dignity that surrounded them in their original place at Windsor.

There is a public road through Hughenden Park to High Wycombe; but although it passes close to the Manor House, it is impossible to see anything of it, so entirely is Lord Beaconsfield's house surrounded by trees. The path skirts the narrow stream, full of little cascades, and edged by shady beeches. All over the lovely park winding walks have been cut through the thick woodland, opening out here and there into little glades studded with the abounding beeches. After a walk beneath tall pines you may debouch upon one of these glades of beech, adorning some of the most perfect glimpses of park-like scenery. Everywhere there are hills, around which picturesquely wind the walks laid out by Lady Beaconsfield. When he was in retirement at Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield spent much of his time in wandering, silent and alone, in the more solitary portions of the park; and he left it as a strict injunction in his will that certain woods were never to be felled, and that only such timber was to be cut as was necessary and proper. Great numbers of the famous Windsor chairs of Wycombe are made from Hughenden timber. After the death of his wife, Lord Beaconsfield accounted it his chief happiness that, to use his own phrase, he "lived among his own woods." All contemplative men have loved woodland scenery; and the lord of Hughenden among his beeches inevitably recalls the picture of Burke enjoying, perhaps in more practical and demonstrative fashion, but assuredly not the more keenly, the delights of his little domain at Gregories. But while Burke loved to be a practical country gentleman, Lord Beaconsfield in his retirement never ceased to be a statesman and a man of letters. Most of his books were written in Hughenden Manor House, in such scant leisure as the absorbing and thankless trade of politics leaves to a man. Here, too, we have it in evidence that much statecraft was developed. Yet, with all his absorption, Lord Beaconsfield ever had admiring eyes for his beloved trees; and a quaint pleasure in the plaintive but romantic shriek of the famous peacocks.



HUGHENDEN: THE BEACONSFIELD TABLET.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.



ELSTOW.

ELSTOW.

A STURDY PURITAN.

IN the level valley of the Ouse, about a mile to the south of Bedford, is the village of Elstow. Once it could claim a higher title, for it had a market of its own, but this ceased long ago; and as the neighbouring county town has been roused by the railways from the quietude of a merely agricultural centre, and is becoming the site of some important manufactures, the dignity is not likely to be regained. It is now "a quiet and rather large country village, standing among fields, and almost surrounded by fine elms, which hide it from a distance, and make a kind of park of its meadows." How did it come to pass that this place gave birth to a man who has made a mark in the history of English literature hardly less deep, if less broad, than Shakespeare himself? There is even less here than at Stratford-on-Avon of those accessories, and those natural features, which are generally supposed to evoke the poetic faculty. There is a certain beauty in the hedgerow timber, in the quiet lanes, in the lush meadows of this river plain, but it is of the quietest, sleepiest kind. The Ouse slides through Bedford town a mile or more away, as does the Avon through Stratford, though, in the former case, with far less beauty in its surroundings. No one would seek inspiration from that stream, or from the yet more sluggish brook that creeps through the Elstow fields. The valley of the Ouse is bordered by hills, even lower and less striking than those of Warwickshire. There is neither a Horeb nor a Wilderness; no rocky fastness, such as those among which Benedict was stirred to spiritual conflict; no mountain solitudes such as those among which Bruno sought to initiate the Carthusian rule. Everything in this valley of the Ouse is of the most homely, everyday kind. There seems nothing to arouse violent emotions, everything to deaden them at their outset. One would suppose that all the dwellers in this region would be the most commonplace of folk; neither great saints nor great

sinners; working, playing, eating, drinking, sleeping; doing all, except the last, to a moderate amount; in that, however, some little excess would be probable; for when the sun is still high on a summer afternoon, when the air is redolent of the meadows, and the bees are humming among the branches, the eyes of those who can rest awhile from labour are apt to grow heavy.

What could have produced this strange man, who has caught the fancy, and spoken straight to the heart, of tens of thousands of his countrymen, who has made this Bedfordshire village a place of pilgrimage, and, though himself among the dissentient, adds an interest to its church? It is as unaccountable as the birth of Shakespeare; neither external influences nor family history throw any light upon the mystery; both men seem to have been created rather than born.

Bunyan, however, after the flesh, was a tinker's son.* He saw the light first in a homely cottage. This has been destroyed, but that in which he lived after his marriage still remains, though somewhat modernised, near where the road from Bedford enters Elstow. He was brought up to the humble craft of his father, and "according to the rate of other poor men's children, but soon lost what little he had been taught, even almost utterly." No sign, so far as we know, was exhibited in his boyhood of the mental power which afterwards displayed itself, nor any precocity, except that at an early age his conscience appears to have been unusually susceptible, and his imagination vivid. He tells us of himself that when he was "but a child, only nine or ten years old, visions by night, and the stings of conscience by day," so distressed his soul, that, in his own words—"even in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins; yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors; that, if it must needs be that I were there, I might rather be a tormentor than tormented myself."

As, however, is not seldom the case, this precocious sensitiveness of conscience was an unhealthy symptom, and was followed by a hurtful reaction. The boy grew up not more thoughtful but more careless than his fellows; he was the worse, rather than the better, for a too early familiarity with spiritual disquietudes, and above all with the demonology of Christians, rather than with the gospel of Christ; he had succeeded in silencing for a time the inward monitor, and, though its suggestions had not always been of the wisest, he was the loser by the victory. The picture, however, which he draws of his life before the great mental struggle began is probably over-coloured. Bunyan saw all things with exceeding vividness, even his own sins. A man of more comprehensive views or less ascetic spirit could not have written the "Pilgrim's Progress." He

* He was born in the year 1628; thus, at the death of Charles I., he would be about twenty-one.

distinctly states, even in his self-accusation, that he was no drunkard, and had always lived a chaste life—indeed, in the latter respect he avoided temptation by marrying before he was twenty. Profaneness of speech appears to have been his chief sin of commission, for he tells us that he was a great swearer. In other respects than this, he was probably neither better nor worse than a score of other lads of his age, who have never thought seriously upon the "things which are unseen," and, in consequence, are little more than fine healthy animals, with capacities for good and for evil which commonly are only beginning to develop. Bunyan, however, was not wholly without checks in his career of thoughtlessness. More than once some narrow escape from death or serious accident awakened graver thoughts; the most remarkable of these occurring at the siege of Leicester.* On this occasion a soldier, who had volunteered to take his place in a party detailed for some duty, was struck by a musket-ball in the head and killed on the spot.

"A marked change in Bunyan's mental history began as he was playing a game of tip-cat on a Sunday, after having listened in the morning to a sermon against Sabbath-breaking. Such pastimes, it must be remembered, were at that time thought by half the kingdom quite harmless on a Sunday afternoon. In the middle of the game a voice seemed to sound in his ears, asking, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' 'At this,' he continued, 'I was put into an exceeding maze: wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me.' This was the beginning of the great spiritual struggle which has been the lot of most who have been called out from their fellows to undertake some exceptional work—a struggle which has been waged by men of very different creeds—which was as real for John Bunyan and Martin Luther as it was for Benedict of Subiaco and Francis of Assisi. It was a struggle where the reason is shaken, where the boundary between the real and the ideal becomes confused. For here, as in everything else in this world, it seems to be the law of life that only through much suffering and individual loss can great results be obtained. John Bunyan appears more than once to have been on the verge of insanity; more than once also on the point of abandoning the contest in despair; but at last, after a long struggle and various backslidings, the victory over himself was won. First of all he ceased to swear, next tip-cat on Sundays lost its temptation; then he abandoned even his favourite pastime of bell-ringing; and last and hardest of all, abstained from dancing. The order of the last two renunciations is certainly hard to understand. Dancing, indeed, might not unnaturally be regarded as at best a frivolous pastime, unbefitting the gravity of

* Curiously enough, authorities differ as to the side on which he was fighting.

one deeply conscious of the momentous issues of this life; but wherein consisted the sin of ringing a peal on the church bells is by no means easy to perceive."*

From this epoch Bunyan's connection with Elstow was loosened. He left



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE.

the ministrations of his parish church, though, of course, at that period the pulpit was not occupied by an Anglican divine, and presently joined himself to a Baptist congregation at Bedford. Afterwards he became a preacher, itinerating in the neighbouring villages, and appears to have become somewhat obnoxious to the ruling powers even before the Restoration. Then, however, his troubles began in earnest. The Puritan had not been over-tolerant of deviation from his own standard of orthodoxy, but the Anglican came back with a debt of suffering to requite and a determination to suppress dissent, if it were possible. The Puritan was hated by the Churchman as a recalcitrant from ecclesiastical discipline, by the statesman as a rebel against royal authority, by the courtier as a righteous liver, so that he could not find a friend in any quarter. Bunyan was indicted as a person "who devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear Divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles." For twelve years he was in prison at Bedford, though sometimes he was treated rather as a prisoner

* "Our Own Country," Vol. II. Bedford.

of war than as a criminal, and was even allowed out on parole. The "Declaration of Indulgence" in the year 1672 procured him a pardon, and after this he appears to have escaped unmolested, though he continued to write and to preach. During the years of his imprisonment the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written, and he published altogether about three score tracts or books.

Elstow Church, which is inseparably connected with the memory of Bunyan's earlier days, is itself a building of some size and considerable interest. Parallel with the wall of the churchyard is the village green, an ample tract of rough greensward, bordered by homely cottages. At its western end is the stump of an old stone cross; towards its eastern a brick-and-timber building—the Market-hall in the days when Elstow enjoyed so much dignity. On the edge of the churchyard are three broken trunks of great elm trees, still putting forth tufts of branches. All these must have existed when Bunyan was a lad. Many a time he must have loitered about the market-place; he may, perchance, have seen that cross broken down, if it had escaped the earlier reformers; he may have scrambled up those elms, defiant of the beadle, for they would be young trees in his boyhood. Little doubt this green by the churchyard wall was the place where he was playing his game of tip-cat on that Sunday afternoon when the call to repentance sounded in his ears, and that life began which he has narrated in his great allegory.

The church also, till lately, had but little changed from the time when Bunyan, like the other people in the little town, went thither every Sunday. Here, probably, though from no Anglican clergyman, he listened to the sermon against Sabbath-breaking. The following passage, written by myself some years since, describes the appearance of Elstow Church prior to the recent restoration:—"It stands on the further side of the churchyard. At the north-west angle is a massive tower, with windows in the upper storey, looking strong enough to be used as a place of refuge against marauding bands. It is quite separated from the church, and is thus a regular 'campanile.' The bells date from the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and it is said that number four in the peal is the one which Bunyan used to ring. Parts of the church are Norman work; most of this is very simple, except the north door, which is a rather richly ornamented specimen, and is in very fair preservation. Other parts are Early English, and the rest of later date, some being poor and untidy



ELSTOW: THE NORTH DOOR.

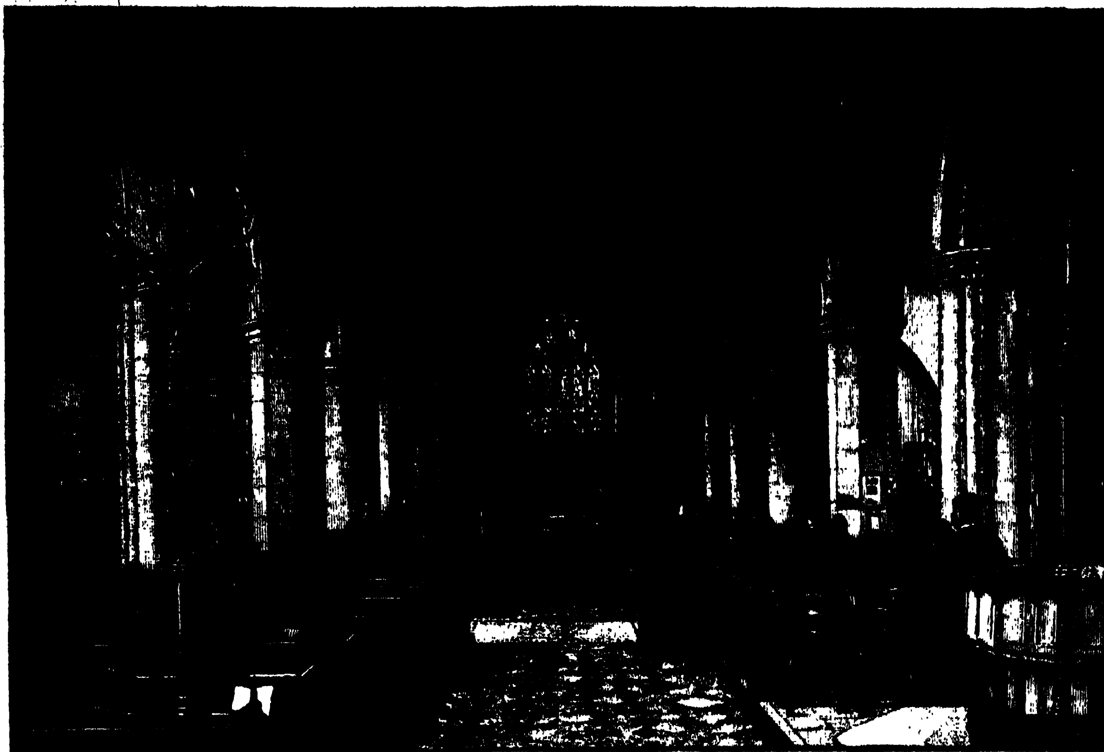
patchwork. . . . . The three eastern bays retain the old Norman work, very plain, massive, round-headed arches separating the nave from the aisles. The two bays further west are simple Early English." The church was anciently fifty-three feet longer towards the east and terminated with an apse, the foundation of which was discovered when the building was restored.

In the south aisle of the church are two brasses with female figures, one of which is that of Elizabeth Harvey, abbess of the Benedictine nunnery which adjoined the church. In the chancel is a monument to Sir Humphrey Radcliff, who was among the occupants of the mansion which was built on the site of this nunnery. In the north-east corner of the church is the tomb of a Mr. Crompton, a magistrate, before whom Bunyan was brought up on a warrant, and who, in effect, committed him to prison by refusing to accept bail for his appearance.

During the above-named restoration many repairs, which the fabric greatly needed, have been made; the whitewash and plaster have been cleared from the walls, and the stonework exposed; stained-glass windows, commemorative of the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Holy War," and the jubilee of Queen Victoria, have been inserted at the east end, and an aspect of general dilapidation has given place to one more befitting a church of such interest.

The nunnery stood on the south side of the church, adjoining the graveyard. It was founded by Juditha, a niece of William the Conqueror, and the oldest part of the church is probably of the same date. Its annals appear to have been uneventful, although the neighbouring town of Bedford, so long as its castle was standing, was by no means a very peaceful place. Of the nunnery very little now remains. The most important fragment is a square chamber with a rather low vaulted roof, which is supported by a central pillar of Purbeck marble. This, which is said to have been the chapter-house, is still in good preservation. A portion, however, of the mansion which succeeded the nunnery, and which, no doubt, was constructed from its materials and included some of its buildings, still remains. This is a ruined façade, with square mullioned windows and an Elizabethan porch, now almost buried in ivy. Here, in Bunyan's time, the Squire of Elstow no doubt lived; and there would be trim lawns and gardens where now the weeds are growing wild. The great allegorist is not buried in the adjoining churchyard. On a journey from Reading to London he got a chill; this turned to a fever, which in a few days proved fatal, and he was laid in Bunhill Fields, "the Campo Santo of the Nonconformists."

T. G. Bonney.



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE INTERIOR (1890).

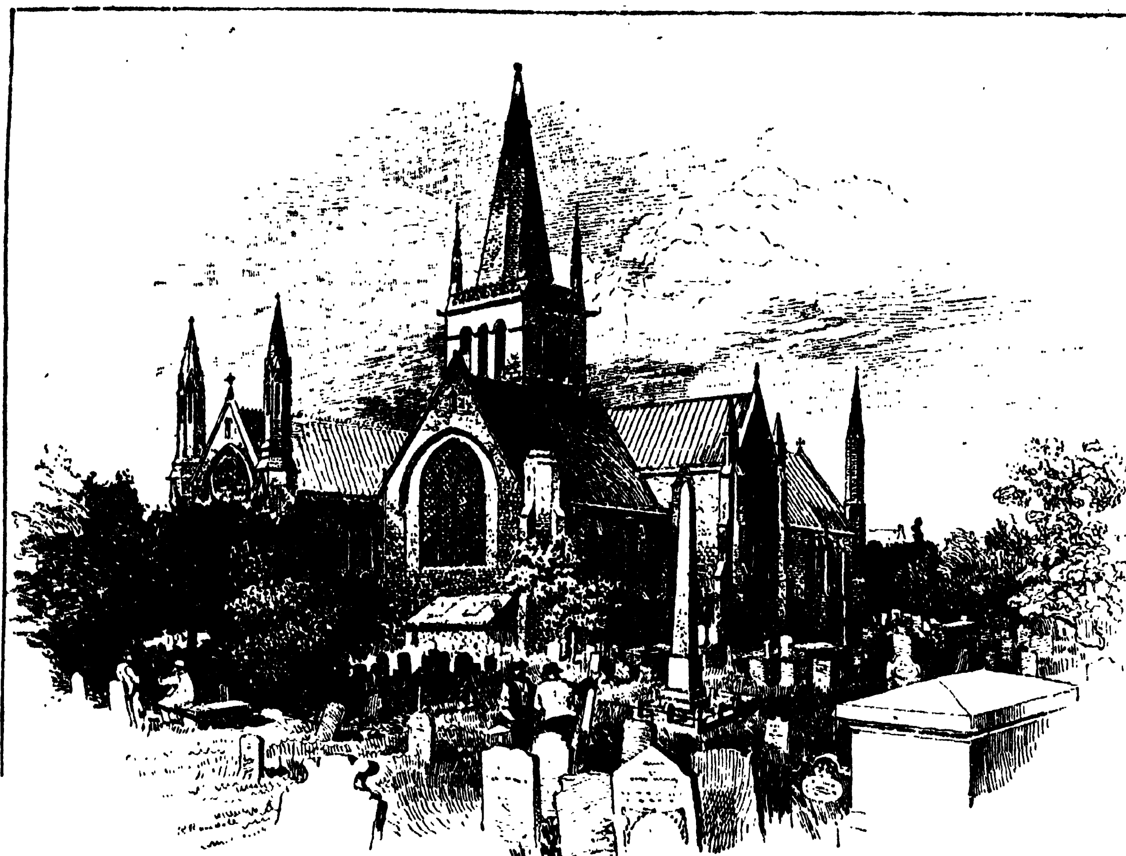
YARMOUTH AND HULL.

GREAT PARISH CHURCHES.

WHEN Cerdic the Saxon, according to Matthew of Westminster and others, landed on the sands at the mouths of the group of East-country streams which now discharge themselves into the German Ocean at Great Yarmouth, he appears to have slighted the claims of the place to be regarded as an agreeable marine residence, and transferred himself and company into Wessex. Probably a few huts for fishers and fowlers constituted for many years after that event (near the close of the fifth century) the nameless village on the spot. But as time passed on, and fishing prospered, there arose on a "green hill"—most likely what is now called Fuller's Hill—a small church dedicated to St. Benedict. It is mentioned in Domesday Book as possessed by Ailmarus, Bishop (of Elmham) in the time of Edward the Confessor, and contemporaneously with the compilation of the survey by William (de Beaufeu), the Bishop of Thetford. Afterwards the well-known Herbert de Losinga, whose simony is feared by his most recent biographers* to be "too well attested to be groundless," succeeded to the see. Among the fruits of his penitence are Norwich Cathedral, and, according to general belief, the church of St. Nicholas in Great Yarmouth. The latter

* Dean Goulburn and Mr. Symonds.

was sufficiently advanced to be mentioned, "with all things that belong to the same," as granted by him to the Benedictine monks of the former in the Charter



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE EXTERIOR (1890).

of the Foundation of Norwich Cathedral, signed and sealed September 24th, 1101. It was a simple cross church, with transepts but no aisles, though perhaps with apsidal chapels opening eastward from the transepts, as at Norwich Cathedral and Thetford Priory. All that now remains of it is the portion of the central tower between the bell-chamber and the tower arches. The material consists of beach boulders, pieces of stone, and tufa or trass of the Rhine, from the vicinity of Andernach, probably brought to Yarmouth as ballast. After the lapse of about seventy years, the nave walls were lengthened, and pierced for the present arcade of seven arches, to which lean-to aisles were added, while the tower was elevated to about its present height. That the builders of that day consulted "appearances" is clear from the ashlar facings of the sides of the tower seen from the town, as contrasted with the rough work on the north and east.

Some thirty years more pass away, and the narrow lean-to aisles disappear, and are replaced by the present ones, of the unusual width of 39 feet. Mr. Seddon,

the architect employed in the restoration of the south aisle, sees great resemblance between the west front of Yarmouth south aisle and that of Llandaff Cathedral; others have noticed the correspondence of Scottish work of the same period. Then in due course came the lengthening of the chancel and other extensions, completing, in the main, the present building, which covers more ground than any other parish church in England save that of Holy Trinity, Hull, and St. Michael's, Coventry (of which some account is given in another article), its internal area, formerly 23,085 feet, now measuring 23,565 feet.* Large as the area is, it was intended to be larger. The prosperity of the town encouraged its bachelor sons to begin, in 1330, a new work, to be called, after their state, the "Bachelors' Aisle." While it was in progress came the fearful scourge called the "Black Death," which so reduced the population of Norfolk that, in the opinion of eminent statisticians, it has not yet recovered itself. The excavations made by the late Mr. Morant, Town Surveyor, in 1860, showed that a new grand west front had been designed, with two towers and a doorway 40 feet wide. The unfinished work fell into decay, and was removed piecemeal for various purposes, some of it supplying foundations for the pillars in St. George's Chapel, Yarmouth, which foundations were seen when that building was repaired in 1883. The old spire, 186 feet high, being afflicted with spinal curvature, arising from its ignition by lightning in 1683, was removed in 1803, and after a lapse of four years the present non-tapering structure took its place. Decay set in also at the east end, which was shortened 10 feet in 1784. The work of restoration, started in 1845, under the incumbency of the late Bishop Mackenzie, has been continued vigorously by his successors—Bishop Hills, Archdeacon Nevill, Canon Venables, and the Rev. J. E. Rogers.



ST. NICHOLAS', YARMOUTH: THE SARAH MARTIN WINDOW.

When the town walls were erected, they formed the boundary to the old churchyard—which contains, with the church, about eight acres—on the north and east. About thirty years ago a cemetery of ten acres was added. Since that time another and larger space has been required. The view of the church from the north-east is perhaps the most striking, for here the three eastern gables, together with that of the north transept, are seen to the best advantage.

* See *ante*, p. 356.

In the old churchyard many a miracle play, mystery play, and interlude has no doubt been acted and many a church ale held. Nor did these performances end at the Reformation, though by degrees they passed away from the churchyard to some other open space. All the towns used to vie with one another on these occasions, but the rivalry was quite friendly, stage "properties" being lent about most freely. Thus in 1567 Bungay borrowed of Norwich the "app'ell (apparel) of my lord of Surrey" to be worn by the lord of the feast; and in 1558 the same town lent Yarmouth the "game gere," comprising all things necessary for these simple Thespian performances. The first trace, by the way, of theatrical representation in England is a note by Matthew Paris of a miracle play of St. Catherine.

Entering through the south porch, built from a totally indescribable design (*monstrum horrendum, etc.*), we pass into the church, and find ourselves provided with handbooks turning us into a gentle stream flowing west, then north, then east, and so west again, till we have completed what is really a small journey, and find ourselves again at our starting-point. The west window of the south aisle has already been mentioned, but it will be seen to most advantage from within. The elegance of the nave west window will speak for itself, belonging, as it does, to the Early English work, with dog-tooth ornament; it has recently been filled with stained glass by the masons of Norfolk and Suffolk. The north aisle has a peculiar interest in containing a small stained-glass window to the memory of that saintly woman, Sarah Martin, the sempstress of Caister, who by her self-denying labours in Yarmouth Gaol has "built herself an everlasting name." In the north transept and north chancel-aisle are two pieces of mural painting, the former of which was with great care transferred from the south transept in a wooden frame when it was discovered on removing the plaster. Two scenes, depicted with rude force, remain—the Crucifixion and the Appearance of our Lord to St. Mary Magdalene in the Garden. The mural painting in the north chancel-aisle remains *in situ* behind part of the organ. It represents a group of knights in chain-mail approaching a church. One of them wears the tilting helmet over his *coif-de-mailles*, and in his right hand is a sword with the hilt uppermost. If a conjecture may be hazarded as to the subject, it may be one of the nobles of King Edward I. going to deposit his sword at Carlisle or Durham Cathedral after the victory over the Scotch at Falkirk in 1298. Before we pass from the fabric, the bosses of the waggon-roof in the south aisle deserve special mention. Since the view on page 472 was taken the chancel aisles have been thoroughly restored, from designs by Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A. The interior has also been in part reseated, and other improvements have been effected.

Of what may be called church furniture, the organ, bells, font, and pulpit must not be passed over. The instrument first named, of which we get the



ST. NICHOLAS' YARMOUTH FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

earliest notice in 1465 as "Our Lady's organ," is now one of the wonders of East Anglia. The Long Parliament, in 1644, forbad the use of organs in churches, and no note from the "kist o' whustles" sounded in Yarmouth Church from that time to 1733, when Jordan, Byfield and Bridge erected that which forms the nucleus of the present magnificent instrument. This, being a "divided organ," merits in the letter the designation of a "payre of organs." The old case, surmounted by an angel blowing a trumpet, out of which, according to local tradition, the loudest sounds proceeded, contains the great organ and pedal pipes, in the north chancel-aisle. In the south chancel-aisle are the choir organ and swell, enclosed in the old case from St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, and presided over by a figure of St. Nicholas, ingeniously converted from that of St. Peter. The organist sits in the midst of his choir, far removed from either "chest of whistles." The fine ring of ten bells was cast by Thomas Mears and Son, of Whitechapel, in 1807. The tenor, of magnificent tone, in D, with a diameter of 58 inches, weighs 31 cwt. The font is of Purbeck marble, possibly of the Norman period, and has been restored and remounted, and placed in the middle of the aisle. In 1647 the Corporation ordered its removal, as being "out of use," but some good Churchman managed to preserve it for happier times. It was thoroughly painted in the pigmental days of the earlier Georges. The pulpit is a great platform, enclosed with a richly-carved front, back, and sides, and standing on a base of the same design. Among the newer features of the church are a reredos and a richly-carved communion-table.

The town of Kingston-on-Hull possesses two old churches, which were originally chapels, but differing in their history. St. Mary's belonged to the Preceptory of Knights Templars at North Ferriby; while Holy Trinity, the subject of these remarks, was a chapel of ease to Hessle. The union between Hessle and Holy Trinity was dissolved only at the Restoration. Comparing this church with that at Great Yarmouth, we find that each possesses the complete scheme of aisles, chancel-aisles, and transepts, with a central tower. But here the points of resemblance cease; and whereas Yarmouth claims the wider interest from greater variety of work and style, Hull has the advantage of a more symmetrical construction. In point of internal superficial area, the reputation of Yarmouth to be the larger of the two must yield to Holy Trinity, Hull, as 20,036 square feet, which was the recorded area of the latter church, has been ascertained by professional measurement to be under the mark, the real floor-space being more than 25,000 square feet. And the total length of the Hull church is 272 feet, against 230 at Yarmouth. Thus, even externally, and still more internally, a grand effect is produced, the majesty of size approving

itself to the eye more in the case of a full length and proportional breadth, than in that of the comparatively short nave and exceptionally wide aisles at Yarmouth.



HOLY TRINITY, HULL: THE WEST FRONT.

Beginning at the east end, we find ourselves confronted with the earlier work. The chancel, 70 feet wide, only two feet less in width than the nave, dates from 1285,* and is a notable example of construction in brick. It is a vexed question whether the art of brickmaking survived the departure of the Romans from England at the beginning of the fifth century. Certainly the greater part of the work in which brick is found earlier than the date given above is constructed from the wreck of Roman work in the vicinity. A well-known instance is that of St. Alban's Abbey, which Matthew Paris speaks of as constructed with the stones and tiles of the ancient city of Verulamium, *ex lapidibus et tegulis veteris civitatis Verulamii*. But, even in this instance,

* See "The New Hull Guide," by Mr. M. C. Peck. The assertion is based upon an entry in the Warburton MS. in the British Museum. Mr. Peck, whose labours in the history of the town have been of great value, discovered at York the Commission from the Dean and Chapter (the see being then vacant), to the Bishop of Dromore, for the consecration of the high altar, 11th February, 1425.

there is room for belief that some of the bricks may have been baked for the occasion, and the frequent occurrence of stray clean bricks in the eastern counties in earlier work, far removed from Roman stations or camps, fosters the theory that the art had never been forgotten, but rather revived, time after time, as necessity developed skill in this respect. In the case of Hull we have certainly the neighbouring Roman station of Beverley; yet the character of the work suggests no such indebtedness, but perhaps rather a stimulus given to brickwork by some Yorkshire trader who had seen the great use made of this material along the shores of the Baltic and in Scandinavia.



HOLY TRINITY, HULL: ARCADE AND SCREEN.

A strong love for art is discernible in the work of the chancel, and more especially in the noble east window, in every respect worthy of the church in which it is so prominent an object. The tracery is of that character, at once free and systematic, which distinguishes the Augustan period of Pointed architecture. Yet, in spite of the mingled grace and strength of the curves in this window, the weakness of the Decorated mullions tells its story as we observe the transom connecting them—a feature of the later work, in the Perpendicular style. This is also the style of the nave; and though the material is stone instead of brick, the inferiority of conception is obvious. If William of Wykeham were the father of the Perpendicular style, he has much to answer for. Stonemasons might rejoice in having straighter runs for their work, but the taste of generation after generation has suffered from the contemplation of windows of the "gridiron" pattern, with upper spaces resembling pickle-bottles in a row. The nave and aisles of Holy Trinity appear to be neither better nor worse than most other specimens of the last of the Pointed styles. The general effect is impressive, especially in the interior, where the worshipper is unconsciously elevated by the decorous arcade and clerestory; but

it is to general effect, and not to originality in detail, that Perpendicular churches owe such credit as they have.

In the south transept is the entrance to a chantry built, in or about 1395, by William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, who was beheaded by Henry IV. at Bristol in the first year of that usurper's reign. His brother Richard, Archbishop of York, suffered a like penalty six years afterwards, on "Whitsun Monday," 1405, for his share in the ineffectual rising at "Yorkeswold." The *Bend Or* of the Scropes is well known in many parts of the country, but the three leopards' heads of the De la Poles, another ill-starred family, originating from William de la Pole, a rich Hull merchant of the time of Edward III., are rather divided between Hull and Suffolk. Michael de la Pole, the merchant's son, who founded "God's House" in Hull in 1384, married Catherine Wingfield, a Suffolk heiress, and became first of a new race of Earls of Suffolk in the following year. But we must turn from old Yorkshire families to later matters.

This spacious church has been restored under the late Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of about £44,000, and is now in all its appointments in a condition worthy of its architectural and historical merits. The restoration has been conservative of such work as admitted of conservation. The east window was furnished with painted glass in 1835 after the design of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but the four lights representing Temperance, Fortitude, Justice, and Truth were not added until a few years since. On the north of this window has been recently placed a fine window representing the "Last Judgment." The noble stone reredos and eastern screen have been erected in memory of the late Colonel J. W. Pease, who was for twenty-three years chairman of the Restoration Committee. The chancel is now fitted with oak stalls, some fine ancient carvings being incorporated with the new work. The altar rails are very fine, and contain the symbols of the Passion. Two magnificently carved oak screens have been presented by the late Mr. M. W. Clarke, who also restored to the church the old communion-table and reredos, with their surrounding railing; while a beautiful chancel pulpit, elaborately carved, has been given in memory of the late Mr. Lumley Cork; there is also a fine memorial altar-table. Against the east wall of the chancel rests a curious old painting on plaster representing the "Last Supper." This was the work of Jacques Parmentier, born at Paris in 1658. He came to England in 1676, was sent by William III. to decorate his palace at Loo (Holland), but quarrelling with the superintendent of the works, returned to England, and executed this painting.

The ingenious entrance to the old chancel-pulpit, through a staircase within one of the piers of the central tower, is still marked by an oak door; and the font, cut from a huge block of stalagmite, bearing the figure of a huntsman, which appears to date from the time of Edward II., is an interesting relic.

J. J. RAVEN.

ABBEY DORE, KILPECK, AND HEYSHAM.

SOME QUAINT CHURCHES.

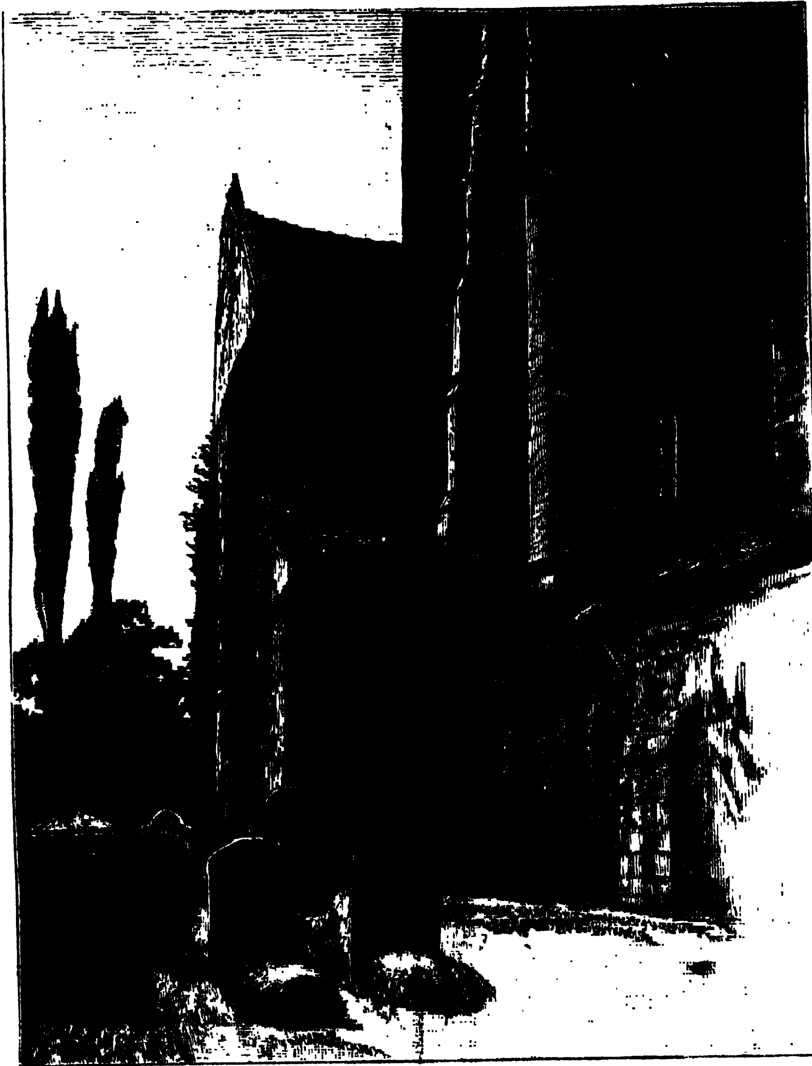
AMONG the more exceptional churches of England, both for situation and for design, that of Abbey Dore may fairly be reckoned. The former part of its double name indicates its monastic origin; the latter its situation by the Dore, a Herefordshire river. Once it belonged to a Cistercian monastery. This Order loved solitary places, so that the ruins of its abbeys, even at the present day, are often comparatively lonely. They were founded at first far from the abode of man, far even from other religious houses. Such were Fountains in the glen of the Skell, Furness, nestling among its sandstone crags, and Tintern by the winding Wye. Such, too, was this church in the Golden Valley. But lonely as the abbeys were, they were often grand enough, for the Cistercians were a popular Order, and even if the severity of their rule was sometimes expressed in their architecture, the simplicity was always stately. The Order was first planted at and obtained its name from Cisteaux in Burgundy, where a Benedictine, one Robert, Abbot of Molesme, formed a society of straiter rule, about the end of the eleventh century. Its members devoted themselves especially to the honour of the Virgin Mary, to whom all their monasteries were dedicated.

The valley of the Dore, or the Golden Valley, as it is usually called, must have been an ideal retreat for the Order. "It lies wholly in what may be called the sub-alpine district of the Welsh border, where the undulations as yet rarely rise into prominent and well defined hills. . . . . The scenery . . . . is worthy of the name it bears. . . . . The skyline is usually rather level, the valley being excavated out of a plateau; the bounding hills, especially on the left bank, are commonly capped with woods. The slopes are often rather rapid, richly cultivated, varied by abundant hedgerow timber and scattered copses, and as there is more arable than grass-land, there are many changes in the dominant tints of the scenery, from the warm red of the bare soil in winter to the rich gold of the ripened corn in the late summer. On the right bank many glimpses are caught of the long terrace-like line of the Black Mountains, whose dark bare sides contrast markedly with the cheerful richness of the nearer valley. Glancing backward the scene is more varied; the ridges of Graig and Garway Hills and the undulating Saddle-bow bound the view."* The neighbourhood should be as healthy as it is beautiful, for it is said that one Serjeant Hoskyns—whose monument remains in the church — entertained his Majesty James I., on occasion of a visit to these

* "Our Own Country," Vol. IV., p. 212.

parts, with a grotesque dance performed by ten old men, whose united ages amounted to a thousand years.

The Golden Valley deserves its title for its real beauty, but the name was obtained from a misconception. The river Dore rolls down no "golden sands,"

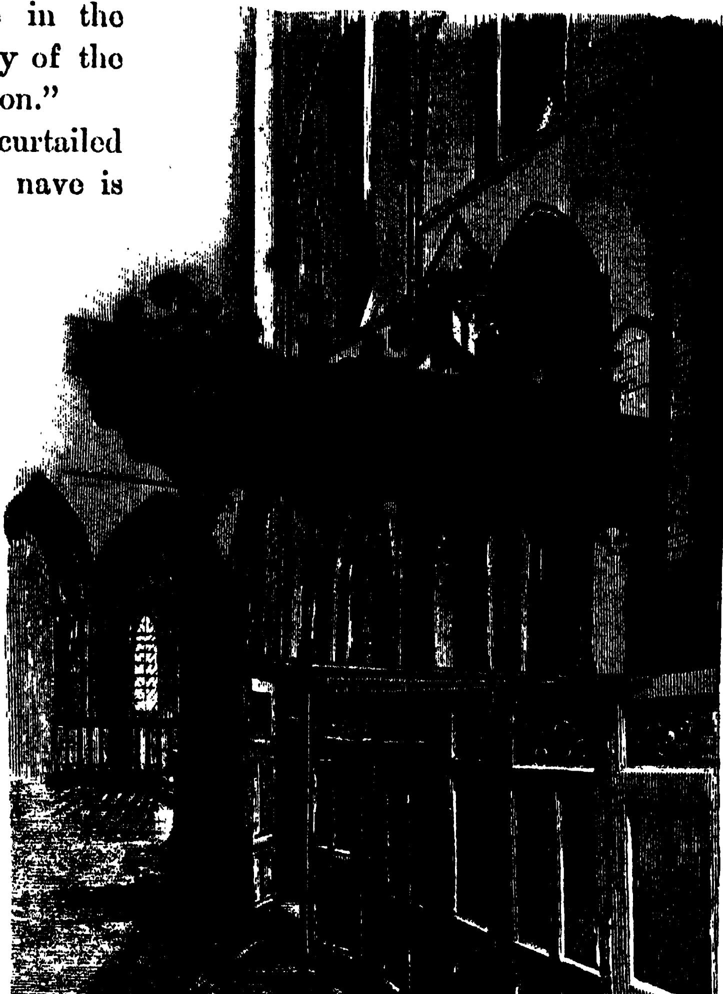


ABBEY DORE: THE TOWER AND SOUTH TRANSEPT.

and its name has no connection with the Latin or French words for that epithet. It has a more remote ancestry than Roman or Norman. It goes back, like several other rivers, to the Celtic word *Dwr*, which signifies water. In not the least beautiful part of this valley the Cistercians began to build their church towards the middle of the twelfth century.* Doubtless it was lonely enough then, but a village has subsequently sprung up around its ruins. Little is left of the conventual buildings.

* Cistercians were placed here by Robert of Ewias in the reign of Stephen, but the building was not completed till the time of Henry III.

"A passage with a broken barred vault abutting on the transept wall indicates a 'slype.' Some fragments north of it probably were part of the chapter-house, and high up on the above-mentioned wall may be seen the marks of two roofs, which no doubt belonged to the ancient dormitory; a ruined gable close to the churchyard indicates the western limit of the monastery. Cabbage gardens now cover the spot where generations of monks lived and died, but an old yew-tree in the graveyard probably saw the abbey of the Golden Valley in all its perfection."



ABBEY DORE: THE CHOIR AND SCREEN.

The church has been sadly curtailed of its original proportions. The nave is worse than a ruin; one end of the northern and a single column of the southern aisle alone remain. Transepts, choir, and Lady Chapel, however, are still fairly perfect, and make up the present church. For the preservation of this we are indebted to John, Lord Scudamore, on whose property it stood. By his time, in the year 1634, the vaulted roof had fallen in and the building had become a ruin; but through his liberality it was "roofed, restored to sacred uses, endowed liberally." The pews are of this date, and are good specimens of Jacobean work of a simple kind. It is to be hoped that the profane hand of the "mediæval restorer" will be withheld from them. Of the same date also is a really handsome oak screen, which stands in the place of the ancient rood-loft. Worth notice, too, is the western gallery, supported on columns.

The most striking and the most peculiar feature of the church is undoubtedly its eastern end. This is square, and the upper part is pierced by a triplet of lancet windows. Beneath are three pointed arches opening into an eastern ambulatory, a continuation of the choir aisles; beyond which comes a row of chapels, one corresponding with each of the side aisles and three with the central part. Here,

fortunately, the original vaulting remains. The effect of this arrangement is singularly good. Above, we have the simple grace of the lancet triplet; below, the varied grouping of clustered columns and moulded arches, suggestive of extension and of mystery. Still, we can hardly rise to so high a pitch of enthusiasm as Mr. Gilbert Scott, who quoted the church of Abbey Dore as showing how superior to the apsidal the square ending can be made.

The position also of the tower, at the eastern angle of the south transept, is rather exceptional. It is a plain, massive structure; indeed, this is the general characteristic of the architecture everywhere but at the eastern end. Much of the Norman solidity remains to modify the Early English style, and the work is often rough and homely. The church still contains several monuments, though the older ones are much broken. The most curious is a tablet, on which is sculptured in high relief a small figure of a bishop. Popular report makes it the tomb of a boy bishop, but this is more than doubtful; one authority of weight suggests that "the stone indicates the burial-place of the heart of Bishop John Breton of Hereford, who died in the thirteenth century." Some old stained glass still remains in the eastern windows, but the most curious relic is the altar. This is a huge stone slab, supported by three massive clustered columns. It is said, and there seems no reason to doubt the statement, that the former was part of the ancient high altar. After the abbey had become a ruin, the slab was removed to a neighbouring farm-house and was made useful in the dairy, whence it was recovered and restored to the church. Probably the present is not quite the original position, and the supports appear to be the capitals of columns which have been found among the ruins and applied to their present purpose. The chapel in the south aisle has recently undergone restoration.

The little village of Kilpeck, at the opening of the Golden Valley, possesses a church even more singular than that of Abbey Dore. It would be difficult to find another so small in size, and yet so elaborate in design, considering the style of architecture. Kilpeck Church stands quite away from any busy centre of life, on a low hill some little distance from the railway station of St. Devereux, with only a small and scattered hamlet attached. But in olden time it appears to have been a place of great consideration, though probably the parish never was a populous one. In an adjoining field are the ruins of a castle, but these are comparatively unimportant.

By one of the lords of this castle Kilpeck Church was no doubt built—probably about, or rather before, the middle of the twelfth century—but of its history we know little for certain. It must have been reared by some lord or priest who was an admirer of architecture, and was determined to erect in this quiet district of Herefordshire what guide-books would now describe as "a little gem of a chapel."

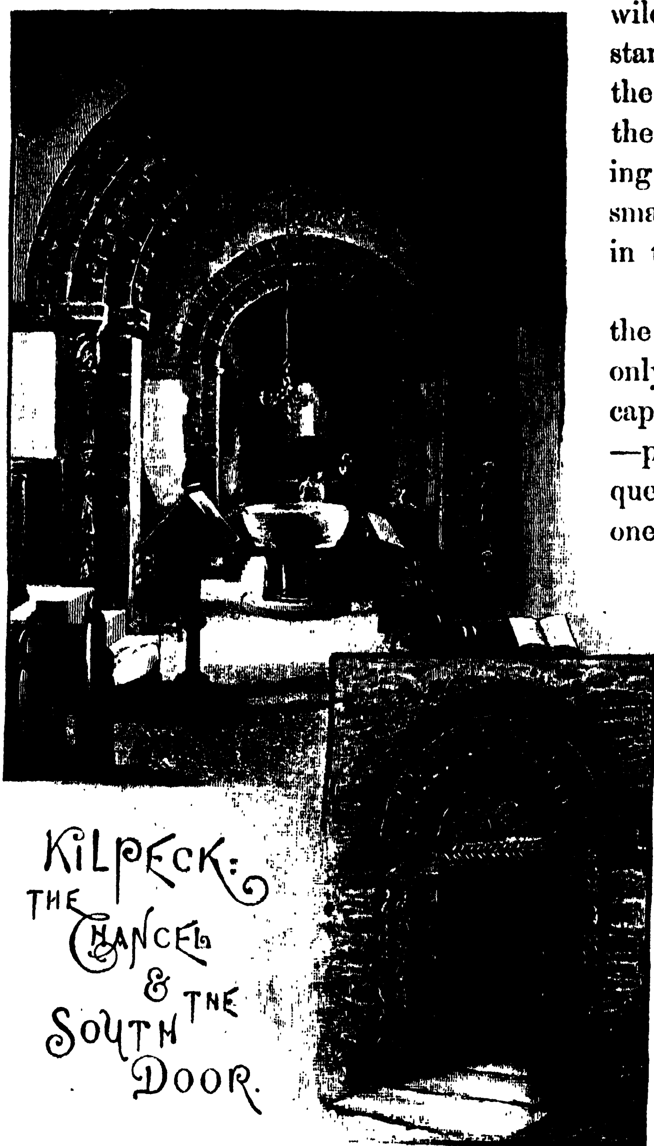


KILPECK CHURCH.

This church must then have remained almost unnoticed and unaltered, protected probably by the remoteness of the place, which kept away ambitious priests, and by the smallness of the population, which meant no money for "improving" the church; thus escaping almost entirely those changes which in more populous or wealthy places have generally befallen structures of Norman date. It was practically discovered when, in the present century, men began to wake up to a sense of the treasures of old time which still remain in the land, and then of course the restorer came. We are informed that his work was done with the utmost care, every stone, as it was removed, being numbered, and as little recarving done as possible. Nevertheless, Kilpeck Church, in its present condition, presents the appearance of a too much restored building, and from what may be seen at Hereford, it is evident that Cottingham in work of this kind was often more zealous than wise. Fortunately an illustrated memoir exists, containing a series of careful drawings, which show Kilpeck in its unrestored state. The author—a Mr. Lewis—is enthusiastic on the subject, and finds a symbolical meaning in many parts of the plan and ornamentation. It is possible that he may attract some disciples, but a sceptical world is more likely to smile, and say that on such principles of interpretation even a broomstick would be found rich in symbolic lessons.

The church is a very small one, and yet it consists of three distinct parts. There is a nave, a choir or chancel, and beyond this an apse, which is so far distinct that it might set up a claim to be regarded as the proper chancel. A richly sculptured doorway, on the tympanum of which is some foliated ornamentation, regarded by the above author as a representation of the tree of life, which it will do for as well as for anything else, gives admission to the nave on its south side. From the nave another doorway, with richly carved mouldings, and the shafts of its side columns sculptured into figures, leads into the plain square chancel, at the east end of which a third Norman arch, but in this case quite plain, opens into the apse. This is lighted by three windows, and has a vaulted roof. Another peculiarity of the building is the fewness of the windows. One or two have been subsequently added, but the original church must have been very dark. The side walls of the square chancel are not pierced at all, and originally, if we remember aright, there were only three windows in the nave. An old and rather rudely designed font is probably as old as the church. Outside, the walls of the building are relieved by pilasters, and a corbel-table is carried round it, ornamented by various sculptured figures of more or less singular design. These also have been duly elucidated by the ingenious author already mentioned.

Heysham Church and precincts are alike notable in the instance which remains to be described. From the level shore of Morecambe Bay a rocky mass juts up, against which nestles the little village of Heysham, sheltering itself from the


KILPECK: THE CHANCEL & THE SOUTH DOOR.

wild sea-winds. Above the houses stands the quaint little church; beyond the present limit of the churchyard, on the bare summit of the crag overhanging the sands, are the ruins of a yet smaller chapel, and some graves hewn in the red sandstone rock.

The oldest part of the church is the chancel arch, semicircular, with only a square abacus in place of a capital, and an angular line-ornament—possibly anterior to the Norman Conquest. The work throughout is rude; one or two windows appear to be Late Decorated, rather in the flamboyant style, others are still less ancient. The sepulchral memorials outside are even more interesting; chief among them is a low stone rudely sculptured with grotesque figures of men and animals—stags, dogs, etc.—seemingly a hunting scene—a memorial, it may be, of some Nimrod who took his pleasure in the Lancashire woodlands before the Norman came. There are also stone coffins, whole or broken, one bearing on its lid a harp, a sword, and an incised cross, and there is an old inscription. The ruined chapel on the wind-swept headland is probably older than even any part of the existing church. It reminds us of those cells—for they are little more—which are still dotted about the shores of Britain, especially in the north, such, for instance, as that at Peel Castle in the Isle of Man. This one is about eight yards long, and less than three wide. The eastern wall, with parts of that on the north and south, remains; it is built of rubble, and cased within and without by rude ashlar; there is no sign of an east window, but on the south side are a rude round-headed doorway and the splay of a window.

Six of the graves are hewn in the furthest angle of the rock, where it is

limited on either side by a little cliff. They lie side by side, but the heads are not placed along in line. The first, counting from the left, is square-headed; the next three have shouldered tops; the fifth and sixth are rounded. At the heads of all but the fifth are squared holes, as though to support a cross or a memorial pillar. Three other graves, similarly hewn, may be seen, two near the church-yard wall—one of these evidently for an infant—and another one to the north-east.



HEYSHAM.

There are now no remains of coverings, but in some the ledges on which lids have rested may still be seen. Nothing is known of the history of these curious places of sepulture. Rock-cut graves are common enough in some countries, but as a rule they are either connected with sepulchral chambers or are much more deeply sunk into the rock; these are practically stone coffins, of which the lower part has not been detached from the parent rock. I know of no other instance of such places of sepulture in England; a few exist in France, of which far the most remarkable is in Provence, at the foot of the hill crowned by the Abbey of Montmajeur. Here the limestone rock about a curious cruciform chapel, dating from the beginning of the eleventh century, is hewn into graves; there must be hundreds of them, made for children and for adults, and they are huddled together without order so closely that the rock is literally honeycombed with them—a cemetery no less strangely interesting than the famous one in the neighbouring town of Arles.

T. G. BONNEY.

ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN.

A CHURCH OF GREAT PREACHERS.

THE date of the foundation of the original church of St. Andrew is not known, but from a very early period this sacred building must have stood near the rapid stream or bourne from which Holborn (or Old Bourne) took its name—a stream which, rising near the place where Holborn Bars afterwards stood, and running down to the spot where once was a bridge, was joined by other watercourses from springs at Clerkenwell, Finsbury, and elsewhere, and so went brawling on to the Fleet, which carried the united streams across the foot of Ludgate Hill, past Bridewell, into the Thames.

Although there are several interesting memorial tablets in St. Andrew's, it is as usual to the registers that we must go to find the most interesting associations of the church. One entry which of late years has become noteworthy is that of the baptism of Benjamin Disraeli in 1817. At that time the future Prime Minister was twelve years of age, and his father, Isaac Disraeli, lived in King's Road, near the British Museum. The names of the brothers of the late Premier, Ralph and James Disraeli, also appear in the register of baptisms at the same date. St. Andrew's, it has been said, may almost be called the poet's church, as so many men of poetic genius have been in some way associated with it from the time of Webster, the author of "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfy." Webster was parish clerk, so his connection with the locality was distinctive. Among the most interesting records in the books is the marriage (in 1598) of Edward Coke, "the Queen's Attorney-General," and "my Lady Elizabeth Hatton," also that (in 1638) of Colonel Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley (the author of the Hutchinson Memoirs).

There are two names said to be in the register books which are full of sorrowful significance. One of them is that of Richard Savage, the wild, undisciplined companion of Samuel Johnson when both were young, unappreciated, and suffering from poverty almost reaching destitution. Of Richard Savage, who, as most people know, was the son of the ruthless and obdurate Countess of Macclesfield, it may be doubted whether his genius would have stood the test of any sustained literary effort. After a life of alternate want and dissipation, proud ambition and humiliating toadyism, he died in prison at Bristol, where he had been confined for debt, in 1743, and was buried at the expense of the keeper. It is on the representation by Dr. Johnson that Savage was baptised in the church of St. Andrew, by the direction of Earl Rivers, his reputed father, that he has been associated with that place and parish, but it

is exceedingly doubtful whether this was the case, and those who have searched the register books have not succeeded in discovering the entry. It is, at any rate, pretty certain that Savage was born in Brooke Street, Holborn.

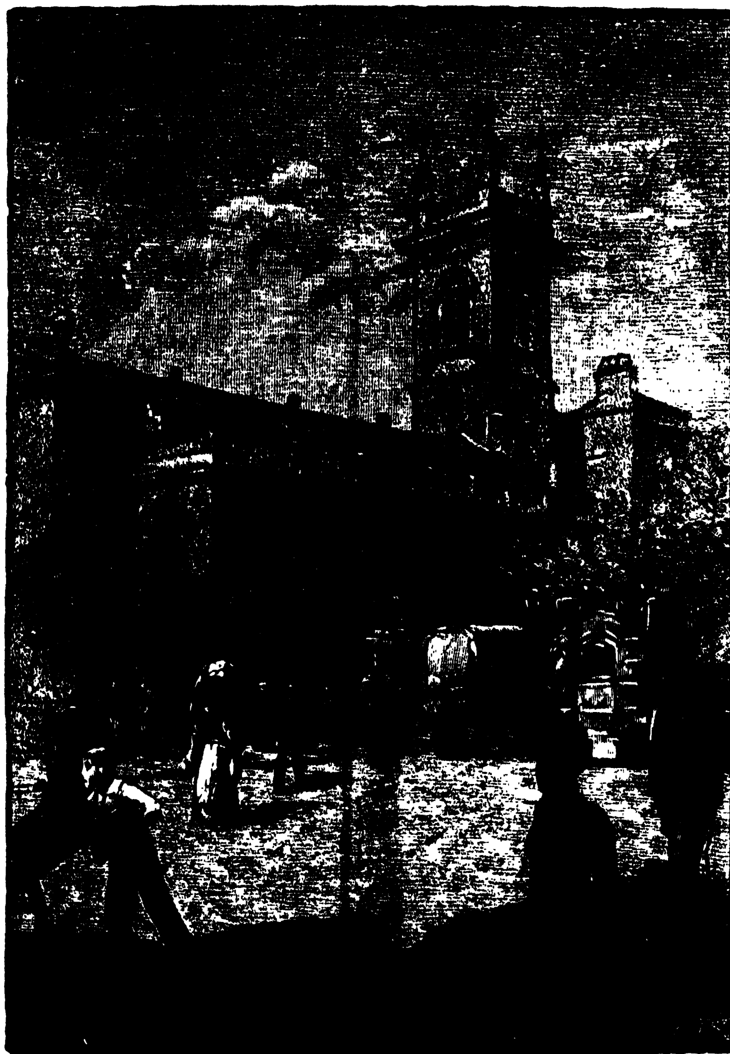
In the register of burials, however, the name of another child of sorrow and of genius is plainly to be seen. Under date August 28th, 1770, is the entry—"William Chatterton, Brooks Street." This should have been "Thomas Chatterton," for it undoubtedly refers to the boy-poet; and, indeed, the words "the poet" have been added to the entry by a later hand, with the signature "J. Mill;" as though the person responsible for the explanation was known and his authority recognised. It was in the burial ground of the workhouse in Shoe Lane that Chatterton was buried; but the register is here, as it properly should be. It is a strange coincidence that Chatterton, who was born in Bristol, died in Brooke Street, whence he had a pauper funeral; and that Savage, born in Brooke Street, died in a debtors' prison in Bristol.

In those days the church of St. Andrew was a very prominent and important edifice. It stood in such a position that the west end was almost at the top of Holborn Hill, while the foundation being, of course, continued on that level to the south end in Shoe Lane, the very basement of the church there was considerably above the adjacent houses. This peculiarity, and the prominence of the front in a great and busy thoroughfare, or one might say the junction of several thoroughfares, gave more importance to the exterior appearance than naturally belongs to it. Still, a church 110 feet high, with 188 steps to reach the queer and rather ugly belfry, where the largest bell weighed 28 hundredweight, may well have been regarded as one of the sights of London. It is possible to see it better now, however, for it stands in a quieter nook, and the character of the district has been changed by the great Viaduct, the abolition of the cattle market, and numberless other improvements, so that before we descend to the porch, we can note to greater advantage the two-storeyed structure, with its queer old tower ornamented with "modern" vanes and "pineapples" at the corners, its signs of an ancient buttress, and its ugly windows.

But, apart from the architectural importance of the building, St. Andrew's was, till the year 1832, the only church in this extensive parish, so that the incumbency and the curacies were by no means sinecures. What the original church was like it is not easy to say. There is nothing left of it except an underlying remnant of the tower, for, though the structure was unharmed by the Great Fire of London, it was already in such a dilapidated condition that it was taken down after that event, when so much rebuilding was going on. Of course Sir Christopher Wren made the designs for the new building, which was completed in 1686, the tower being suffered to remain till, in 1704, the great architect, who had already gone pretty well to the extremity of incongruity in other edifices,

advised that this relic of the original structure should be cased or faced with stone and be generally made incongruous, instead of either being restored or removed altogether; and there it remains unto this day, a hideous example of mistaken expediency.

Quite apart from any discussion of architectural purity, or perfect pro-



THE EXTERIOR.

portion, or technical completeness, the church of St. Andrew, Holborn, must be regarded as a very beautiful building in its internal aspect. It possesses a nave, two aisles, and a chancel, the walls of which are a good imitation of Sicilian marble; effective paintings and gilding being freely used in the ornamentation. Above the altar-piece, which is carved, is a large brilliant stained-glass window with very pronounced colours. It is in two storeys, which represent

respectively the Last Supper and the Ascension. It was executed by Price, of York, in 1718. This window has on each side of it a large painting, one of St. Andrew, the other of St. Peter, and there are two smaller panels containing a Holy Family and an infant Saint John.

Another stained-glass window in the north aisle has the royal arms and those of the donor of the window, with "1687. Ex dono Thomæ Hodgson de Bramwill in Agro Eboracen. Militis." One at the end of the south aisle bears



SACHEVERELL. STILLINGFLEET.

the arms of John Thavie, Esq., who in 1348 left a good estate for the support of the fabric, and whose name still survives in Thavies Inn close by. The lands and tenements left by Thavie, or those succeeding the houses of the original bequest, were pulled down to make Farringdon Market, and as the trustees of the estate were the rector and churchwardens of St. Andrew's, six parishioners of the City Liberty and three from the two County Liberties, the purchase-money was still held in charge for the church, and amounted to about £1,300 a year, derived from an estate on the west side of Shoe Lane, on which a workhouse and schools then stood. This estate was bought by the trustees with the money they received in compensation for their estates taken by City

improvements, which have been going on ever since, so that the original and the acquired estates have undergone equal changes, and the whole aspect of the neighbourhood has improved, to the great advantage, let us hope, of the cause of religion and of education.

In 1871, when the improvements were made, the old rectory was taken down, and near the place on which it stood the present handsome and commodious residence, in the Gothic style, was erected from the designs of Mr. Teulon, the architect, who, with justice, regarded it as an excellent specimen of what a rectory to an important City church should be.

But we must return to the interior of the church, and, standing here at the entrance, with the stalls or pews of the churchwardens on either side, note the amplitude and commodious breadth of the building. Rows of pillars cased with dark wainscoting support the gallery, from the top of which small Corinthian columns sustain blocks or entablatures beneath a fine ceiling which is technically known as "waggon-headed," and rises in panels decorated with festoons of flowers and fruit, with gilded bows or ribands. This is the ceiling of the main body of the church, and the groined ceiling of the aisles opens into it, forming an arch between the columns. There are few churches in London wherein such warm and ornate decoration is to be found; and while the general aspect is that of solemn repose, the visitor for the first time can scarcely avoid the impression that the ornamentation is of a character somewhat unusual in ecclesiastical architecture in this country. But this impression is soon subjected to another, namely, that of comfort and of the ability to sit undisturbed by noise, or draught, or darkness, or chilly, repellent brick or stone, and to hear without effort the appeals of the preacher, the tuneful singing of the choir and congregation, or the sweet, mellow harmony of the fine organ, which has succeeded the former one built by Harris when he competed with Father Schmydt for supplying an instrument for the Temple Church.

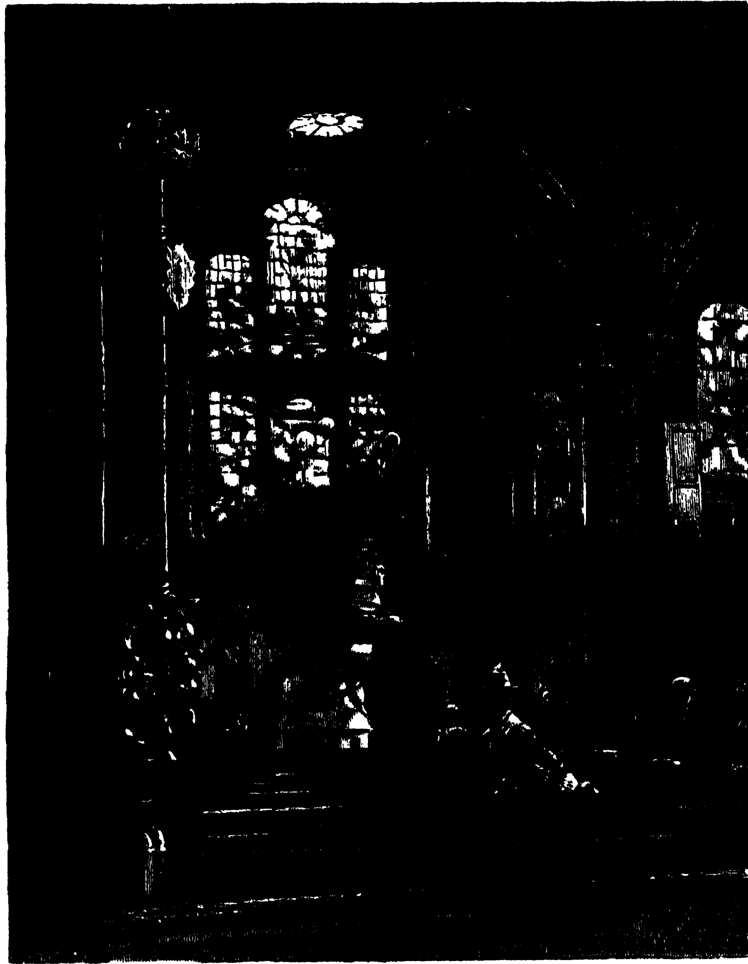
The altar is remarkable, and is said to resemble that of no other church in England. It is a slab of marble, with a super-altar of the same material, and is supported by a handsome bronze stand. On Sundays it is covered, according to immemorial custom of St. Andrew's, with the communion plate, only a small portion of which is ancient, as nearly the whole of the sacramental silver was stolen from the parish clerk in 1799. The present communion plate is comparatively modern, the gift of the churchwardens of the time when the old service was stolen. There are, however, two fine altar-dishes of the date 1724, and along with the plate are two curious old silver-gilt mitres, with a bas-relief of St. Andrew carrying the cross, and two statuettes on silver headings of the same saint, which, during the time of Divine Service, are fixed upon the doors of the pews at the four corners of the nave. The carving of

the communion-rail, as well as of the pulpit, is some of the best work of Grinling Gibbons.

Perhaps the names of the many distinguished preachers who have made the pulpit of St. Andrew's famous for oratory and learning may be said to begin historically with that of John Hacket, who became rector in 1624, and held the incumbency for several years. "What a delightful and instructive book Bishop Hacket's 'Life of Archbishop Williams' is," says Coleridge. "You learn more from it of that which is valuable towards an insight into the times preceding the Civil Wars than from all the ponderous histories and memoirs now composed about that period." This is high praise; but John Hacket, Doctor of Divinity, had a facile pen, and had written a comedy in Latin which was twice performed before James I. As he was born in London in 1592, and lived till 1670, he must have been well acquainted with the stirring times of which he wrote. His works are not very numerous; but they have lived, and one of them, "Christian Consolations," was among the most famous at the time of its publication. As a pupil of Westminster School, Hacket went to Cambridge with a reputation, and was afterwards made a Fellow of Trinity College. In 1623 he became prebendary of Lincoln and chaplain to James I. In the following year he was appointed rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and of Cheam in Surrey. In 1642 he was prebend and residentiary in St. Paul's. Hacket took an active part against the Puritans in the Civil War, and, having retired to his living at Cheam, was made prisoner by the army of Essex; but he was soon liberated, and, remaining at Cheam till the Restoration, recovered all his preferments, being raised to the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry in 1661. At a cost of £20,000, the greater part of which he himself contributed, he restored Lichfield Cathedral, which had been very much damaged by the cannon of the Puritans; and he also gave considerable sums to his college and to several public institutions. Opinions differ about his literary style, but about his erudition, faithful friendship, wit, and character, there seems to have been little dispute. His motto, we are told by one biographer, was, "Serve God and be chearfull." Nor can there be much doubt of his firmness and courage, for one Sunday, while he was reading the prayers in St. Andrew's, a soldier of the Earl of Essex entered the church, held a pistol to his heart, and commanded him to read no further. Not at all terrified, Hacket said he would do what became a divine, and his assailant might do what became a soldier. The man then permitted him to continue the service.

Edward Stillingfleet, the learned opponent alike of Popery and of Nonconformity, was one of the great preachers as he was one of the most able and energetic writers and profound scholars of his day. He was a native of Cranbourne in Dorsetshire, was born in 1635, and became a prominent figure in the troublous times of James II. He was made a Fellow of St. John's College,

Cambridge, at the age of eighteen, and in 1657 was presented to the rectory of Sutton by his friend Sir Roger Burgoyne, to whom in 1662 he dedicated his great work, "Origines Sacræ; or, a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural



THE INTERIOR.

and Revealed Religion," a kind of commentary on the text of a work of a similar character by Grotius. It would be of little value to enumerate the multitude of tracts, sermons, essays, and letters which were written by Stillingfleet from the time of the appearance of this book and during his constantly increasing duties as rector of St. Andrew's and Lecturer of the Temple, to which offices he was appointed in 1665. Other preferment came to him, and in 1689, ten years before his death, he was made Bishop of Worcester. His position was that of a moderate Churchman; but he was a vigorous opponent of Romanism, and wrote also in opposition to the Nonconformists on "The Unreasonableness of Separation from the Church of England," which brought upon him the retorts of Owen, Baxter, Alsop, and others.

At St. Andrew's, Stillingfleet was followed after an interval by Dr. Sacheverell, of whom it is a contested point whether he was most famous or notorious. At all events, there is no need here to recount the political history of the sermons which he preached at Derby, and afterwards at St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor in 1700, attacking the Whig Government and proclaiming the doctrine of passive obedience to the Sovereign. He was tried by impeachment, became a popular favourite with a loyal mob, who shouted for the Queen and Doctor Sacheverell, and was hooted by a mob less loyal, who were for the Ministry and freedom of opinion. The trial ended in his being suspended from his clerical office for three years, and being rewarded by Queen Anne with the presentation to the living of St. Andrew's directly the term of his sentence had expired. It was to Sacheverell that Addison addressed his "Farewell to the Muses." With reference to Sacheverell's opposition to the Nonconformists, it is recorded that William Whiston, the noted mathematician, who was an Arian, and is now chiefly known as the translator of Josephus, was a constant attendant at St. Andrew's, and Sacheverell, discovering his opinions, admonished him that he should not take the Communion, and, as he persisted, had him excluded from the church. Whiston wrote and published a complaint, and then removed to another parish, where it was said he conducted the worship of a congregation in his own house.

Following Sacheverell were the family of the Bartons—Dr. Jeffery Barton, Dr. Cutts Barton, and the Rev. Charles Barton, who was presented in 1781, and who, having been curate for a good many years when the previous rector died, ventured to wait on the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, into whose hands the presentation had fallen, to ask for the living. His disappointment may be imagined when her Grace received him with the abrupt reply, "You have come soon, and yet too late; for having made up my mind a dozen years ago as to whom I would give St. Andrew's, I have sent my servant with the presentation." There was nothing for it but that the disconsolate curate should make his bow and retire with the best grace that he could summon to his aid; but when he reached home his consternation was changed into delight, for it was to himself that the servant had been sent. "Ah! her Grace loves a joke," said he, as he put on his hat again that he might run back and thank his benefactress; and an excellent example of a practical joke it was.

It would scarcely be becoming to speak of the recent or immediate occupants of the famous pulpit of St. Andrew's; but it may perhaps be permissible to say that from it may still be heard addresses which, by liberal views, searching appeal, effective eloquence, and scholarly attainments, well sustain its great reputation.

THOMAS ARCHER.

WALTHAM ABBEY AND BATTLE CHURCH.

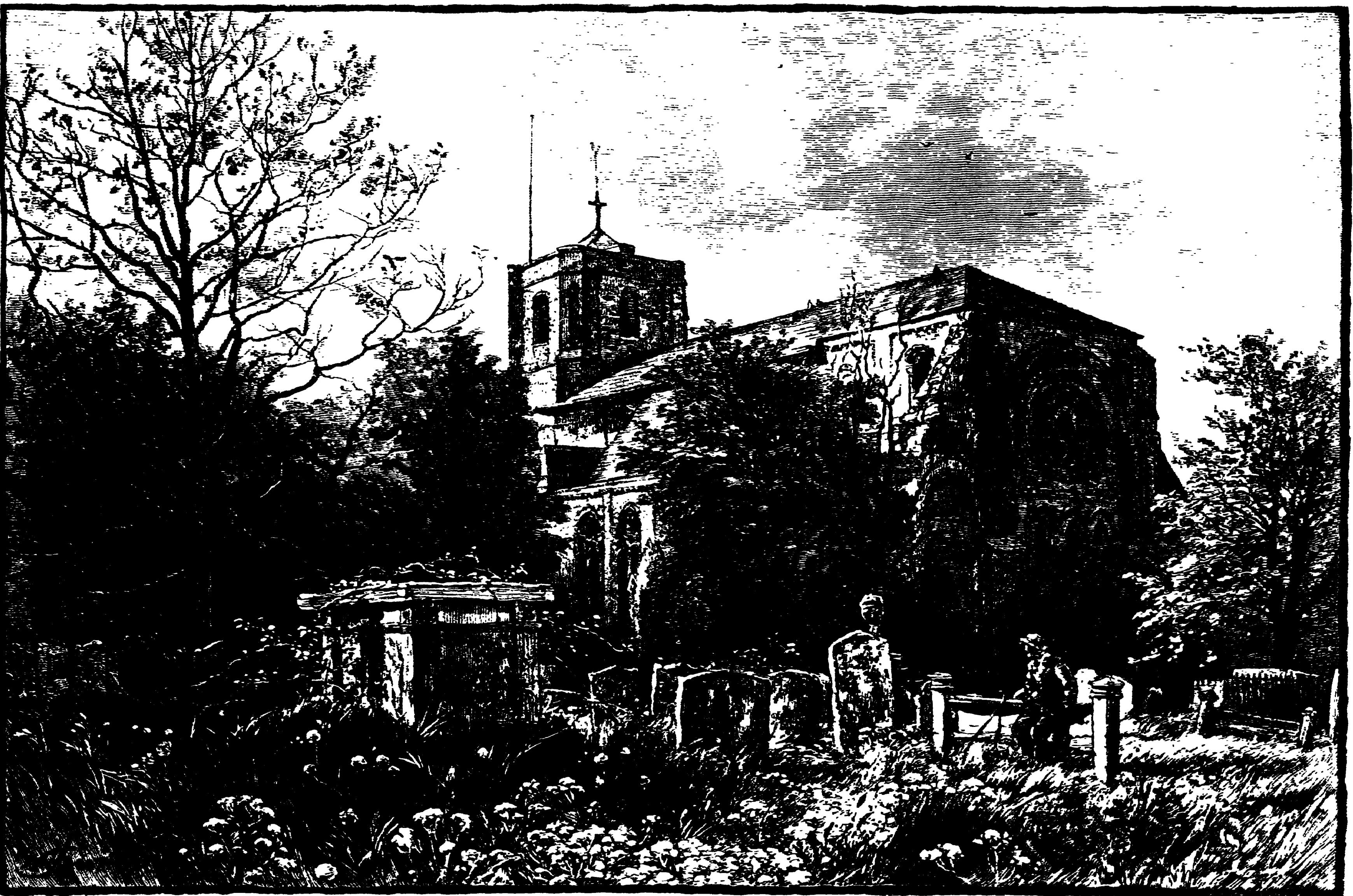
MEMORIES OF HAROLD.



WALTHAM CROSS.

MUTILATED as it is, a fragment only, and that a damaged one, of a once splendid conventual church, the Abbey of Waltham is one of the most interesting buildings in Britain. It was a church wherein was lodged the Holy Rood, a worker of miracles in its day hardly less famed than the coat of Treves or the "true cross" of Jerusalem. It was the one great gift of Harold to the Church, and even this was a foundation for secular priests, for "he loved not monks." It is believed to be his building. That Waltham Abbey was practically founded by Harold is beyond dispute; that he built the church which now remains, or that it was his place of burial, is less certain. A religious community, but on a very small scale, had indeed been established in the valley of the Lea at a yet earlier date than the days of Harold. The Holy Rood was discovered at Montacute in the reign of Canute. Its hiding-place was revealed by a vision, and it was brought to Waltham by a team of oxen, as legend says, unguided by any driver. Miracle followed miracle; and the lord of the district, one Thoni, made a foundation at Waltham for two priests and other clerks, to keep the sacred charge. In his sons' days the lordship of Waltham was acquired by the Crown, and granted to Harold. He determined to build a grand church, and to transform the little fraternity of the Holy Rood into a great foundation, and carried out his design about the year 1060, the charter of confirmation bearing date 1062. His motive in selecting Waltham for his munificence is unknown. Legend states that he was cured of a paralysis by the touch of the Holy Rood; but for this explanation there is no foundation. The college flourished, became a monastery, underwent various changes, some of which can still be traced in the fragments which remain, was finally suppressed, and the greater portion of it, together with the monastic buildings, except a gateway and one or two fragments, utterly destroyed. "The nave of the Romanesque church is all that remains. The addition of a large decorated chapel to the south, and of a debased tower to the west, the destruction of the eastern part of the church, and of the whole conventual buildings, have between them converted the once splendid church at Waltham into a patched and mutilated fragment." Too true; but a fragment of no small grandeur, of no little interest.

But was Harold buried in Waltham Abbey? On this point there is a conflict of testimony. As to his final resting-place, there are three accounts at least. The

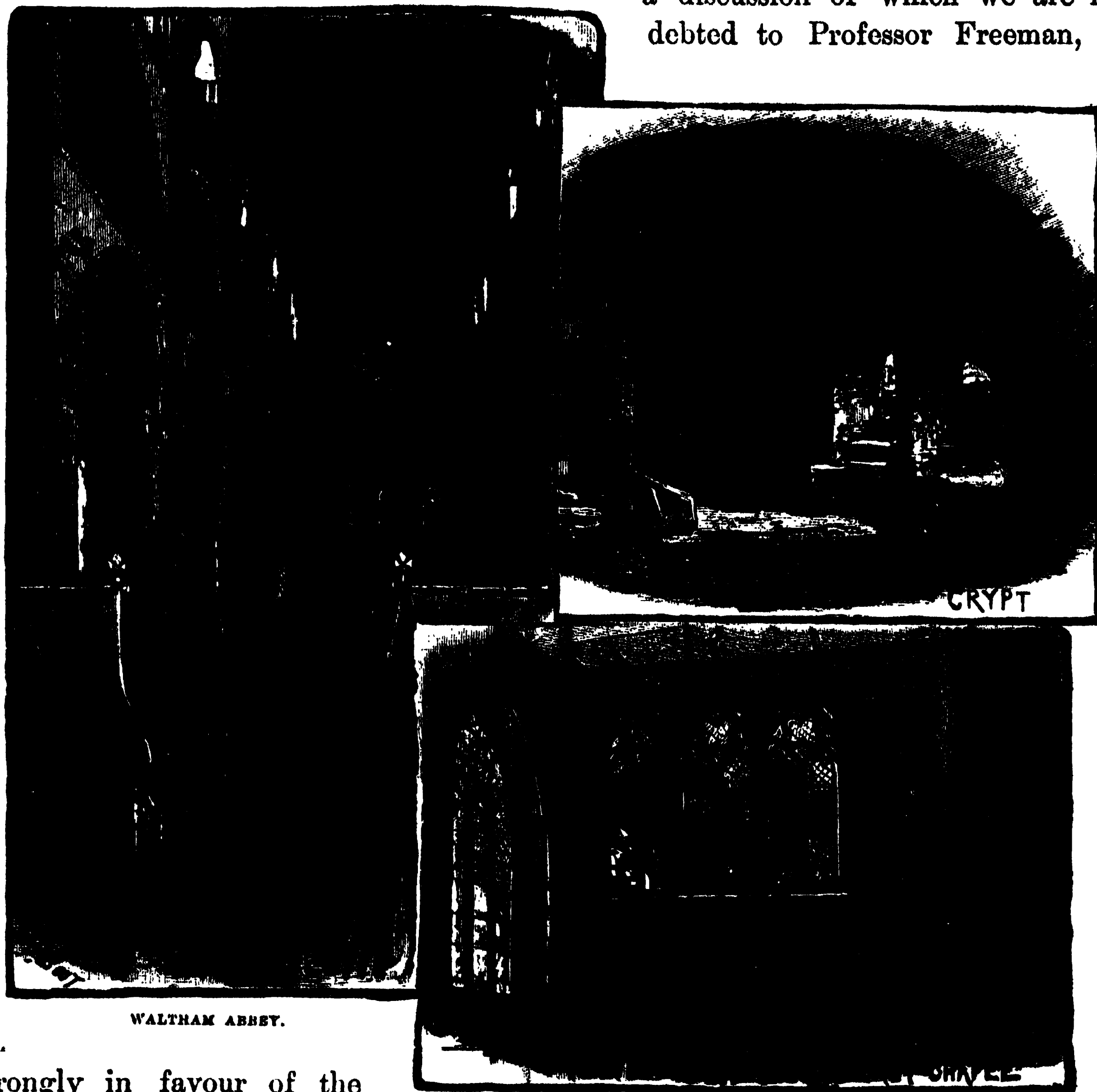


WALTHAM ABBEY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

one declares that he did not fall on the field of Senlac, but, escaping under cover of the night, made his way to Chester, and there, after living some time as an anchorite in a cell near the city walls, which is still pointed out, died and was buried. This theory is by no means of modern growth. It is mentioned, but of course not favourably, in "Liber de Inventione Sanctæ Crucis," the author of which, a canon of Waltham Abbey, wrote in the reign of Henry I. On this story, however, we need not dwell, nor on the variation of it which makes him end his days as a monk at Waltham. As the best authority on the subject informs us, nothing is more certain than that Harold fell on the field of Senlac. Still, granting this, it is doubtful where he was buried. Upon this point the earliest authors are not agreed. Some say that his body was given up freely by the Conqueror to his mother, by whom it was conveyed to Waltham Abbey and there entombed; others that William, though offered for the corpse its weight in gold, sternly refused an honourable burial for him through whose doing so many lay unburied. "Place him," he said, "between the land and the sea, since madly he has oppressed both." On the former side are Ordericus Vitalis, William of Poitou, and Guy of Amiens; on the latter, William of Malmesbury, Wace, and others. With such a conflict of early authorities, it is hard to come to a conclusion. Professor Freeman suggests, as a possible solution, that William may have first pronounced the harsher sentence, and shortly afterwards, when he was adopting a policy of conciliation towards the English, may have permitted Harold's relations to exhume the body and bury it at Waltham. It is certainly difficult to understand how a false tradition of Harold's burial at this abbey could have sprung up within a century of the date of his death, and during a time when the possession of his tomb would not have been a passport to the favour of the king or of his courtiers. Waltham was too near to London to be a suitable centre for reactionary sentiment in the time of the Norman monarchs.

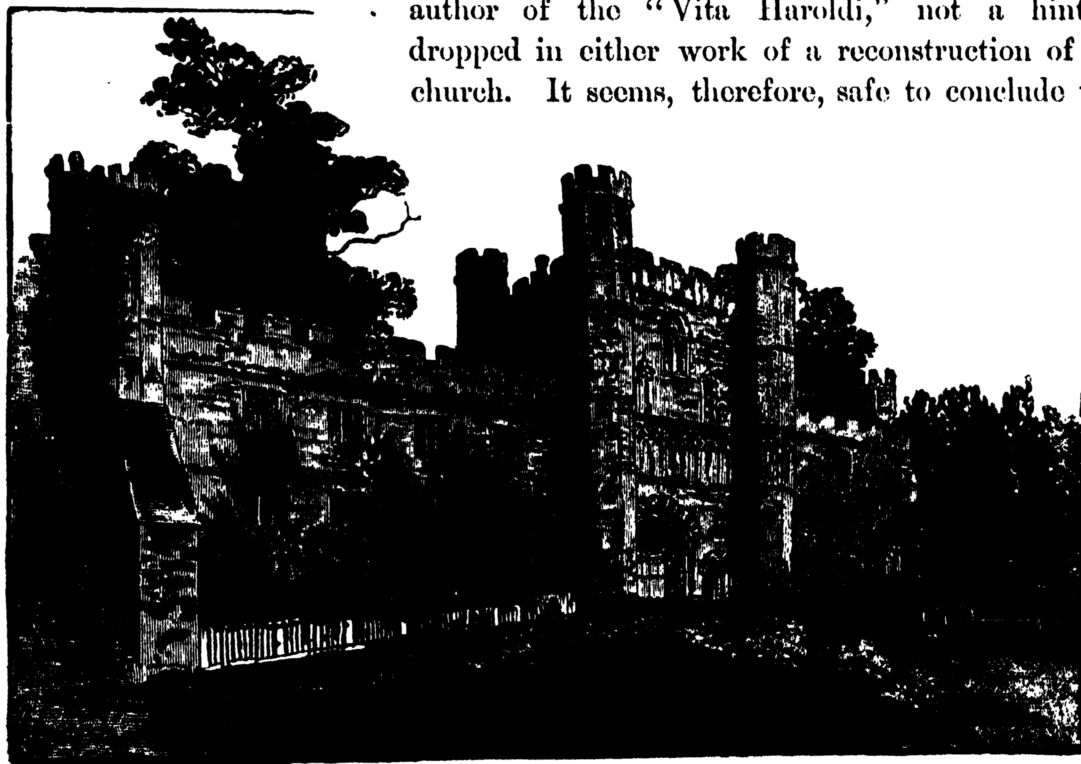
There is yet another question of the highest interest for the archæologist. Is the oldest part of the present church a remnant of the one built by Harold? As a rule, such a question would not be difficult to answer. In this case it is by no means easy. The style of the Romanesque work in Waltham Church, though indicative of an early date, seems too advanced for a building erected soon after the middle of the eleventh century. Still, it appears to be rather earlier in design than the transepts of Winchester and the nave of Durham, which are among our earliest Norman work, and certainly the style is less developed than it is at Ely, Peterborough, or Norwich, with all of which cathedrals it has many points in common. It resembles the nave of St. Stephen's at Caen, which was built by William the Conqueror in commemoration of his victory, and was consecrated eleven years after the death of Harold, or within twenty years of the asserted building of Waltham. Hence we may explain the architectural difficulty by

supposing that Harold, like King Edward at Westminster, entrusted the building of his church to Norman architects, as he had personal knowledge of the superiority of their work to that of the men of his own land. Negative evidence, for a discussion of which we are indebted to Professor Freeman, is strongly in favour of the claim of Waltham Abbey to be the actual work of Harold. There are two early chronicles: the "Vita Haroldi," which was written shortly after the year 1205, and the "Liber de Inventione Sanctæ Crucis," already mentioned. Now, whatever be the date of the Romanesque work at Waltham, it is certainly much earlier than the end of the twelfth century. The foundation was indeed remodelled by Henry II., who removed the "seculars" and brought in "regulars;" and this would be a likely occasion for a rebuilding; but we can hardly believe the architecture to be so



WALTHAM ABBEY.

late as 1177. We may go further, and say that early in this century is the latest date which we can assign to the nave. It is therefore improbable that a church of exceptional splendour would have been rebuilt within little more than half a century without some cause—such as a fire—which would certainly have formed an epoch in the annals of the abbey and have been well known to the above authors. Yet, although Henry's alterations and sundry changes in the monastic buildings are mentioned by the author of the "Vita Haroldi," not a hint is dropped in either work of a reconstruction of the church. It seems, therefore, safe to conclude that



GATEWAY OF BATTLE ABBEY.

in the nave of Waltham Abbey we have a fragment of Harold's church, and a building in the most advanced style of Romanesque architecture, as it then existed, in the north-western part of Europe.

The Abbey of the Holy Rood (for so we may now call it) was placed on the meadows in the level valley of the Lea, between the river and the slopes which rise gradually to the gently-swelling uplands of Epping Forest. There, though perhaps the situation was in early days somewhat marshy, the brethren would not have far to go for their dinner of fish on a day of fasting, or for a fat buck to grace the table at a high festival. At the present time there is little to attract, either in the situation or in the exterior of the abbey. From the railway station a level road leads us through scattered houses and a poor-looking street up to a mean and rather low tower, which stands full in view at the end. Houses

or gardens prevent any examination of the northern side of the church; the road passes close to the western front, but on the south is a fairly spacious churchyard, in which are some large elms, one, opposite to the south door, a huge stump, mutilated like the church itself, but evidently of a very great age.

In a few words we may describe such parts of the exterior as can be seen by the ordinary visitor. The western tower was built in 1556, some years after the suppression of the abbey; it is a paltry work, rendered yet meaner by a "restoration" in the last century. By this addition a rather fine Late Decorated western front, the doorway of which yet remains within the tower, and portions of which may still be seen flanking it, was utterly defaced. This façade, like that of St. Alban's, had no towers; but the Norman church was designed for western towers, indications of which may still be seen, at any rate on the south side, though it is very doubtful whether they were ever completed. This side also shows us the original Norman work, still comparatively intact; the aisle lighted by round-headed windows of simple design, with circular windows above, indicative of a triforium, and a clerestory of windows generally similar to those below. There is a south door (restored), and against the two bays east of it has been erected a Late Decorated chapel with large but not very satisfactory windows. It has a separate entrance, and its floor is on a higher level than the church. Beneath it is a vaulted crypt, half-sunk in the ground, and lighted by small windows; this is now occupied mainly by a warming apparatus. Evidently this addition blocked the side lights of the southern transept, but it has led to the preservation of the wall, from which we see that, as in St. Stephen's, Caen, the transepts were short, consisting only of two bays from the crossing, and without aisles. Beyond this wall all has perished; the western tower arch, of course, still remains, and is blocked up, the windows being evidently a modern restoration. Of the choir not a trace remains, and on the northern side even the western wall of the transept has been obliterated; the churchyard occupies the site of these buildings, and beyond it are gardens. Probably Harold's abbey had only a short choir, like the original one at St. Stephen's, Caen. That at first consisted of two bays only, and was terminated by an apse; but inasmuch as a reconstruction of the nave at Waltham was taken in hand in the fifteenth century, it is very probable that the original choir had been previously removed, and had been replaced by one more suited to an elaborate ritual. A church which in its plan still retained some remembrance of the primitive basilica was rarely suffered to remain unaltered during the latter part of the Middle Ages. The oldest choirs which have come down to us were, I believe, in all cases built after a distinctly cruciform plan had been adopted. In most instances we find the older Norman work in the nave.

Seven bays form the nave of Waltham, six of the bays being arranged in pairs;

the middle pillar of the easternmost pair has a spiral ornament, that of the next pair a chevron ornament. Both these types occur at Durham and Dunfermline; that of the westernmost pair is plain. The capitals are rather flat. There is a large triforium arch in each bay, which is not divided, as at Peterborough and at Rochester, and a fairly high clerestory window of one light, with a small subsidiary blank arch on either side. A zigzag ornamentation is rather freely used. In short, the design and proportion have a general resemblance to those in the naves of Ely, Peterborough, and Southwell, and the old work, except in the western bays, has escaped from later alterations. There is a flat wooden ceiling, a restoration, painted, and a copy of that at Peterborough. The aisles are open to the roof, now a modern half-barrel in wood, so that there is no triforium gallery. They do not appear to have been vaulted, but there seem to be some indications that, as we should expect, the triforium was formerly a reality, and was cut off by a flat ceiling. This, however, must have been removed at an early period, probably in the fourteenth century, when the ill-advised alterations were made in the western bays. These may be briefly designated as a very clumsy attempt to reconstruct the nave, after the manner of William of Wykeham at Winchester. But at Waltham the architect merely cut away the pier arch, replacing the mouldings of the triforium arch by very mean Late Decorated work, leaving the original Norman piers both in the one and in the other. Anything more hideous and incongruous than the result it is difficult to conceive. The blunderers had spoiled two bays, and had just begun upon the next triforium arch on the north side when fortunately their work was stopped. Except for the Lady Chapel on the south side, and the insertion of a fairly good Decorated and of a poor Perpendicular window on the north side, the original work still remains, even in the walls of the aisles.

The church has undergone a very careful restoration, the most noteworthy addition being a carved and painted reredos, which harmonises well with the rest of the buildings. Except for a large Elizabethan monument, and a marble tomb, on which the bust of the departed Mr. R. Smith, who died in 1697, stands as if on a sideboard, there is little to notice in the details of the church. The tomb of Harold, with others of note, was in the choir. These have all perished, but to examine such a precious fragment of the earlier Romanesque is well worth a long pilgrimage.

In association with this foundation of Harold, we may briefly notice the church—which has survived the abbey that was built to commemorate his defeat and death; though with these events the church had only an indirect connection. On the spot where Harold fell, at the foot of the Royal Standard of England, the Conqueror placed the high altar of his votive abbey. Its stately buildings rose

upon the plateau, overlooking the slopes which had been drenched with the blood of the combatants. That church, however, has been levelled with the ground; only portions of the monastery remain; the parish church of Battle is an offshoot of later date. At first the people of the village worshipped in the conventual church. This was soon found inconvenient by the monks, so that one Ralph, Abbot of Battle from 1107 to 1124, built a parish church, to the north of the monastery, on the opposite verge of the plateau, which was served by one of the monks as chaplain-vicar. The present structure is of various dates. The older part is Early English, but the pillars of the nave may perhaps be a little more ancient. Considerable additions and alterations were made, in both the Decorated and the Perpendicular styles, the western tower being a late example of the latter. There are several monuments, anterior to the Reformation, which are interesting, and so are other details, on which want of space precludes us from dwelling. The church, which has been restored, is in excellent order, and should not be left unvisited by pilgrims to the field of Senlac. The latter affords little pleasure. Once only in a week is admission granted to one of the most interesting spots in England, the scene of the greatest crisis in our national history; and then the accumulated throngs are conducted along like flocks of sheep. Doubtless anything like admission on easy terms might be annoying to the owner, but if so, steps should be taken to make the field of Senlac national property.

One characteristic of the church must be noticed. As the abbey was free from episcopal jurisdiction, so also was the church. Previous to the Reformation its minister was one of the *decani* or deans of the abbey, and after its suppression the immunity and the title still remained; thus the rector continued to bear the title of Dean of Battle. His parish formed what was called a Peculiar, and so late as 1844 the Bishop of Chichester, when confirming in the church, protested that he acted not by his episcopal authority but with consent of the dean. To this day similar immunity is claimed by the Dean of Westminster, who guards his rights by a formal protest when the abbey is used for an episcopal function; but the only Deans of Peculiar now remaining in England, besides Battle, are at Stamford and at Bocking.

T. G. BONNEY.

EYAM.

BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

IF you ask, in any part of the wild and beautiful moorland country, on the confines of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, commonly identified by holiday-making Sheffield grinders with the Hallamshire hunt, or if you interrogate any dweller in the Peak, regarding the road to Eyam, you will probably receive no better reply on the instant than a puzzled stare, a shake of the head, and an expression of doubt as to the existence of any such place thereabouts. There's Baslow; but you don't mean Baslow; no, nor Foolow, nor yet Grin'l'ford Bridge. Is it Eem? If you have any intimate experience of popular vagaries in the pronunciation of local names you will make a dash at "Eem," and say that's it, as indeed it is. The corruption of the name is really nothing compared with Toadholes for Twodales. Eyam, or Eem, is one of the most interesting villages in England. Romantic in situation, and in the traditions and monuments which link it with noble deeds in the annals of practical religion and divine humanity, it stands in the first rank of places that ought to be famous. It used to be little visited when it was only accessible from Sheffield by omnibus, but now that the railway has come to Grindleford, many tourists find their way hither. The nomenclature of the spot is curious. You hear frequent mention of a certain Sir William, who exists only in form of a lofty hill, by which winds the road that brings you down through a lovely dell into the scarce less lovely village. Again, there is Cucklet Church; but you may turn the leaves of the Clergy List in vain to find the name of patron or incumbent, the value of the living, or any circumstances relating to the presentation. There is, in fact, no parish of Cucklet, nor any church built with human hands, but only a rock, with an adjacent ravine, the name of which is Cucklet Delph. How the name Cucklet Church arose, and how the rock came to be called Pulpit Rock—a title as lasting, in all likelihood, as the limestone buttress itself—will appear on closer acquaintance with Eyam and its history.



THE CROSS.

Eyam, indeed, being a township, village, and parish of Derbyshire, and a

rural deanery to boot, in the archdeaconry of Derby and the diocese of Southwell, has a church—the church of St. Laurence—an ancient stone building, with chancel, nave, aisles, and a square clock tower, which holds a peal of four bells. The tower, rising from the west end, was added in the reign of James I. by a pious maiden lady, Madam Stafford, one of the Staffords whose old mansion crumbles to decay above the village, where it stands in token of their proprietorship in these parts long ago. Like most old churches in rustic places, as indeed in populous communities also, this parish church of Eyam bears the mark of many an age since its early foundation. There was little thought of architectural congruity during the slow growth, from period to period, of abbeys and churches in olden times. The additions were made as the need arose; and we see in the church of St. Laurence, with the chapel of St. Helen, a curious diversity of styles, each relating to a separate chapter in the history of the building. Inscriptions on the bells are "Jesvs bee our spede," and "God save His Church." Some twenty years ago the edifice was restored by the architect of the Royal Palace of Justice—the late Mr. G. E. Street, R.A. The monuments within the church principally commemorate the Middleton and Wright families; there is a brass which records the restoration of the building as a memorial of the Plague; and there is also a stained-glass window. Among the ancient relics pertaining to the interior is the stone font, which is lined with lead; this precaution having been taken, apparently, many generations ago, when the decay of the stone became a matter of respectful anxiety. Another, of Anglo-Saxon date, reputed by tradition to be the original font of the church, is preserved in the clergy-vestry.

But it is outside the church that a far more ancient monument than any within its walls is to be seen. This is a knotted and so-called "runic" cross, which, having been found in remarkably good preservation on Eyam Moor, was brought hither, and now divides attention, in the quiet old churchyard surrounded by lofty lindens, with the tomb of that devoted Christian gentlewoman, Catherine Mompesson, wife of the no less faithful messenger of mercy and beneficence, William Mompesson, Rector of Eyam in the direful year 1665. The lady whose remains are here entombed was the daughter of Ralph Carr, of Cocker, in the county of Durham. Something strange and awful characterises the record of that visitation which connected a remote Derbyshire village, shut in by natural beauties that are themselves significant of pastoral seclusion, with a plague-stricken city far away. It was rumoured that a chest of infected clothes, sent from London to a tailor in this little township, carried death to more than three-fourths of the population, sparing, indeed, only eighty-three persons out of a total of three hundred and fifty. The register, which dates from the year 1636, bears terrible witness to this sweeping scourge. The church and churchyard became in a few weeks or months an over-gorged Golgotha, and

graves were of necessity made in open places around the village; so that the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," for the most part, in ground unconsecrated, or consecrated only by fellowship in the common lot. The beautiful story of the Mompessons has the advantage over many church legends of being simply true.

When the pestilence broke out at Eyam, in the year 1665, the rector, William Mompesson, who had resided there no more than a twelvemonth, was on the point of resigning his living. This is plainly shown by a letter which is extant. But he was one of those pastors whom affliction binds all the more firmly to their flocks. He gave up his intention of departure, sent away his children only, and remained with his saint-like wife to succour all who needed help and consolation. With the approval and assistance of the Earl of Devonshire, he drew a cordon round the village, and by the force of gentleness induced all his parishioners to remain within the boundary, so that they might not be the means of spreading contagion broadcast. Their love and respect for this good man—priest, physician, and legislator in one—no doubt saved the district. Meanwhile the Earl, who never left his seat of Chatsworth in the adjacent country, while the pestilence raged, sent them food, which was placed just outside the line of demarcation; and this method was adopted with regard to other necessaries supplied from without, payment being made in a singular manner, for which a local peculiarity aptly provided. Troughs of running water are common throughout the district; in some of these the money was placed; and one of them, to this day, is called Mompesson's Well.

It is plain that the Rev. William Mompesson had subscribed the Act of Uniformity, and was not one of the 2,000 clergyman lost in those days to the Church of England by their conscientious scruples and refusal to conform. But, as if to show that differences in theology may and do exist without loss of true charity on either side, there still dwelt in Eyam the former rector of the place, Mr. Mompesson's immediate predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Stanley, who had been ejected from his living for contumacy. In all likelihood there existed between these two gentlemen no great warmth of personal regard. A certain, or, rather, an uncertain, degree of coolness may almost be assumed here, as a matter of course. But sorrow is "a reverend thing." In its sight, men do not stand to chop logic; and the two clergymen, joining heart and hand, were one. It was little they could do, yet it was much. The healing art had degenerated, and had fallen largely among quacks. Science, especially sanitary science, stood afar off; and, medically, the two faithful preachers and doers of the Word were, as we should say, "nowhere." The poorest and weakest of their flock could not have stood more humbly or more ignorantly in the hand of God than did they. Little, very little, was their own unaided power of help.

But the two soldiers of peace carried on the strife day after day, week after week, month after month. The foe was strong and pitiless. For more than a year did the rector and his wife, aided by their friend, devote themselves wholly and entirely to their flock. Then, having spared but a remnant of the



THE CHURCH.

population, one-fourth at most, the pestilence abated. It had ceased in London before the end of May, 1666; and there was good hope in the little Derbyshire villages that there also its ravages were finally stayed. But alas! no. There came another outbreak in August, fiercer than the first; and that fourth portion of the Eyam folk which remained was speedily reduced to a sixth, among the later victims being the brave Catherine Mompesson. Then her bereaved husband closed the church, as a means of reducing the danger of infection. A family named Hancock, numbering seven in all, was mowed down in one week. Its members were all buried on the hill-side, where many other graves were made, their own resting-place being now marked by memorial stones. At one time the fields, on which corn has since waved, were covered with similar memorials; but by ones, twos, and threes, they have been carried off by cottagers, to serve as lintels, thresholds, and hearths for their humble dwellings. Moreover, those that for a time were spared ceased to preserve their olden character and significance. Agreeably to ancient local custom, they were laid flat in the first instance; but

some freak or mistaken notion of propriety caused them to be set upright. The closing of Eyam Church was, as already stated, the best means that could be devised for checking the contagion, and it by no means denoted that approach of insane, desperate infidelity which has sometimes heaped horror upon horror's head. We know that ribald, blasphemous orgies raged in London among the dead and dying, that wretches hastened their end with fiery drink, and died with laughter and curses on their lips. There are no records, nor was there any likelihood, of such hideous profanity among the victims of the plague at Eyam.

We have seen that the church was closed, and yet supplications to the throne of grace, from the sadly dwindling body of worshippers, did not cease. In the lofty limestone rock already mentioned is a natural opening or perforation. From this high place, known for all after time as Pulpit Rock, the good clergyman addressed, exhorted, encouraged, and consoled his afflicted congregation, seated on the grass far apart. Such was the origin of the name which has clung lovingly to the ravine for two hundred years and upward—Cucklet Church. The instinctive reverence which bids a man take off his hat when he enters the House of God, may well prompt the same decorous act when he stands in view of this primitive seclusion, which is a church only in name. No vaulted roof, but heaven's own canopy, overspreads the spot; no lofty shafts of stone spring up to meet arch after arch in lengthening vista; there are no marble tombs, proud in heraldic blazonry and chivalric emblems; no deftly carved baldaquin covers mural monument or recumbent knight; no banners, mouldering in peaceful decay, tell their tales of olden feud and battle; no deep rich tint of gules or azure stains the sunshine. Peace, and the memory of love stronger than death, have made the spot their consecrated home; and truly, if we seek the monument of that man to whose virtues and devotion Cucklet Church and the Pulpit Rock owe their names in the history of beneficence, we have but to "look around." There is something almost suggestive of natural architecture in the spot. The rock, projecting from the side of a steep hill, is perforated so as to resemble the portico of an irregularly formed building. The deep and narrow dingle in which it is placed is rich with verdure. Its steep sides are adorned with the hazel, the wild-rose, the dogberry, and the yew, beautifully chequered with the light and silvery branches of the birch, and the more ample foliage and deeper colouring of the oak and the elm. Here, too, in all its luxuriance, is the Tree of the Peak, the tall, aspiring ash, so invariable an adjunct of Derbyshire landscape.

In the first poignancy of his anguish when his wife died, and when he saw the little remnant of his flock falling around him, Mompesson wrote a sad but not despairing letter to his patron, Sir George Savile, in which he spoke of himself as a dying man, for, indeed, there seemed little hope or likelihood that

his life would be spared. His beloved wife, the mother of his two children, who had been sent to a place of safety, was but twenty-seven years old at the time she died of this terrible malady. Thinking now only of his "two pretty babes," he made his will, and in the farewell letter to Sir George Savile expressed a hope that this gentleman would not take it amiss to find himself named as executor. But the good clergyman was not yet to die. He had never feared death; but reason had shown him the slenderness of the thread by which he held to life. In November, 1666, he wrote, "Here has been such burning of goods that the like I think was never known, and, indeed, in this I think we have been too precise. For my part, I have scarcely left myself apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have washed more than need was, merely for example. As for my part I cannot say that I had ever better health than during the time of the dreadful visitation, neither can I say that I have had any symptoms of the disease. My man had the distemper, and upon the appearance of a tumour I gave him several chemical antidotes, which had a very kind operation, and, with the blessing of God, kept the venom from his heart; and after the rising broke he was very well."

William Mompesson, two or three years after the great tribulation which befell him and his people, was presented to the living of Eakring, a village in Notts, where is a very ancient church that formerly belonged to Rufford Abbey; and here he ended his days, and was buried within the walls of the said church. Eakring is near the quiet, clean, and demure little cathedral-city of Southwell, where Mompesson held a prebendary. In spite of the length of time which had elapsed since the devastation of Eyam by the Black Death, the ignorant villagers of Eakring refused to have him in their midst; so at first he dwelt alone in a hut which was built for him in Rufford Park, the seat of the Saviles.

In no part of Great Britain is antiquity more visibly stamped on the names of places. Barrows, buries, and lows are all unmistakable signs of the Roman or the Briton; and the names that bear some or other of these terminations are manifold. Eyam comes in for a fair share. Its moor, now enclosed, was covered with "Druidical" remains; and the north part of the parish is full of cairns, barrows, mounds, and similar relics of the vague and distant past. The ring of stones on Eyam moor, reduced in number from sixteen to ten, is the most nearly perfect of the class which has been defined by the late Sir John Gardner Wilkinson as "encircled cairns;" but it does not stand alone, for near it are traces of no fewer than twelve similar, though smaller, circles. The name of this particular example, in the folk-lore of Eyam and the district, is Wet-withins. There is a very deep mine on Eyam edge, the deepest, indeed, in Derbyshire, called the New Engine Mine, where, according to tradition, the shock of the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 was sensibly felt. Other mines in

the same locality are also said to have been affected by that stupendous natural convulsion. The peculiar condition of the mineral galena, an ore of lead, locally known as "slickensides," occurs in Hay Cliff Mine. The blow of a hammer, the scratch of a pick, might at any time explode the rock to which this perilous stuff is attached.

Of the old stone cross which stands near the chancel porch in Eyam churchyard a few words remain to be said. It is a thing apart from Eyam history,



TOMB OF MRS. MOMPESSON.

that is, the history of the village so named, for it was brought hither from the adjacent moor, and was laid prostrate and broken in a neglected corner, where, overgrown with docks, thistles, and other rank weeds, it was perceived by Howard, the philanthropist, on a visit which he paid to these parts. It is a relic of an early period of Christianity in Great Britain, and is more curiously ornamented and embossed than one which is preserved in the churchyard of Bakewell, and which was found, like the Eyam specimen, on the moorlands, and deposited for safety in consecrated ground. Both crosses are sadly mutilated, and it is a common tradition at Eyam that the fragment lost from the top of the shaft, measuring about two feet in length, was thrown carelessly about the ground, towards the end of the last or beginning of the present century, till at last it was knocked to pieces, and scattered no one can tell where.

GODFREY WORDSWORTH TURNER.

SHREWSBURY.

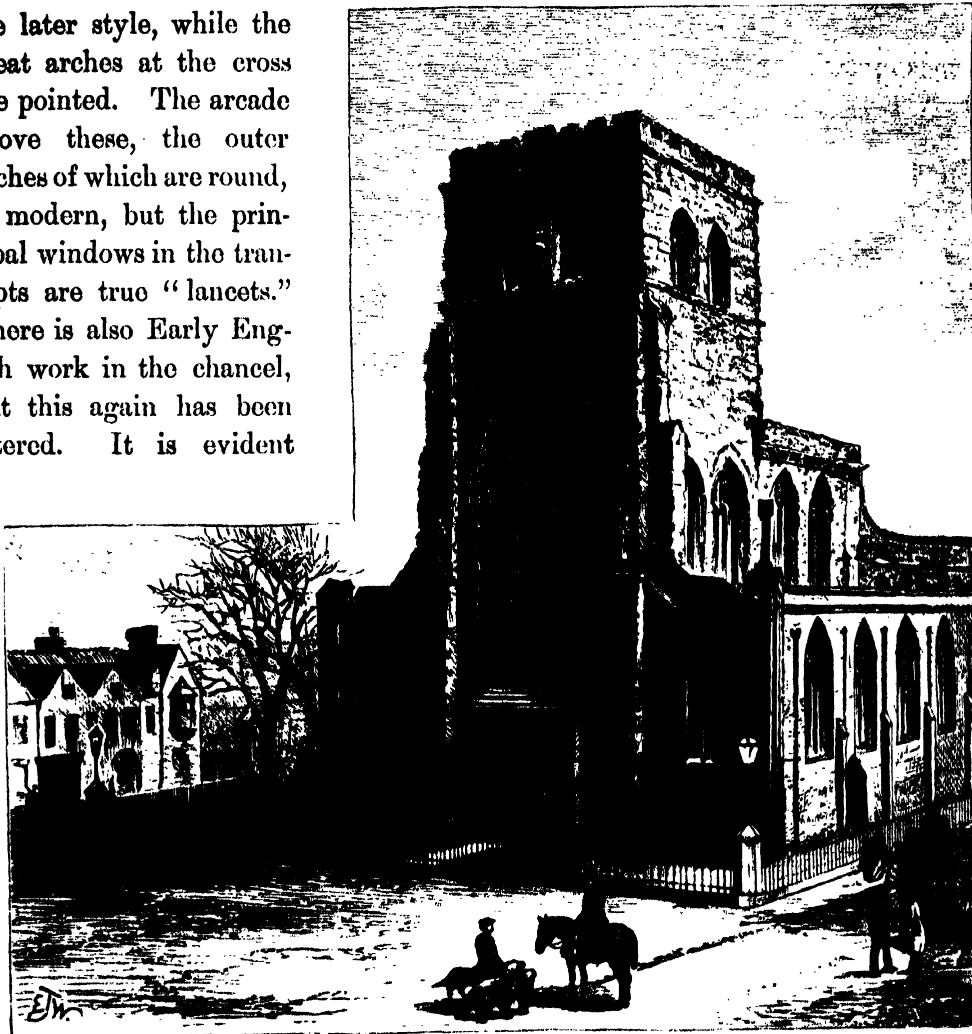
CHURCHES OF THE TOWN AND OF BATTLEFIELD.



FEW English towns offer more attractions to the traveller than Shrewsbury, which has been a place of note since the Princes of Powis had their palace in Pen-gwern, even then, twelve centuries ago, an old British stronghold. The country round is remarkably pretty, the town is finely situated on a steep headland, washed on three sides by the Severn, and its streets are unusually rich in relics of olden time. On the present occasion, however, we must not linger over its timbered houses, many and fine though they be, over its broken walls, or its famous grammar-school, but restrict ourselves to a passing glance at its churches, two of which, by their graceful spires, add much to the beauty of the views of the town.

St. Mary's, the most conspicuous of these—for its tapering spire rises some 220 feet above the churchyard, and its eastern window overlooks the steep descent to the margin of the Severn—is one of those buildings that are at once a problem and a delight to the antiquarian. It has been enlarged, altered more than once, and partly rebuilt, so that to decipher its history is almost like picking to pieces a puzzle. In this, however, we are helped, while the composite aspect of the building is increased, by the fact that stone of different colour has been used at different periods. There was a church here before the Norman Conquest, of which, however, no remnant can be seen above ground. This, probably in the middle of the next century, was replaced by one which forms the nucleus of, and was not much smaller than, the present church. It was plain and massive in style, constructed of a rather friable red sandstone. To this church, besides sundry fragments, may be referred the three lower stages of the tower and parts of the transepts, especially a circular window in the northern and a plain round-headed window in the southern transept, both in the eastern walls. Hence we see that it, too, was cruciform in plan. A small fragment of an arcade in the south wall of the chancel, about half-way along it, shows that its choir extended for some distance eastwards. This church, however, was not allowed to stand very long untouched. About the end of the twelfth century it was gutted and to a great extent rebuilt. To this period belong the graceful clustered columns and the semicircular moulded arches which divide the nave from the aisles, together with the arches at the cross, the greater part of the transepts, and portions of the chancel. This work indicates the transition from the Norman to the Early English style, and must, I

think, have occupied some time. The two arches in the eastern wall of each transept are semicircular and distinctly Norman in character; so, too, are the nave arches, but these have all the grace, lightness, and general treatment which betokens the influence of the later style, while the great arches at the cross are pointed. The arcade above these, the outer arches of which are round, is modern, but the principal windows in the transepts are true "lancets." There is also Early English work in the chancel, but this again has been altered. It is evident



THE ABBEY CHURCH (1887).

that the church at this time was lower than it is at present, for the arcade just mentioned appears to have originally formed a pair of windows. There is evidence that there was a low lantern tower at the cross in the Norman period. In this condition the church probably remained for another century, and then the architects again set to work. The chancel was altered and the magnificent eastern window inserted, the aisles were rebuilt, the clerestory was rebuilt or added, a great chapel was erected east of the southern

transept, and those attached to the northern were partly reconstructed, a chamber was placed above the Norman north porch; lastly, the massive walls of the old Norman west tower were made to support a belfry chamber and the present tapering spire. These alterations were not simultaneous. As may be seen, they began when the Decorated style had reached its fullest development, of which the east window is an example; they continued till the Perpendicular became the fashion, as indicated in most other parts of the building, and notably in the spire.

On many other interesting details we have not space to dwell; but the richly carved dark oak roof of the nave must not be forgotten, nor the old stained glass, in which the church is unusually rich. The great east window is a representation of the "Stem of Jesse;" the glass, however, was transferred hither from a Franciscan priory, and so was not originally designed for the tracery. On the north side of the chancel is a very interesting window representing incidents in the life of St. Bernard. The design is attributed to Albert Dürer; at any rate, it is of his period, and indicates the hand of no mean draughtsman. A statue, commenced by Chantrey, commemorates Dr. Butler, once head master of the school and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield; and a tablet records the name of that old sea lion, Admiral Benbow, who carried on a running fight for five days with the French fleet, which was only preserved by the cowardice or treachery of his own captains. Chagrin and a wound, received on the last morning of the fight, brought him to his grave; but it is satisfactory to record that the recreants were justly punished, two of them being shot. An old altar tomb claims to be the grave of Hotspur. It is, however, earlier, perhaps by a century, than the date of his death, and is generally supposed to belong to a family named Leyborne, formerly lords of Berwick. That would give it a faint connection with Hotspur's death, for he camped near this place on the last night of his life, and recognised an evil omen in its name. There may also be a certain historical basis for the tradition, for when the tomb was opened some years back a headless skeleton was found therein, which had apparently been introduced a good while after the original interments. This has been supposed to be the remains of the Earl of Worcester, who was executed at Shrewsbury a day or two after the battle. His friends may have hastily buried his body in this tomb, lest, like that of Hotspur, it should be subjected to indignities.

The church, which already had been very carefully restored, has recently suffered a most serious disaster. The spire (whilst under repair) was blown down to about forty feet from the top during the great gale of February 11th, 1894, about half an hour after evening service. It fell due east, and crushed in the whole of the nave roof, displacing the clerestory walls and parapets, and filling

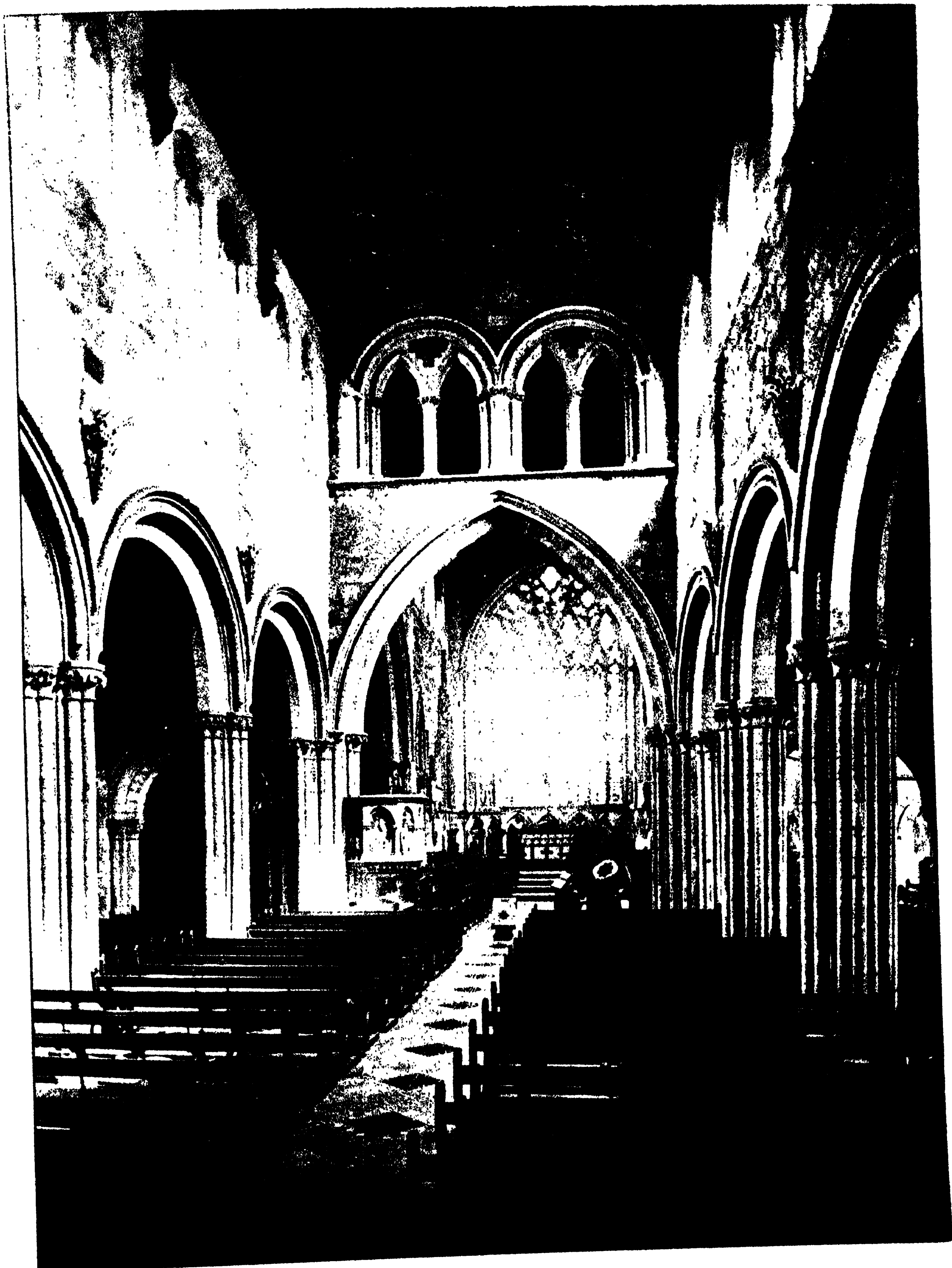


Photo: J. Laing, Shrewsbury.

ST. MARY'S, SHREWSBURY.

the nave itself with a huge mass of *débris* some eight feet high. The work of restoration was at once taken in hand, and after fourteen months' labour the church has again been reopened for Divine service, and the spire re-erected. The beautiful and richly carved fifteenth-century roof of the nave has been carefully restored, much of its carving being in a great measure preserved from damage in its fall by a modern outer roof. The nave clerestories have been entirely rebuilt, and the parapets enriched with carved pinnacles, in accordance with what is believed to have been the ancient design.

The second important church in Shrewsbury stands on the low ground on the opposite bank of the Severn, near the confluence of the Meole Brook. It is a fragment, almost the only one now remaining, of the once stately Benedictine abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul. Before the Norman Conquest a little church of wood had been built on the strath, near where the English bridge now spans the Severn, for this place, as ford or ferry, is probably on a very ancient line of road.

On Saturday, March 3, 1083, as a chronicle records, Roger de Montgomery laid his sword upon the altar of St. Peter, in token of his vow to found an abbey and give to it "the whole suburb lying without the eastern gate." This he did, and eleven years afterwards, when his health was failing, he assumed the monastic habit in his new foundation, where, three days later, he died, and was buried in the new church, "between the two altars."

This foundation grew and prospered, and in the reign of Stephen increased its popularity by acquiring many precious relics. Chief among these were the bones of St. Winifred. This holy maiden once dwelt in Flintshire; in her youth a wild prince offered her violence, and in a rage at her endeavours to escape he struck off her head with his sword. Miracles began at once. From the ground where the head rested a spring gushed forth, and the murderer began to wither away. Then came a saint, who joined head to body, and the maiden revived; he also healed the murderer, who was now duly penitent. At last Winifred died in the course of nature, and was buried in a certain graveyard among other saints. The monks of Shrewsbury Abbey heard of St. Winifred's fame, and were anxious to add her relics to their treasures. It is on record how they obtained permission to treat with the people of the district, how they sent a party in search of the relics, how they were directed to the spot, how they won the consent of the lawful owners, the opposition being represented by "a man of Belial," who, however, was at last convinced—by golden arguments. Then we are told, how they reverently exhumed the bones from the sacred field, and carried them homewards, leaving a trail of miracles. Truly, the whole story is strange but instructive reading, especially in this nineteenth century, when credulity and incredulity alike run to excess.

These relics, doubtless, proved a good investment, and at the last the abbey precincts covered ten acres of ground, and were enclosed by an embattled wall.



ST. MARY'S (1898). THE FONT.

To the south of a stately cruciform church lay the usual conventual buildings. The glory has departed; the nave of the abbey church alone remains, and even that has grievously suffered. The domestic buildings are gone, all but a fragment of a cloister and the beautiful reader's pulpit of the refectory, which was spared when the other ruins of that building were swept away to make room for the goods-yard of the railway, and now it "stands disconsolately among the trucks, as though the age of contemplation were protesting in vain against the iron age of labour."

Externally the abbey church bears only too plainly the signs of successive demolitions, in the course of which the eastern half had been pulled down to the ground. But much has been done in recent years towards restoring what had perished, the two chief works being the rebuilding of the choir and chancel in

1887, and the restoration of the clerestory and roof of the nave in 1894, both under the care of Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., as architect; and the result of this work has been to give back to the interior of the church much of its ancient grandeur and impressive dignity, though (in Mr. Pearson's words) there is still "need to regain the original effect of the interior by the opening out of the ancient triforium arches, and the consequent restoration of the aisle roofs to their original level." Many admire the great west window. In itself, it is undoubtedly a fine specimen of Early Perpendicular, erected probably rather before 1377, for above it is a statue of Edward III., but it is out of all proportion to the stumpy western tower. Composition was not generally a strong point with the architects of the period, and the western part of Shrewsbury Abbey has always seemed to me, even for that age, exceptionally bad. The two western bays are of the same date as the tower; the next three are the actual work of Roger de Montgomery.

Entering the building, we see huge circular pillars, with narrow, banded capitals, and extremely plain arches, indicating work belonging to the earlier period of the Norman style. Above, are the great arches of the triforium, corresponding with those below, and converted into windows. Though the nave of a great church was generally the last part built, we can hardly doubt that this was erected by the time Earl Roger died. A pier on the west side of the third bay takes the place of a column. This also has its history. A parish church, as has been said, existed here before Roger founded his monastery. Accordingly, the western part of the nave was appropriated to the parishioners, and between these piers their altar was placed. In the fourteenth century the western portion of the abbey church was rebuilt, as has been described, but a careful examination of the masonry in the lower part of the walls shows that the limits of Earl Roger's church were not exceeded. The aisles, too, were partially rebuilt, about the same time, but the narrow Norman pilasters can be seen outside, and the semi-columns which bore the vaulting of the roof yet remain within. A north porch with an upper chamber was also added.

The abbey contains a number of interesting monuments, but several have been brought hither from other churches in the town. One is said to commemorate the founder, but this is doubtful, and it is certainly not now "between the two altars." Three altar-tombs at the west end of the north aisle are interesting, as giving in juxtaposition fine specimens of the work of the reign of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I.; but if we were tempted into these details, a chapter, not a page or two, would have to be written on the old abbey.

Of the other churches of Shrewsbury, St. Alkmund's, which claims Ethelfleda, Alfred's daughter, as its foundress, and was once, like St. Mary's, collegiate, has a graceful spire, but the steeple only is ancient. St. Julian's was rebuilt rather more than a century since, and retains only a mere scrap of its

old work. St. Giles's has fared rather better, for some Norman work still remains. St. Chad's, once the most important church within the walls, is represented only by a tattered fragment. It traces back its history to the eighth century, and claims to stand on the site of the palace of the Princes of Powis. Late in the last century the tower fell, shattering much of the structure, so the Salopians of that day built themselves a circular church with a Doric portico, adding a tower, lest men should take it for a theatre, which otherwise it resembles. The arrangement of the interior is no less peculiar. The church is, undoubtedly, an exceptional one. Truth permits no more to be said.

One church, however, though three miles from the town, must not be left without a brief notice. This is the church of Battlefield, erected where Falstaff's famous fight "for a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" did *not* take place. When the formidable rising of the Percies in the north and the Welsh in the west threatened to send Henry Bolingbroke again on his travels, if not on a longer journey, there was a race for the possession of Shrewsbury. The king's army won it by a neck, and when Hotspur arrived at the north gate of the town the royal standard was flying on the castle, so he drew off his troops to Berwick, to await the coming of Glendower. It was obviously the king's policy, as he was in superior strength, to force a battle, and thus prevent the junction of his foes. Not a day was to be lost, for Glendower was close at hand. So next morning Henry pushed forward one detachment of his army towards Hotspur's position, and led the other along the direction of that leader's communications with the north. Hotspur, of course, wished to avoid an engagement, and retreated from Berwick, but only to find the king's troops already occupying the road. So after an ineffectual parley the fight began. For some time the result was doubtful, but at the critical moment Hotspur was struck down by an unknown hand. A panic seized the rebels; the royal troops charged with renewed vigour; the northerners broke and fled in wild confusion, while Glendower, who was lingering on the bank of the Severn, at once retreated.

On the field of battle a church was built as a thank-offering. It is a good specimen of the work of the time, bearing the date 1403, so that of course the style is Perpendicular. There is a massive western tower with a corner turret, and on the gurgoyles are groups of combatants, and in one or two cannon are represented. A few years since the whole building was carefully restored, and, with its monuments of the Corbet family, is well worth a visit.

T. G. BONNEY.

GREAT HAMPDEN.

A PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

ON the edge of the Chilterns, and almost overlooking the vale of Aylesbury, is the parish of Great Hampden—village it can hardly be called, for the houses are scattered, and there is no village street; we come to a cottage or two, and then to a small farmhouse lying at the edge of a common, bright in spring and summer with the golden gorse; then passing along the side of a wood, where in spring pale primroses are abundant, there are a few more cottages, and we have seen all the place, except the parish church and the house, which are some distance off. These two buildings have not much external attractiveness, but no Englishman can look unmoved upon the home of the great patriot, John Hampden, and the church where he worshipped during his life, and in which he was buried.

Hampden House occupies the site of a former building, part of which dated at least from the time of King John, who is said to have visited it. On the death of the last male representative of the family, in 1754, the old house was almost demolished, and what was not pulled down was modernised. Among the oil paintings that adorn the walls, one of a gentleman in armour, with a serene countenance, and holding a scroll in his hand, is generally believed to be Hampden's portrait. The picture has a curious history. It was purchased in 1743 by Dr. Henry, Dean of Killaloe, in Ireland, at a sale, and he ascertained that it had at one time been in the possession of Lord William Russell, who was executed in the reign of James the Second. It was recognised by one of the Cavendish family, and on his authority has been accepted as genuine, though it differs considerably from an undoubted likeness in the possession of Lord St. Germains at Port Eliot, in Cornwall. There are some other interesting portraits of members of the family, of Oliver Cromwell, and of Queen Henrietta Maria.

But if the admirer of Hampden cannot find much to recall the patriot in the house which bears his name, he will not be disappointed in the adjacent church. Here Hampden must have often taken part in Divine service, and listened to sermons from rectors appointed by himself, among them William Spurstow, who was chaplain of the Buckinghamshire regiment of infantry commanded by Hampden at the beginning of the civil war, and who attended his colonel on his death-bed. His initials form the last two letters of the word Smectymnus, coined, or at least used, by Butler in "Hudibras"—

"Canonical cravat of Smec,
From whom the institution came
When Church and State they set on flame"—

the rest of the word being made up of the initials of Stephen Marshall, E. Calamy, J. Young, and M. Newcomen, all divines of note.

Hampden Church is a small building, though large enough for the parish, and



IN GREAT HAMPDEN CHURCHYARD.

includes a nave, with two aisles, a chancel, and a square tower, in which hang three bells, dated 1625, probably the gift of the patriot. The church, except that it has been re-pewed, has not been much altered since his days, and in its simple arrangements and the absence of any attempt at adornment, is a fitting resting-place for one whom Carlyle has described as "the best beatified man we

have." The chancel floor covers the graves of the family, several of whom are commemorated in well-preserved brasses. The most interesting of the monuments is the plain black stone on the south side of the chancel erected by the patriot to the memory of his first wife, on which he has recorded that "she was in her pilgrimage the stay and comfort of her neighbours, the love and glory of a well-ordered family, the delight and happiness of tender parents,



THE CHURCH AND HAMPDEN HOUSE.

but a crown of blessings to a husband." Immediately opposite is a monument in the florid style of the last century, apparently intended to serve a double purpose. It records the death of the last male representative of the Hampdens and of his famous ancestor. A large sarcophagus, which contains the inscription, is supported on the right by a weeping boy holding a cap of liberty, and on the left by a similar figure holding Magna Charta. Above is an oval medallion, with a relief of the patriot wounded on Chalgrove Field, and a tree with the various armorial bearings of the family.

The chancel was in the year 1828 the scene of a strange incident. Lord Nugent, who was at that time compiling his valuable and interesting "Memoirs of Hampden," a work which forms the basis of Macaulay's brilliant essay, appears to have been seized with a desire to set at rest a controversy as to the precise manner of his hero's death. He obtained permission of the representative of the family to open the grave and examine the body. In the presence of himself, of Mr. Denman (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England), and of a few

others, search was made, and at the foot of Mrs. Hampden's monument was found a coffin supposed to be the object of the search. The plate was corroded and illegible, but the coffin was raised and opened. The body was in a fair state of preservation, and, in order to admit of examination, the head was raised, and the shoulders and arms were carefully surveyed. Lord Nugent appears to have been satisfied; the body was carefully replaced, and the coffin again buried. An account of this transaction was subsequently published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but some persons expressed a doubt whether, after all, the body which had been so indecorously treated was really that of Hampden. Lord Nugent may have shared in the doubt, or he, perhaps, hesitated to perpetuate in his book an account of so deplorable an affair. At least he has refrained from mentioning the incident, and the manner of Hampden's death remains in its former obscurity.

But if we cannot ascertain whether Hampden died from a wound inflicted by a shot from the carbine of an enemy or by the bursting of one of his own pistols, we know that his life was spent in the service of his country, and that he fell on the field of battle fighting for her liberties. Of his private history we would fain have a fuller account. Baxter said that he reckoned one of the pleasures of heaven would be the enjoyment of Hampden's society, and such language from the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" is an abundant testimony to the piety and goodness of the patriotic statesman. We are unfortunately ignorant of much that we should naturally desire to know of him. Lord Nugent endeavoured in vain to find memorials of his private life. A few letters to Sir John Eliot have been found, and after reading them, every admirer of Hampden has lamented that there are no more.

The family who gave this name to the two parishes of Great and Little Hampden settled there as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor. Baldwyn de Hampden appears in Doomsday Book as a holder of lands in different parts of Buckinghamshire. It is not improbable that Baldwyn was one of the Normans who came over to England at King Edward's invitation, and that his lands were unconfiscated at the Conquest because the owner was of Norman birth.

During the wars of the Roses the Hampdens supported the house of Lancaster, and lost some lands, which were not restored to them by the general act of restitution passed in the reign of Edward IV. But on the whole they were a prosperous family, holding property in several parts of their own county, as well as in Berks, Essex, and Oxfordshire. One of the Hampdens was of the Privy Council in the reign of Henry VII., another attended Queen Katherine on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and Sybil, daughter of this Hampden, was nurse to Edward VI., and an ancestress of William Penn. Griffith Hampden, the grandfather of the patriot, was sheriff of his county in

the time of Queen Elizabeth, and also represented it in one of her Parliaments. He partially rebuilt the house, and there entertained the queen during one of her progresses. Her visit is still commemorated by an avenue cut in the wood on the Chiltern Hills above the village to facilitate her approach, and called the Queen's Gap. Griffith died in 1591, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, member of Parliament for East Looe, in Cornwall, who married Elizabeth Cromwell, aunt of the Lord Protector. Two children were born of the marriage, the elder of whom was the famous John Hampden. While quite young he was sent to the Grammar School at Thame, in Oxfordshire, not many miles from his Buckinghamshire home. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, and seems to have done well at the University, for he was selected, with William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and some others, to write congratulatory poems on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James the First. After leaving Oxford, Hampden was a student of the Inner Temple, and in 1619, being twenty-five years of age, he married Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Symeon, of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire. In the following year he entered Parliament as member for Grampound, in Cornwall. But it was some time before he took any prominent part in public affairs. He delighted in the life of a country gentleman, where his natural cheerfulness of disposition made him popular in the society of his friends and neighbours, and he entered freely into the amusements of his age. His chief pleasure was, however, in his library, and such indulgence as he allowed himself was only by way of relief to his study and his work.

Hampden's name is specially associated with the famous question of the impost of ship-money. Charles wanted funds, and as he would not summon a Parliament, knowing the nation to be opposed to him, it was necessary to have recourse to arbitrary measures. The first writ for payment of the ship-money was directed to the City of London. Next the requisition was extended to all maritime towns. In the following year, 1636, the charge was laid on all counties, cities, and corporate towns. The county of Buckingham was asked to provide one ship of 360 tons for 144 men, the charge being £4,500, and the boroughs of Buckingham and Wycombe were separately assessed at £70 and £50 respectively. Against this form of taxation Hampden promptly decided to make a stand. His example in refusing to pay was very generally followed by his neighbours, and in other counties a similar course was taken by many of the inhabitants. It was determined to make an example of Hampden, and, proceedings having been instituted against the late High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, Sir Peter Temple of Stowe, it was decided to take the opinion of the twelve judges as to the legality of the Tax. All but two of the judges took an affirmative view, but the two suffered themselves to be persuaded to sign

the opinion, which then appeared to be unanimous, and was enrolled as such in the Courts at Westminster, proceedings being at once commenced against



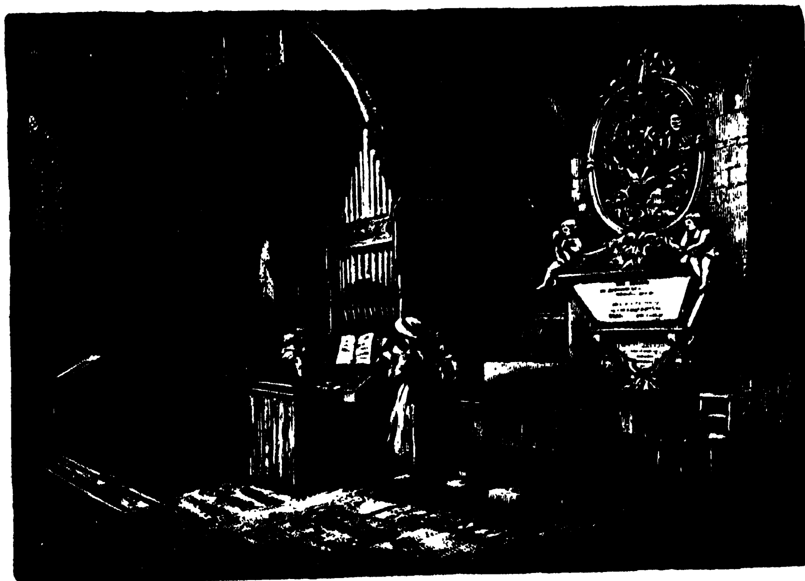
AVENUE LEADING TO HAMPDEN HOUSE.

Hampden. The case came on for hearing at Michaelmas term, when it was argued before all the judges in the Exchequer Chamber from the 6th of November to the 18th of December. The judges were divided in their opinions, and a final decision was not arrived at until the 9th of June, 1637. Then, five having pronounced in Hampden's favour and seven against him, judgment was entered for the Crown.

Hampden had become famous as the opponent of unjust taxation. He was elected to represent his own county first in the Short and then in the Long Parliament, and, as everyone knows, he took a leading part in the memorable events that led up to the Civil War. On the 4th of January, 1642, the House of Commons received the intelligence that the king was coming down with a large guard to Westminster Hall to seize Hampden and four other members—Pym, Hollis, Strode, and Haselrigge—whom the Attorney-General had impeached in the House of Lords of high treason. As soon as the House assembled the five members were directed to withdraw, to avoid bloodshed; they accordingly took refuge in a house in Coleman Street. Meanwhile the king came into Palace Yard, and presented himself at the door of the House of Commons. It was immediately opened, and the king entered and walked up to the chair. He looked round in vain for the objects of his search, and asked the Speaker to explain their absence. He received the memorable reply, "May it please your Majesty, I have neither

eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me." Charles attempted a weak defence, and left amidst cries of "Privilege."

Things had now gone too far for an amicable settlement; and on the 22nd August, 1642, the king raised his standard at Nottingham. Thus the Civil War began. Some of Hampden's relatives took the royalist side, which added to his many anxieties. In the first year of the war other and severe trials befell him. He lost his eldest son and his favourite daughter. But none of these things could daunt his fearless spirit. He threw away the scabbard when he drew the sword. In his own county he raised an infantry regiment, known as the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, and having for their motto, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." In drilling his men he was most assiduous, and under his command the regiment soon earned well-merited distinction. He took part in several minor engagements, was present at the indecisive battle of Edgehill, and in vain urged upon the sluggish Essex the expediency of renewing the engagement. Wherever he was found he impressed his own energy upon his colleagues and subordinates, and had Essex possessed a tithe of his zeal, the Civil War might speedily have been determined in favour of the Parliamentary side.



HAMPDEN'S MONUMENT.

In the early summer of 1643 Hampden was in Buckinghamshire, and the king's head-quarters were at Oxford, whence Prince Rupert made many dashing attacks. On Saturday, June 17th, Rupert left Oxford with a considerable body

of horse, and advanced towards the Chiltern Hills, leaving Thame, where Essex lay, some two or three miles on his left. Hampden happened to be at Watlington, and on hearing of the advance of the royalists, sent off a messenger to warn Essex. He then collected a few troops of cavalry, and on Sunday morning, in spite of the advice of some of his friends, started to oppose the enemy. He came up with Rupert on Chalgrove Field, and at once commenced the attack. In the first charge he was wounded and compelled to retire. The encounter was brief, and resulted in the defeat of the Parliamentary forces, but Rupert did not follow up his advantage, and quickly returned to Oxford.

It is related that after being wounded, Hampden, with bent head, his hands resting on his horse's neck, would have made for Pyrton, the home of his first wife. But Rupert's cavalry occupied the intervening country, and he turned towards Thame. There his wounds were dressed, and the surgeon gave some hopes of his recovery. He himself knew otherwise, and during the few remaining days of life devoted his energies to despatching letters of counsel to the Parliament, although his sufferings were very great. A few hours before his death he received the Sacrament; and attended by his old friend, Dr. Giles, rector of Chinnor, and by Spurstow, the chaplain of his regiment, he died in the act of prayer. A few days later his body was carried to Hampden, and was buried in the church where so many of his ancestors had been laid.

It may be added that, although not a little has been done within the last five-and-twenty years, mainly at the expense of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, to repair the church, a more thorough renovation has now become necessary, and an urgent appeal for funds was recently made by a committee headed by the present Earl.

J. A. J. HOUSDEN.

HARROW AND NEWSTEAD.

MEMORIES OF BYRON.



ARMS OF HARROW SCHOOL.

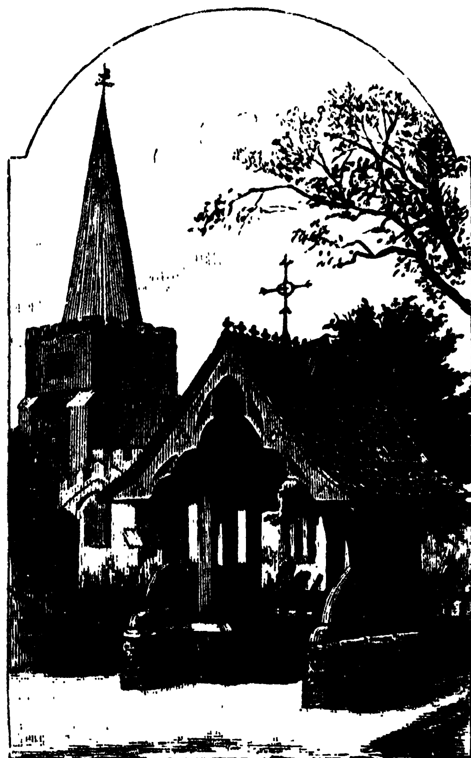
THE association between Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire and the great public school of Harrow in Middlesex is entirely Byronic; and we may at once premise that the two are brought into combination in these pages on that account. As a matter of chronology, Byron went to Newstead before he went to Harrow. The wicked Lord Byron, his grand-uncle, whom he succeeded, having gone to his account, to the regret apparently of none, except his pet crickets, which are said to have marched out of the hall, never to return, on the day of the disreputable old peer's death, there appeared one summer day in 1798, at the fine entrance to the park on the Mansfield Road, a vehicle from Nottingham, containing a stout, common-looking woman, a fat boy of ten, and a second woman, his nurse. The boy was the young Lord Byron, brought to see his inheritance. But the house was almost uninhabitable. Decay and ruin had made alarming encroachments everywhere, and short, therefore, was the stay made by the visitors.

The mother and son had up to this period been residing on a slender income in Scotland, and the hermit peer who despoiled Newstead was wont to speak of the heir as "that young brat of Aberdeen." On receiving news of their change of fortune, the poor widow, who had been shamefully reduced to poverty by a handsome and blackguardly husband, sold up the modest household goods and set off on a southerly journey to Nottinghamshire. For a while Mrs. Byron and the podgy lad, who had been made a ward in Chancery, resided in the county town; then in London, where George Gordon was taught by Glennie of Dulwich; and then briefly at Cheltenham. How often Byron had visited Newstead during the four years covered by these wanderings one can only conjecture; but it is evident that even when he went to Harrow he had possessed himself of all the traditions and spirit of the dreary abbey down in the Midlands.

Lord Byron was at Harrow from 1801 to 1805, passing his holidays principally at Southwell, which in these later days has been made an episcopal see. Newstead Abbey, for the major portion of Byron's minority, was rented by Lord Grey de Ruthen, but the schoolboy owner was always welcome there, and a room was set apart for his use. Harrow, since Byron's residence at the school, is altered in most respects, save in its magnificent situation. No march of progress can improve that away. As seen from the main line of the London and North-Western Railway, and from the level country extending on the other side to Epsom and Windsor, the slender spire rising above the elm tops must often recall to the

mind of the wayfarer the scriptural illustration of a city set upon a hill. Truly it cannot be hid.

The church of St. Mary at Harrow was founded by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of William the Conqueror; but he did not live long enough to consecrate it, and Anselm, his successor, had an undignified squabble with the Bishop of London's agents when, on a winter morning in 1094, he passed through the grand western doorway to perform, with the florid ecclesiastical pomp of the age, the consecration ceremony. It used to be believed that the circular columns which divide the aisles from the nave, and a part of the tower at the west end, were actual remnants of Lanfranc's building. But it has now been demonstrated that the columns are of a later period, and it is doubtful whether anything is left of the original fabric. The date of 1150 has been mentioned as agreeing with the character of the western doorway. The church was virtually rebuilt in the early part of the fourteenth century; and a hundred years afterwards the giving way of the tower resulted in the varied and massive buttresses which are a marked feature of Harrow Church. The slender spire of wood covered with lead was added later. The elegant doorways (north and south) of the Decorated period are good specimens of the work done at this time. It is probable that the font is truly a relic of Lanfranc. For many years it had been used as a trough in the vicarage garden, no one appearing to suspect its true character; but when the discovery was made, the large circular Purbeck marble basin was rescued, its rudimentary carvings were restored, and, with added rim and base, it was placed in the church as it may now be seen.



HARROW: THE SPIRE AND THE PORCH.

The existing church, consisting of a nave, chancel, chancel chapel, aisles, and transepts—not forgetting the famous tower and spire—is the result of a complete restoration, undertaken in 1840 by Sir Gilbert Scott. Previous to that time the additions and renovations of successive ages could be read in the solid handiwork of their diverse builders; but the vestiges of antiquity left are, as already suggested, few; and, such as they are, confined to monuments in stone and brass. The visitor, however, is likely to devote greatest attention to

the churchyard, from which an incomparable prospect may be enjoyed. The hill upon which Harrow is built is an abruptly swelling bosom of land, rising from comparatively level ground on every side. On a superlatively clear day, such as probably few persons have found, thirteen counties, it is asserted, are within ken from the church tower. Ten miles to the east, but normally obscured by haze and smoke, is Hyde Park; west and south-west—the glorious landscape commanded from the terrace seats outside the churchyard—Buckinghamshire and Berkshire lie outspread, rich in English homes, in woodland and pasturage; the Surrey hills change the prospect in another direction, with Knockholt Beeches, Hayes Common, and Shooter's Hill trending eastward.

The churchyard brings us back by a cherished tradition to the association of Harrow with Lord Byron. Within a few yards of the church tower is a flat monumental stone, to which the poet, two years before his death, in one of his letters to Murray, the publisher, thus referred:—"There is a spot in the churchyard near the footpath, on the brow of the hill, looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey) where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." From sundry entries in his journals, and from his poems, we get glimpses of Byron at Harrow, engaging in the athletics of the playground. He recounts his



HARROW: VIEW FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

battles, and his prowess at cricket and swimming; yet he admits that he was "a most unpopular boy, but led latterly." We know also that for two years and

a half he hated Harrow. From some of his contemporaries it may be gathered that at Harrow, as at Cambridge, he did not excel as a scholar. The spirit of poetry was burning within him, nevertheless, and the "favourite spot" in the churchyard doubtless was the throne of the dreamer, productive of more delight to his precocious genius than the rough contests of the playground, in which he was physically unable to share with enthusiasm. Only a few of the published



HARROW CHURCH: THE INTERIOR.

poems were produced during the Harrow period, but there is one written the year after he left, directly bearing upon the stone slab, which was called "Byron's tomb" by his comrades. The verse is well remembered:—

"Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining at eve, on yon tombstone I lay
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

This tomb was repaired, and enclosed in a strong iron railing—to remain a Byron memorial for all time—a few years since by some admirers of the poet, foremost of whom was Mr. John Murray, who was a witness of the burning of the Byron memoirs in his father's drawing-room, and who inherited, with the

great publishing business of the Albemarle Street house, an admiration of the author of "Childe Harold."

Byron carved his name along with the rest of the Harrovians in the fourth form room, the largest and most typical of the scattered buildings which make up the great public school at Harrow. A brass in the chancel arch of the church perpetuates the memory of John Lyon, yeoman, who died in 1592, and of the manner in which he founded "a free grammer schoole in this p'she;" and two years before his death the founder, amongst his orders, statutes, and rules for the government of the school, announces his intention of providing, besides convenient rooms for the schoolmaster and usher, "alsoe a large and convenient schoole house, with a chimney in it." The fourth form room is Lyon's original "schoole house."

Lord Byron often made Newstead Abbey the poetical subject of happy and accurate descriptions of the building, grounds, and park; and it would be easy to compile a chapter of quotations that, with very trifling links to indicate and explain recent changes, would still, for all practical purposes, serve as a guide to the visitor of to-day. Horace Walpole described Newstead before the poet-peer succeeded to the inheritance. It was then in the hands of the wicked lord, who seemed to be deliberately bent upon ruining the estate; he destroyed its oaks, and, by a sudden whim, butchered the deer so that the shambles of Mansfield Market were at one time glutted with venison. Walpole writes loosely, and even speaks of the beautiful west window of the old abbey church as the east; but, cynic as he was, he is not sparing of his admiration of the abbey and all its surroundings.

Byron evidently looked upon Newstead with the gloomiest of forebodings, dedicating it in impassioned verse to sure decay, to the whistling of hollow winds, to hemlock and thistle. In 1809 he vowed that, come what might, Newstead and he would stand or fall together; that no pressure, present or future, should induce him to barter the least vestige of the inheritance; and that if he could exchange Newstead Abbey for the first fortune in the country, he would not. Three years later the place was put up to auction at Garraway's, and only £90,000 being bid, it was withdrawn. Next it was sold to a gentleman who failed in his contract, and Newstead once more came back to the poet. In 1818, however, Byron being then thirty years of age, it passed finally from the family which had held it for nearly three centuries, and was purchased by Colonel Wildman for some £100,000.

This was the turning-point of the fortunes of Newstead. The new owner, who had sat on the same form with Byron at Harrow, was a gallant soldier; he had served with distinction in the Peninsula wars; and he devoted himself from the moment of taking possession to repairing, restoring, and beautifying Newstead,

without interfering with its character. To any but an enthusiast the work must have appeared hopeless. It is said that Colonel Wildman spent over a quarter of a million of money in the restoration and decoration of the abbey. On the



NEWSTEAD.

death of this gentleman the property was acquired by Mr. W. F. Webb, a famous African traveller, and by him, no less than by his predecessor, the good work has been continued, and the utmost care taken in the preservation of every object of interest associated with the unfortunate poet who loved it, and lost it. Thanks to Colonel Wildman and Mr. Webb, Newstead has risen nobly from its ruins, and is, at the present moment, a lovely domain, with abbey and grounds in perfect preservation; further than this, the most liberal facilities are afforded to visitors desirous of seeing the rooms in which Byron slept, revelled, and worked, or of wandering amidst the gardens and groves trodden by his footsteps.

The Newstead Abbey of to-day, after the vast sums of money laid out in its improvement, is, as the reader may suppose, very different from what it was when young Byron, a boy of ten years of age, bearing the title of sixth Baron, was taken to see it. Not the least of the changes is that caused by the addition, at the south-west corner, of the square Sussex tower by Colonel Wildman, who named it after the Royal Duke whose equerry he was. Byron's own term—"Mixt Gothic"—very adequately touches off the rest of the architecture

of the front of the abbey. Some portions are Early English Gothic of the best type, and the Norman tower at the end, though not in harmony, seems to give a tone of completeness which was formerly wanting. At the other end of the façade are the stately remnants of the west front of the abbey church, the ivy climbing over the ancient stonework with graceful profusion.

In approaching Newstead by the high road from Nottingham, a drive of at least a mile intervenes between the lodge gates and the abbey, and a sharp descent and curve bring the traveller somewhat suddenly before the famous objects of Newstead, namely the lake, the mimic forts, the cascades, the picturesque window of the ruins, and the light and graceful architecture of the front. In his desire not to mar the scene with any incongruous addition, the present owner has built a block of stables near the castellated affair jutting into the lake, of pure Gothic, and all in harmony with the surroundings. The ivy which grows plentifully at Newstead has already given an air of romantic antiquity to buildings erected within thirty years.

Entrance to the pile is obtained through a small strong oaken door, upon which hangs an antique Italian knocker. The crypt of the old abbey is gloomy enough, and now and for the remainder of the time spent under the groined roofs, and amidst long echoing corridors, narrow, winding stone staircases, grim galleries and passages, the explanation of all the ghost legends attached to Newstead must be obvious. In the hall, amidst the twelfth-century masonry of the crypt, are arranged on the floor various trophies of Mr. Webb's prowess amongst the game of Africa, with fishing-rods and other modern articles of the chase, and, in many a corridor, cases of brilliantly plumaged birds, shot by the present owner in Africa and India, are intermingled with relics of the Middle Ages.

Presently you are conducted to Byron's bed-room and dressing-room, where everything remains as it was left by the poet. What few habitable rooms were in the abbey during his brief ownership were in this portion; the rest were barely weather proof. There still are the Byron bedstead, with its gilt and coroneted posts, the dressing-table, and chairs; the portrait of Fox; of Joe Murray, the favourite factotum, with the churchwarden pipe painted in at his own desire; and the portrait of a portly gentleman, who turns out to be Jackson, the prize-fighter.

Byron wisely chose this bed-room, with its recessed window and magnificent view to the west. Again and again in his poetry he betrays inspiration drawn from this particular prospect—the lake, in which he swam, sailed, and tested the courage of his dog Boatswain; the miniature fortress which the mad lord, who butchered the deer, built to amuse him what time he put his toy fleet in action; the cascade making music near the house; the swelling wooded knoll across the water in the direction of Annesley, where Mary Chaworth lived. With the

tumbling water and shrubbery close to the house, and rookeries all around, the stillest night would give to the poet in his bed mysterious sounds innumerable.

The library now shown was not used by Byron as such, and some suppose that it was originally an aisle of the chapel. Many valuable and ancient pieces of furniture and paintings are here; the abbey throughout, indeed, is peculiarly rich in well-preserved furniture, paintings, and decorations of the Stuart period. The tapestry in the room used once by Charles II., and in other apartments, was brought by Colonel Wildman from Spain after the Peninsula war. There are few old country houses in England offering such perfect examples of carved oak panelling and mantelpieces.

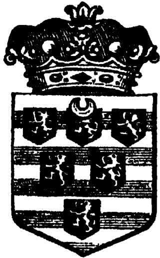
The south corridor has been largely devoted by Mr. Webb to the relics of Livingstone and Stanley. The visitors are, towards the close of their round of the abbey, shown the room in which Livingstone, on his last stay in England, wrote his work on the Zambesi, and in the corridor the battered consular cap he wore at the time of his death is preserved. At the other end of the corridor—cases of gorgeous Himalayan birds shot by Mr. Webb intervening—are the Byron relics, and amongst them the piece of beech tree upon which Byron, on his last visit to the abbey (20th September, 1814), carved his name and that of his sister Augusta. A small revolving table is pointed out as that upon which the poet wrote his "English Bards" and part of "Childe Harold." Boxing gloves, foils, candlesticks, inkstand, the arms worn in Greece, and the sumptuously-bound copy of the early poems, recall the stormy career of the peer whose memory has been so sacredly preserved by his successors in the ownership of Newstead Abbey. The largest rooms at Newstead are the Grand Saloon and the Great Dining Hall, now richly furnished and decorated, but in Byron's time wreck and ruin. The breakfast-room, once the Lord Abbot's parlour, was used by Byron as a dining-room.

The cloisters of Newstead are famous for their excellent condition, and in the quadrangle still plays the old Gothic fountain, brought into the court at some remote time from the front of the abbey. The chapel, formerly the chapter-house, has been exquisitely restored and decorated by Mr. Webb in the Early English style. In the gardens, which are liberally maintained, the same anxiety has been manifested as in the interior to cherish every memorial of Byron. The oak he planted; Boatswain's tomb, in which at one time the poet himself wished to be buried, between the dog and Joe Murray; and the satyr's and devil's woods, which belong rather to the wicked lord, are amongst the notable sights outside the abbey.

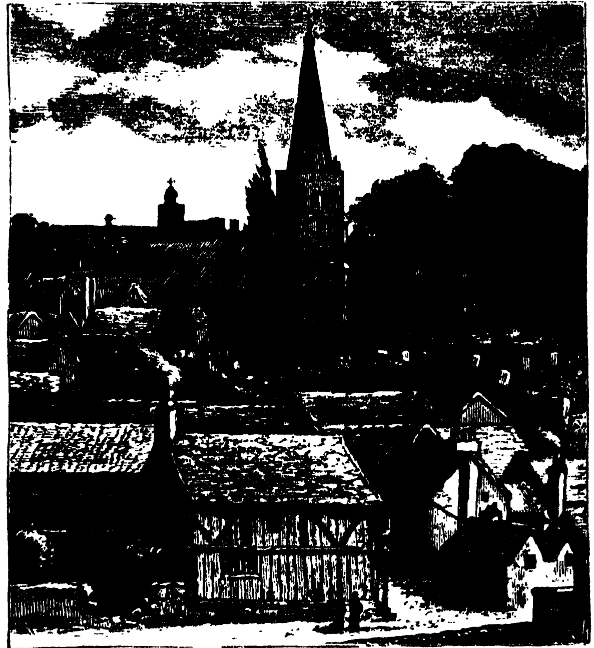
W. SENIOR.

STAMFORD AND HATFIELD.

THE GRAVES OF THE CECILS.


ARMS OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

FEW towns in England possess more allurements for lovers of the relics of olden days than Stamford. Its churches are numerous for the size of the town, and three or four are of exceptional interest or beauty. Close at hand is the graceful ruin of St. Leonard's Priory, and its streets abound in examples, more or less perfect, of domestic architecture, often very picturesque, which range over full four centuries. But one church, that of St. Martin, the only one on the right bank of the river Welland, possesses an interest, apart from its architecture, as the burial place of the elder branch of the Cecils, and of the illustrious founder of the family.


HATFIELD.

The town of Stamford stands, as indicated, on sloping ground upon the left bank of the Welland, and on the edge of the county of Lincoln. On the Northamptonshire side the ground slopes upwards to the plateau, crowned by the woods and lawns of Burghley Park. Notwithstanding the division of the counties, there is a "forebridge" quarter of some size; and the main street is part of the "Great North Road," bordered on either side by picturesque houses, old and new. It passes the George, an ancient hotel, still as ever a comfortable halting-place; half-way up the acclivity the tower of St. Martin's Church varies pleasantly the domestic architecture. Then at the boundary of the park the houses cease, and after a short distance we arrive at the grand Elizabethan gateway, not unworthy of the palace to which it gives admission.

But it is only of the last home of the Cecils that we must now speak. St. Martin's Church was built by John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, about the year 1482, on the site of one erected in the twelfth century by an Abbot of Peterborough,

and destroyed in the Lancastrian wars. It is a good example of the work of the period, though, as usual, a little cold and monotonous in design; the tower, especially its belfry stage, being the best feature. The church has aisles, the northern being prolonged as far as the east wall of the chancel, the southern stopping one bay short. In the year 1864 an addition was made to the eastern part of the north aisle, and the whole now forms the mortuary chapel of the Cecil family. Of their monuments, however, only three call for special notice. The first, though not the oldest, is a vast marble pile erected against the north wall, in commemoration of John, Earl of Exeter, who died in the year 1700, and of his countess. They are sculptured in half-reclining postures; a figure standing on the one side represents Minerva, that on the other, the "Goddess of the Arts and Sciences." It is an interesting example of the pagan spirit which pervaded that period, and of how much time, skill, and money may be spent in producing a thoroughly unpleasing result. Against the east wall is a mural monument in alabaster and marble, representing Richard Cecil, * and his wife, the father and mother of the founder of Burghley House, kneeling in prayer on either side of a desk. The son's monument stands on the north side of the communion table, separating the so-called sacrarium from the above-named chapel; a worthy memorial of one of the greatest in an age fruitful in great men. It is built of Italian marble and alabaster; groups of columns resting on a massive pedestal support on arches a lofty canopy, which rises stage above stage. Beneath this is an altar-tomb, on which lies the effigy of the Lord Treasurer. He is clad in a suit of armour, over which he wears the crimson mantle of the Order of the Garter, and holds in his hand his wand of office. One cannot call the monument beautiful. Yet in this, as in many other tombs erected about this epoch in our history, though the singular grace of the mediæval altar-tomb and chantry is wanting, there is something very attractive in the mingled quaintness of design and richness of ornamentation. The style is, to a considerable extent, a natural one. A Renaissance influence dominated the artist's mind, but he had not lost all sympathy with the works of his mediæval predecessors. In the Lord Treasurer's tomb there is no actual reproduction of a "Gothic" feature, yet the structure, as a whole, recalls the ancient models. The recumbent figure in its stately repose, is inspired by the spirit of mediæval art. In this monument and in that of the fifth Earl the dominant sentiments of two reigns of two queens are expressed in stone. One speaks of an age when to fear God and do righteously was supposed to be a mark of true nobility; the other of an age when such things became the lowly in rank, but were works of supererogation in a "person of quality."

* He died in 1553, and is buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In no place does the memory of this great and wise man rise up before one's mind more vividly than in the peaceful church, in the presence of his grave. True, the noble house which he built is even yet the glory of the neighbouring park, but here

CECIL TOMBS AT HATFIELD.



THE LORD TREASURER'S TOMB, STAMFORD.

the memories of generations of Cecils render that of their ancestor less distinct. In the still abode of the dead he dominates over those who from time to time have come to share his resting-place. Cecil's whole history is full of interest, especially in its points of difference from our own times. He had the advantage of a good start in life, for his father was Master of the Robes to Henry VIII.; nevertheless, he was to a considerable extent the maker of his own fortunes.

At school and at college—St. John's, Cambridge—he was noted as an assiduous student, and was especially distinguished for his knowledge of Greek. His talents brought him into notice at Court. In those days early success in literature and science was a surer pathway to distinction, whether in Church or in State, than it has been for the last century. The House of Commons, which, we may presume, reflects the national mind, does not like "philosophers," as we have been told on good authority; that is to say, it strongly objects to anyone who is a little more long-sighted than the multitude, who cares more for truth than for popularity, prefers sound reasoning to windy clap-trap, and ventures to regard, not only the immediate, but also the ultimate consequences of action. However, in those old days, whatever their faults might be, there was this good, that a sound education and thoughtful mind were worth more than a glib tongue and a power of "gushing," so that young Cecil was speedily placed in positions of trust, and was enabled to win his spurs. He was for a time involved in the fall of the Lord Protector Somerset, and this episode appears to be one of the least creditable in his career, for caution seems to have prevailed over generous feeling. Though firm in his attachment to the reformed faith, Cecil managed to avoid persecution during the reign of Mary, but was, of course, compelled to resign all his offices. Still, as a knight of the shire, he took an active part in public affairs, being one of the leaders of the Opposition, as it would now be termed, and, as the Queen's health failed, he entered into private correspondence with the Princess Elizabeth. When she succeeded to the crown he was at once recognised as her chief adviser. In this capacity—first as Secretary of State, afterwards as Lord High Treasurer—he continued until his death, at the age of seventy-eight. What a life—anxious, yet gratifying; full of trials, yet full of successes—was then closed! For forty years it had been his chief work to weld together in one a disunited nation, to check the extravagancies of Protestants and to frustrate the plots of Popish fanatics, to defeat the intrigues of Scotland, to counteract the wiles of Rome, and to shatter the Armada of Spain. This would have been a hard task in any case; it was not made easier by his somewhat imperious and occasionally whimsical mistress. But Elizabeth, whatever may have been her defects, was worthy to be a Queen, and, among other great qualities, possessed this—that she could recognise a wise man, and trusted him when she had found him. So, notwithstanding all difficulties, Cecil saw much of his work successfully accomplished, and closed his eyes on a golden epoch in the history of England. The reign of Elizabeth, as has been remarked, was fruitful in great men. It had never been equalled before; it has never been surpassed since. And among the greatest of these great ones was William Cecil, first Baron Burghley, of whom it has been well said:—"In every branch of his policy, whether in relation to religion when

this formed so material a part of European affairs, the internal government of England, or her foreign policy, he was guided by fixed and well-grounded principles, and no act of his administration appears to have been produced by motives of temporary expediency only, but to have formed a part of a consistent and well-considered plan."

William Cecil left two sons. The elder, and less distinguished, inherited his estate at Stamford, and was created Earl of Exeter by James I. The second, Robert, succeeded to his father's position in the State, was raised, simultaneously with his brother, to the Peerage as Earl of Salisbury, and became the founder of the other branch of the Cecils to whose burial-place we now turn. To this son the first lord had left his mansion at Theobalds, but he exchanged it with King James for Hatfield, an old royal palace, and there built himself the stately mansion which has ever since been the home of his descendants. Hatfield had, however, already some slight connection with the fortunes of his family, for under one of its oaks the Princess Elizabeth obtained the news of her sister's death, and in the old hall, on the following Sunday, she received the homage of the Privy Council and nominated William Cecil as Secretary.

The Jacobean mansion occupies the summit of a plateau. On the western side the ground shelves down, here somewhat steeply, there more gently, towards the lower and more level country which is now traversed by the Great Northern Railway. The little town extends down the slope from the old palace gates to the streamlet in the valley below, the church standing on the higher part. On the right-hand side of the street which leads up to the palace the churchyard interrupts the houses. It is of ample size, and is bordered by old trees. The church itself is cruciform in plan, and the greater portion dates from the later years of the fourteenth or the earlier years of the fifteenth century; but there has been so much rebuilding and restoration that it is difficult to be certain about the age of many parts. Something, however, of a yet earlier church remains, for there is a Norman doorway in the south transept, and opposite to it an Early English window, now blocked up. The shingle-covered spire, which adds much to the picturesqueness both of church and of town, is a comparatively modern feature, being the gift of the late Marquis; while a very extensive restoration with a partial rebuilding was carried out by the present Marquis about the year 1871.

It is, however, as a burying-place that the church is of most interest. Besides the mortuary chapel of the Cecils, of whom we shall speak directly, there are some curious monuments in the Brockett Chapel, which is placed east of the south transept, commemorating, as the name implies, former owners of Brockett Hall. These are not very old, for they date from the sixteenth and later centuries, but they are quaint in style, and some of the inscriptions are curious.

The Cecils are interred beneath a spacious mortuary chapel on the northern side of the chancel, erected in the year 1618 by William, second Earl of Salisbury, and restored by the present Marquis.* It is thus an interesting example of Jacobean architecture with suitable modern ornamentation. The steps leading to the sacrarium in the chancel are prolonged into this chapel, so that its floor is divided into two stages. The lower is occupied by seats for the family and household; in the centre of the upper part is the monument of the first Earl. Its base is formed of black marble; on this lies a skeleton, and at the four corners are figures representing the four cardinal virtues. These support a great slab of black marble, on which lies the Earl's effigy. He wears his official robe, and bears in his hand the wand of the Lord High Treasurer. The figures are all of white marble. This monument, which is the work of Simon Basyll, is extremely interesting when compared with that of the father at Stamford. Probably they do not differ more than about twenty years in date, yet the Hatfield monument is much more distinctly a work of the Renaissance. Of this the general design and free execution, the strong contrast of colour in the materials, the table-like form of the monument, and especially the allegorical figures, are wholly indicative; but the pose of the effigy, and, most of all, the skeleton below, are reminiscences of the mediæval spirit.

The chapel does not contain any other monuments of importance, but two effigies of older date have been brought hither from the Brockett Chapel and laid upon the floor. The wrought-iron gates and railing of Italian workmanship, which enclose the chapel, are well worthy of notice, and some of the modern inlaid work is excellent.

The history of the son commemorated by so stately a monument was, unhappily, far more brief than that of the father. He inherited his mental power, but not his vigorous health. He was short of stature and almost deformed in person; but the "little man" was trusted by Elizabeth no less than his father, and secured the confidence of her sapient successor. Perhaps, had his life been spared, he might have prevented his master from sowing the seed of future troubles, but shortly after the completion of Hatfield House his health failed, and he died at Marlborough on his return from drinking the waters of Bath. The Cecils, especially the younger branch, are an example of hereditary talent. In full nine generations there has been but one fool—the fourth Earl, "whose sluggish body was the abode of an equally sluggish mind"—while several inheritors of the title have been men of exceptional ability. Among these, no one, whatever his political opinions, can refuse to recognise the present Marquis of Salisbury.

T. G. BONNEY.

* A strip of ground adjacent to the old palace has been added to the east side of the churchyard, and will in future be used as the burial-place of the family.

GREAT MALVERN AND TEWKESBURY.

'HILL SIDE AND RIVER BRINK.'

THE Priory Church of Great Malvern, often miscalled "Abbey," stands on the eastern slope of the Malvern Hills, with the Worcestershire Beacon and North Hill rising behind it. It is very seldom that so fine a church is found in the immediate proximity of so fine a range of hills. From the west it is approached by two long flights of steps, commanding a magnificent view of the northern side and of the stately central tower. The southern transept and the lady chapel (which extended on a lower level than the chancel to the hedge now bounding the churchyard) were demolished when the Priory was suppressed.

Of the other monastic buildings, only the gateway, which admitted into the precincts of the monastery, remains; it is of about the same date as the chancel, and very near the west end of the church. Some fragments of the stonework of the refectory have been preserved. The priory (Benedictine) was founded in the eleventh century, soon after the Conquest. A hermit here, Aldwine, desiring to visit the Holy Land, consulted Wulstan, the good Bishop of Worcester, and was advised by him to form a cœnobitic community of the solitaries* in Malvern Chase, instead of making his pilgrimage. The priory was subject to the abbey of Westminster, the dean and chapter of which still retain property in the diocese; but there were frequent disputes about the control of it between the abbey and the see of Worcester. In the peace which followed the Wars of the Roses, the church was rebuilt under the skilful guidance of Sir Reginald Bray—a favourite counsellor of Henry VII., and designer of the chapel named after Henry in Westminster Abbey—the Norman columns in the nave being left as they were. Apparently it was intended to span the choir with a vaulting of stone; probably the wooden roof was substituted for economy's sake. The commencement of this vaulting is seen on either side. Sir Reginald is represented with his pupil, Prince Arthur, in the north window of the transept. At the Reformation, Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, interceded strenuously with King Henry for the priory, that it should be made a school, and bore his testimony to the good character of the prior and the brethren. But it was in vain. The priory was confiscated, to the advantage of the Knotsfords and others. The whole church would have been destroyed† had not the parishioners purchased it for £300, to be their parish church, in place of a much smaller building then standing to the north of the priory church. In 1852 the priory church, having into a deplorable condition, was thoroughly repaired at great expense under

* Some fugitives from Deerhurst, when the monastery there was sacked by Danes, are said to have settled in the upper part of the wild forest, which stretched from the hills to the Severn.

† Probably much damage was done then to the painted glass.

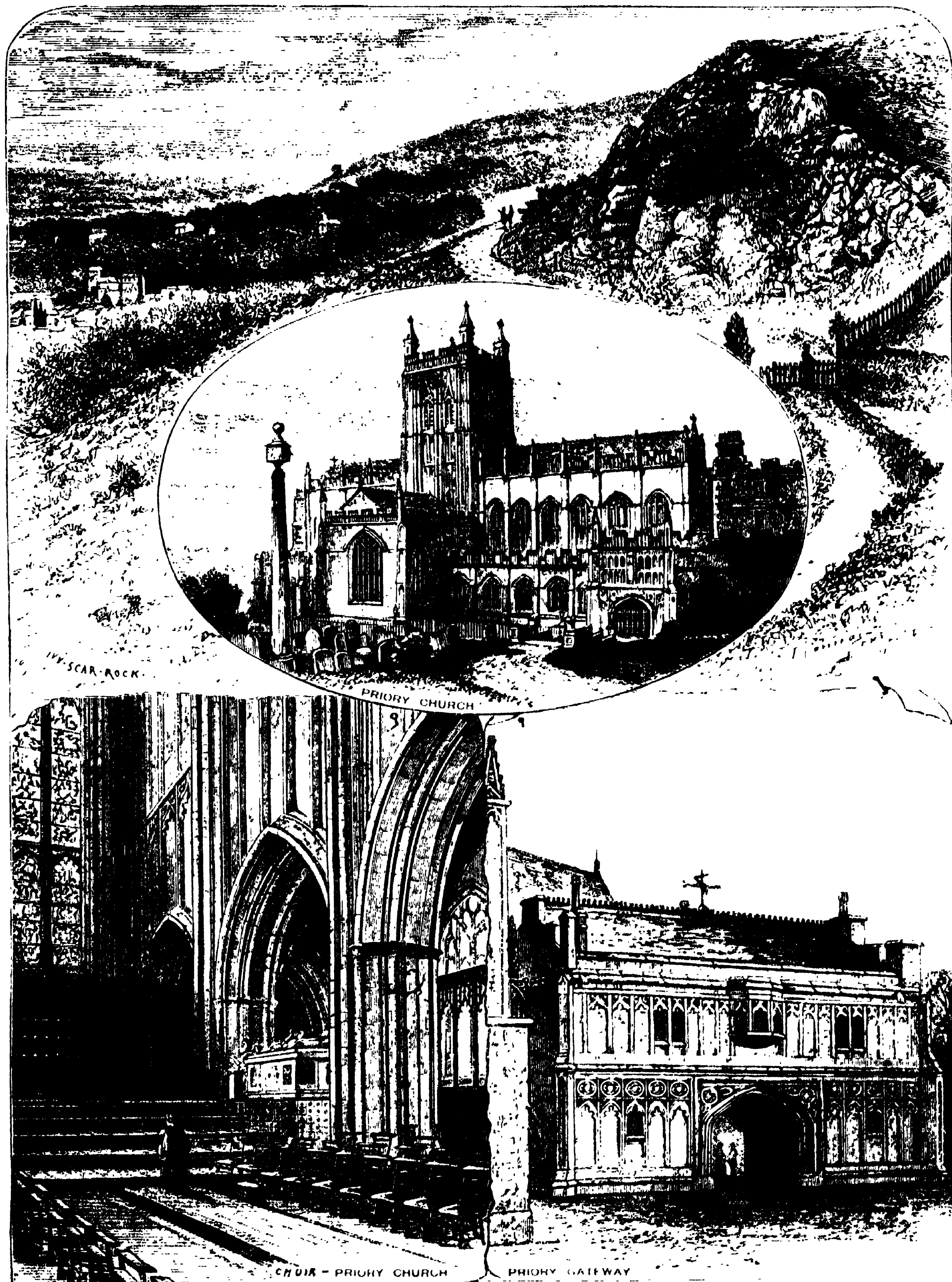
the direction of Sir G. G. Scott. The porch, forming the north-west entrance, is lofty and spacious, of the time of Henry VII.; over this is the "parvisum," the old vestry, approached by a winding stone staircase.

The special charm of the interior is in its brightness and cheerfulness, owing to the great size of the windows at each end and in the clerestory. The height, too, of the building, and the loftiness of the chancel arch, while enhancing the solemnity of the interior, prevent what would be the depressing effect of the low, massive Norman piers. From the Norman font at the west end the view is magnificent. The proportions are excellent: six bays in the nave, three in the chancel; there is no chancel screen to interrupt the view.

The arches in the nave are singularly beautiful in their simplicity—semicircular, and quite unadorned with mouldings, with the exception of the last capital eastward on the north, which seems to show that the monks began to embellish, but stopped immediately. A narrow arched recess, five or six feet from the ground in the pillar nearest the porch, was perhaps for holy water. The smaller aisle, with a doorway, now closed, which marks the entrance into the cloisters of the priory, retains its original dimensions. The northern aisle is wider. The three very small apertures in the western wall were probably in a gallery, to enable the prior, or some other official, to look down into the nave. There are traces of Norman work in the vestry behind the organ, as well as in the south aisle of the nave, and in a beautiful arch over the door from the southern aisle into the vestry.

As one passes from the nave under the tower into the chancel, the contrast of style is remarkable. The walls are panelled with Perpendicular tracery; the slender shafts rise like pines from floor to ceiling. It is supposed, from some indications in the masonry, that the Norman tower fell, as at Gloucester and elsewhere, those ponderous structures being especially liable to such a catastrophe. Under the lower part of the tower on the north side are placed the lectern (an eagle in brass by Hardman, in memory of the late General Eardley Wilmot), the reading desk and the pulpit, both of carved oak. The old monastic stalls are very curious, and resemble those of Worcester Cathedral in the grotesque figures on the misereres. Several gently sloping steps lead up to the sacrarium, which is fenced by a low brass rail of rich workmanship: two doors (an unusual thing), one north, one south of the Holy Table, admit through the reredos into a little sacristy, from which the prior or his deputy could see through three "hagioscopes" into the chapel.

A very beautiful mosaic of the kind which may still be seen in the house of the Faun at Pompeii, forms the centre of the reredos. It was made by Messrs. Powell, Whitefriars, and is the munificent gift of the Rev. E. Peek, of Lyme Regis. It represents the Holy Family, with the Magi on the one side



GREAT MALVERN: THE PRIORY CHURCH AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

and the shepherds on the other. The details show much care and thought. At each end is mosaic scroll-work, with the emblematic corn and grapes; beyond these are some of the old tiles.

The south aisle of the choir is called St. Anne's Chapel,* of the same date as the choir. The side windows are filled with old Belgian glass representing some of the events recorded in the Book of Genesis and the accompaniments of the Passion of our Lord. The drawing of the figures is grotesque, but the colours are gorgeous, especially the ruby and purple. The chapel is used as a choir vestry, and for lectures, &c. A curious old folio, the Prayer Book with commentary, is chained to an oak desk. The north choir aisle is called the Jesus Chapel.

Few churches or cathedrals in England are so rich in old painted glass. The east window is made up of fragments arranged promiscuously, but the effect is very good. The clerestory windows tell the story of the foundation of the priory. In the transept window, above the kneeling figures of Prince Arthur and his tutor, are two exquisite groups, one of the Nativity and one of the Visitation; above these is the Feast at Cana. In many of the windows are angels,† as if the church, dedicated originally to St. Mary the Virgin, had been rededicated, possibly after civil strife or bloodshed within its walls, to St. Michael and the Holy Angels. From the shape of many of the windows, it seems that the architect had proposed making them even larger than they are, but had been restrained by fears of instability.

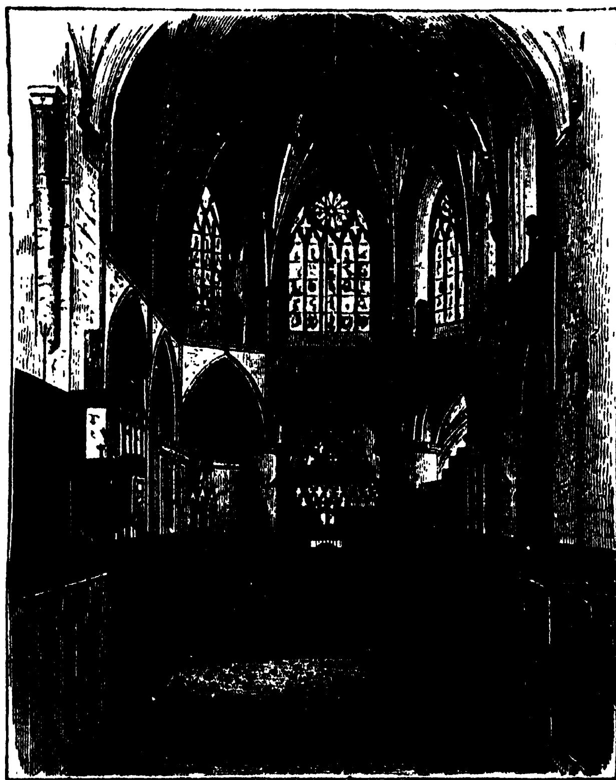
There are a few old monuments: one in St. Anne's Chapel of Prior Walcher, noted in his day for learning and science; a recumbent figure of a knight of the name of Corbet, north of the sacrarium; and several on the south side belonging to the Knotsford family; there is also in the Jesus Chapel a very graceful representation in stone of a Mrs. Thompson. Under the west window is a costly memorial, by Scott, of Sir H. Lambert, Bart., consisting of an elaborate canopy in stone over a mural brass, with the Evangelists on either side.

The noble abbey of Tewkesbury is rich in reminiscences of the past. The name is probably from Theoc, a missionary monk, who is said to have Christianised this corner of Mercia subsequently to the conversion of the rest of the midland kingdom. The legendary story of the foundation of the abbey by the brothers Oddo and Doddo, Dukes of Mercia, is apocryphal; and, perhaps, was suggested by the names of Earl Dudda in the eighth century, and of Earl Odda in the eleventh. Originally a "cell" or dependency of Cranbourn Abbey in Dorsetshire, the monastery here became an abbey, and shortly before the Conquest the relative position of Tewkesbury and Cranbourn was reversed.

* The famous spring on the hill side is called St. Anne's Well.

† These have the body covered with plumage, not the wings only.

Robert Fitz-Hamon, kinsman of William Rufus, "Lord of Gloucester, etc., etc.," was a great benefactor to the abbey; he commenced the rebuilding of the church, which was completed by Earl Robert of Gloucester, brother of the Empress Maude, a great church-builder in his day. In 1123 the church was dedicated in honour of St. Mary the Virgin; of this building great portions remain now. The monastery flourished under the fostering care of the De Clares, the Despensers, the Beauchamps, etc., till the Dissolution. Though not mitred, the abbots were often summoned to Parliament. The abbey was rededicated in 1239 by the famous Bishop Walter de Cantilupe, after additions and alterations. The choir was rebuilt about 1350, probably to introduce the new style of architecture then coming into vogue.



TEWKESBURY ABBEY: THE CHOIR.

Henry VI., always munificent to religious foundations, gave to the Abbey the patronage of Deerhurst Priory, in the immediate neighbourhood, the oldest monastery in this part of England. After the battle of Tewkesbury, the abbot, standing at the great door of the church, crucifix in hand, like Archbishop Ambrose at Milan, repelled Edward IV. pursuing fugitives into the sanctuary.

The revenues of this powerful and wealthy abbey were about £40,000 of our money when it fell into the rapacious hands of Henry VIII. and his courtiers in 1539. It was the last in the county to be surrendered; the abbot, Wakeman, was made Bishop of Gloucester; the monks (only 38 remained) were pensioned. The domestic offices were preserved; the conventual for the most part destroyed. The Gate House, a remarkable edifice, about forty feet high, near the west end of the church, is standing now, with some buildings near the Avon. There is a fine oriel window in the "Abbey House" (probably the infirmary), near the west end. The nave of the church was already in use as the parish church; the rest of the structure was rescued by the parishioners from demolition for the sum of £483. After undergoing, from time to time, unsightly reparations in the last century and in the early part of this, the church has now been thoroughly

restored at great expense; Sir G. G. Scott superintended the work in its commencement.

The old saying "As sure as God is in Gloucestershire" was meant to signify



TEWKESBURY: THE WEST FRONT.

the number and importance of monastic institutions in that county. Tewkesbury had rank among the foremost. The site is remarkable; the two great rivers, Severn and Avon, with two tributary streams, meeting here, almost insulate the town. The church is cruciform, with apsidal chapels grouping themselves, as at Westminster, round the choir. In general character, as might be expected, it resembles Gloucester Cathedral and Pershore Abbey Church. Almost every style of our English Gothic is represented. The total length is 286 feet. The nave is 165 feet by 110; the transepts are 120 by 33. The height of the nave is 58 feet; of the tower, 132. The Lady Chapel was 100 feet long, due east of the choir; it, as well as the cloisters, has been demolished. Only three English churches, not cathedrals, are longer. This church comes next in size to Hereford Cathedral; the nave would stand within the nave of Gloucester, it is said, as one box within another.

The tower, which is Norman except the battlement and turrets, rests on four huge piers; the interior of it is rich in ornamentation, and resembles the tower of Pershore Abbey Church. It was originally a "lantern tower," and was closed in order, perhaps, to render the voice more audible. A wooden spire, erected on

the tower by Robert, the celebrated Earl of Gloucester already mentioned, fell on Easter Day, 1559. There are eight bells and chimes to the clock. The campanile or bell-tower, a building of no great pretensions, was pulled down in 1813.* The west front, with a lofty and spacious arch in a deep recess (62 feet by 34), is not unworthy to be named with the west fronts of Lincoln and Peterborough. The design appears to have been executed imperfectly. The porch is very plain. The west window was destroyed by a storm in 1661. The nave is Norman, with fourteen columns unusually tall, and with a triforium dwarfed in proportion. In the choir, on the contrary, the columns are short, surmounted by large windows. The font is partly old. The pulpit, octagonal, in stone, was given in 1881. The nave is vaulted with stone, richly groined and sculptured; the bosses have been regilt and recoloured under the direction of Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire. Probably the stonework replaced an original roof of wood. As in the "stanze" of the Vatican, a mirror is useful in enabling one to appreciate the beauty of it.

The choir, with a sexagonal termination, is surrounded by an "ambulatory" or "procession-path." The tracery of the roof is very fine. The most interesting of the chantries, which cluster round the choir, are, on the north, the "Warwick chapel" (1421), and, adjoining it eastward, the "Founder's chapel" (1397) and the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene (1439). The exquisite erection now used as the choir-vestry is supposed by some to have been the chapter-house, but was probably a chapel with ante-chapel. Over this was the treasury of the monastery. The sedilia and the monks' stalls, with their misereres curiously carved, are noteworthy. The history of the organ is remarkable. It was moved from Magdalen College, Oxford, to Hampton Court by Cromwell, and finally placed here in 1737. The rose-window, at the east end, is fine, and contains portraits of benefactors in their baronial costumes.

There are many interesting monuments. The oldest is of Abbot Alan, friend of Becket, prior of Canterbury before coming here. There are monuments also of other abbots, with a cenotaph of Wakeman, the last of them, constructed for him at his request during his lifetime. Then there are a graceful alabaster monument of Sir Guy de Brien (Brienne, Normandy), and a kneeling figure in armour, Sir E. Despenser. In 1796 a brass was laid in the floor in memory of Prince Edward, murdered here after the battle (1471). The Duke of Somerset, who was executed at Tewkesbury after the battle, and Lord Wenlock, who was killed in the fight, are interred here; also the Duke of Clarence, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," with his duchess. The general effect of the interior of the church is stately but sombre.

I. GREGORY SMITH.

* By some accounts in 1817.

DUNSTER AND ARUNDEL.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.



THE past history of our parish churches is a varied one. In many cases—indeed in most—they have been built for the use of the community among which they stand. They have grown with its growth; have been enlarged or reconstructed as circumstances required. Some, however, have been built as an appendage to, or perhaps we should rather say as the nucleus of, a religious foundation. Into this the people of the hamlet which usually sprang up about its gates, most of them corrodiers or servitors of some sort, were only admitted to worship as a kind of favour, not as a legal right. In a third case, however, the church discharged a double debt—it served two masters, the confraternity worshipping in one part, the parishioners in the other, and of this divided ownership many of our churches still bear traces. Indeed, as Professor E. A. Freeman remarks,* "our monastic and large collegiate churches may be divided into two classes: those simply and wholly designed for the monastic or collegiate fraternity, and those which at the same time discharged the function of ordinary parish churches. In the generality of these latter cases, the eastern part, or the choir, belonged to the monks, the western part, or the nave, to the people. In fact, they often formed, to all intents and purposes, two distinct churches, and the two parts were often spoken of distinctly as the parish church and the abbey or priory church. There was often a complete barrier between the two, and the people had what may be called their own high altar at the east end of the nave."

When the monasteries were suppressed, the eastern portion of the church, being as fully a possession of the fraternity as any separate chapel within the convent gates, became the exclusive property of the king, or of the person to whom he granted their messuages and tenements. In that case its doom was commonly sealed, especially where the people either had no right in the building, or were but few in number and poor in purse. Sometimes it was left to fall down from mere neglect and the effect of time; more often the work of destruction was immediate. The useless fabrics were converted into money, and the noblest works of mediæval art were sold as old building materials; stone, timber, lead, and glass being cleared away with no more scruple or

* Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society, Vol. VI., p. 1.

compunction, though with less ease of performance, than if they had been the work of some jerry-builder of the present century.

Thus perished Netley and Beaulieu, Glastonbury and Tintern, Furness and Fountains, with many another noble structure, whose battered ruins still protest against the Vandalism which permitted their destruction, and the many evil deeds by which the English Reformation was marred. For the same reason, not a few of our parish churches are only fragments, one-half of the mediæval structure having been destroyed, and in this case it is generally the nave which has remained. The parishioners retained their right to the part in which they had always worshipped; the courtier to whom the choir had been granted, if he did not actually pull it down to the ground, sold all that could be readily converted into money, and then left the bare, roofless walls to battle with the elements. Thus it has happened at Malmesbury and Usk, at Chepstow and Fotheringay. In some cases, however, either by a rare liberality on the part of the new owner, as at Dorchester, or by the public spirit of the people, as at Tewkesbury, the monastic part was added to the parochial, and the whole became one church.

A few churches, however, yet remain where the distinction of ownership is neither indicated by the destruction of one portion of the building, nor has it been obliterated by subsequent changes, as in the last-mentioned churches, but where it is still clearly recorded by the internal arrangement of the building. Of these cases, now rare, we will take two examples—one where the building has become, in effect, a single parish church, the other where the divided ownership yet continues, and is miserably conspicuous to the eye of the most casual visitor.

Dunster Church, in Somersetshire, is our first instance, though an alteration in the arrangements, effected during a restoration a few years since—an alteration in many respects to be regretted—has rendered its testimony to a divided ownership less clear than it was formerly. Dunster is a singularly picturesque old-world village, just the spot where memorials of the past would linger on with little change till they withered before the steam-blast of the nineteenth century. Between the rugged Brendon Hills and the south coast of the Bristol Channel there is a level strath, a little to the west of Minehead, which was formerly, no doubt, beneath the waters of the sea. From this the hills rose steeply, clad with forest or heather, and the village of Dunster clusters about a little brook which issues from their recesses. One outlying knoll projects like a bastion from the main mass. On this "tor" no doubt some British chief placed his "dun" or hill-fort, and the Norman De Mohun, when he came, made it ultimately the site of his castle. The picturesque old home of the Luttrells, the successors of the De Mohuns in the ownership, has its own tale of moving

incidents, but of these we cannot tell; we must hasten to the church. This stands in the town at a lower level than the castle. A church has long occupied this site, for the foundation of the priory dates soon after the Norman Conquest, whilst the oldest part of the castle was built in the reign of Stephen. Very little, however, is left of the Norman structure. The greater part is of much later date. Externally it appears to be a rather long and low Perpendicular church, somewhat plain and heavy in style, with a central tower of the usual Somersetshire pattern, though it is by no means a striking example of its kind. Internally it is an exceptionally interesting church, which has preserved some woodwork of remarkable beauty.

We will describe the church as it was when its history was written by Professor Freeman, because the peculiarities in its arrangements will thus be more readily understood. There was, as we have said, formerly a Norman church on this site, of which some traces still remain in the western arch of the central tower, and at the west end. In the fifteenth century the church appears to have had a Norman nave and aisles, a massive lantern tower at the crossing of the transepts, and an eastern limb without aisles, but with side-chapels or apses attached to the east walls of the transepts. The old church was occupied by the monks of the adjoining priory and by the parishioners of



DUNSTER: CHURCH AND CASTLE.

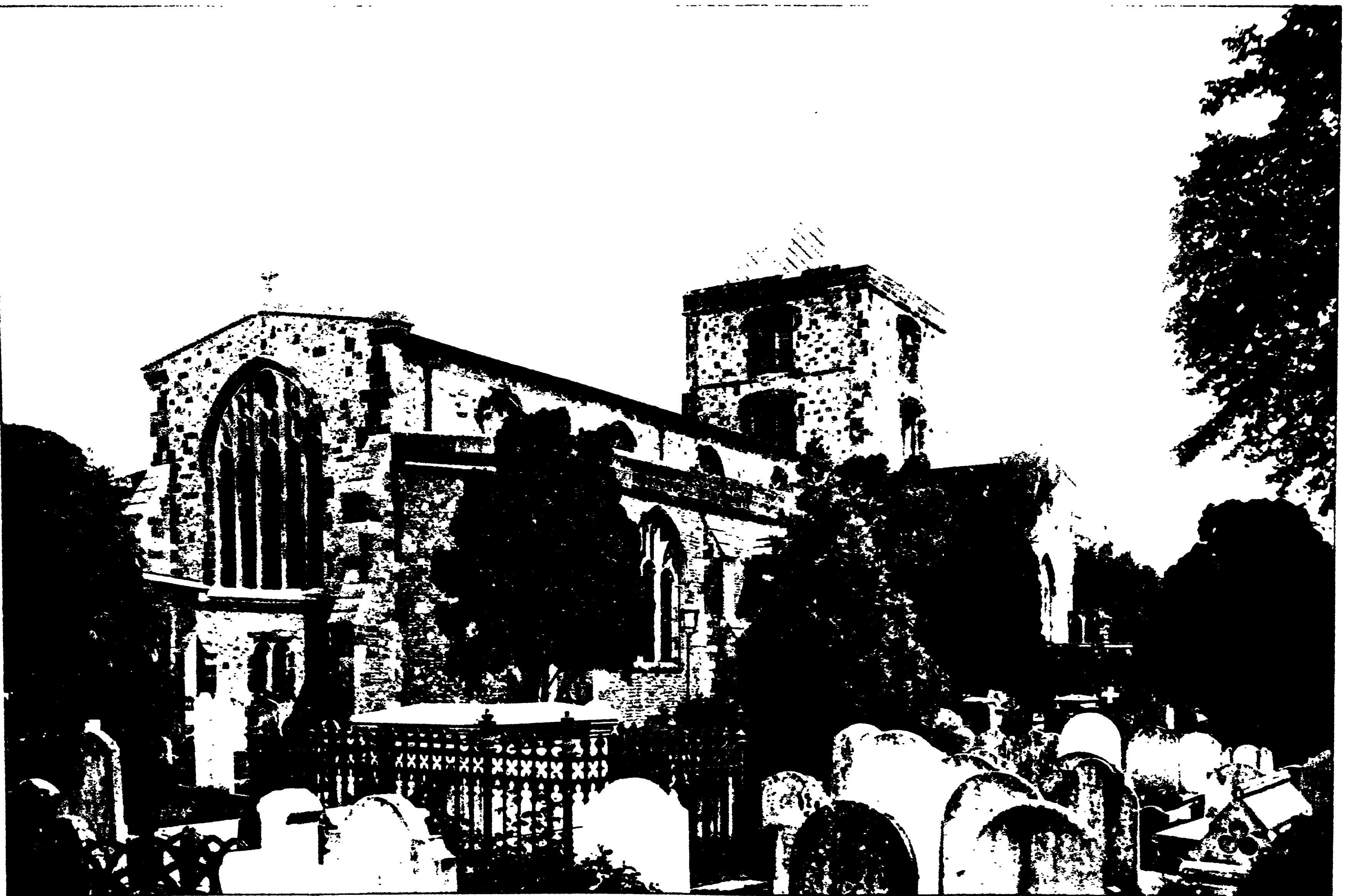
Dunster town, and disputes as to rights and ownership arose towards the end of the century between the Prior and monks, on the one hand, and the vicar and parishioners on the other. These were at last referred for award to the

Abbot of Glastonbury, who decreed that the latter should leave the choir wholly to the monks, and make their own choir under the nave. In consequence of this award the parishioners rebuilt the nave. Fortunately the quarrel did not proceed so far as at Wymondham, in Norfolk, where, in consequence of similar disputes, the church was practically cut in two, the monks building a tower at the west of the choir which insulated it from the nave, while the parishioners presently added to the latter a western tower, so that the church underwent what biologists call multiplication by fission. At Dunster, however, a *modus vivendi* was arrived at; the parishioners rebuilt their nave, placed their own high altar under the western tower-arch, and erected a magnificent rood-loft. This cuts off the two bays west of the tower, extends across both the nave and the aisles, and is approached by an exterior turret. The choir became the priory chapel, cut off by another screen, under the eastern tower-arch, from the transepts and crossing, which thus served the purpose of an ante-chapel, having a direct communication with the priory buildings on the north side of the church.* Such was the old arrangement, which continued down to our own days, but was somewhat modified a few years since, when the church was restored, by placing the communion-table against the last-named screen, so that the transepts are now incorporated into what may be called the ritual choir. The chancel, however, east of this screen still forms a distinct chapel, seated, and with its own altar.

Aisles of two bays each were added by the monks to their choir, so that the general effect is that of a late Perpendicular building. The woodwork in the roofs and fittings, wherever the early work remains, is good, while that of the great rood-screen is grand even for Somersetshire. Some old pavement of encaustic tiles is to be seen in the chantry of the De Mohuns; there are tombs of the Luttrells, but, on the whole, the monuments remaining in the church are less numerous and less interesting than might have been expected under the circumstances.

The other instance which we have chosen is Arundel, in Sussex, well known for the great castle of the Dukes of Norfolk, which crowns the slope above the Arun. Some eight centuries since there existed in Arundel the parochial chapel of St. Nicholas and the chapel of St. Martin in the keep of the castle. About this time, in the year 1094, the Priory of Arundel was founded, and after various changes, into which it is needless to enter, the rectory was annexed to it by William de Albini in 1178. The parochial and conventual churches were thus united. The priory was suppressed about the year 1381, the College of St. George, founded at first on the south-eastern side of the castle, was transferred thither, and a new college built adjacent to the Church of St. Nicholas,

* The same arrangement exists at the Abbaye aux Dames, Caen.



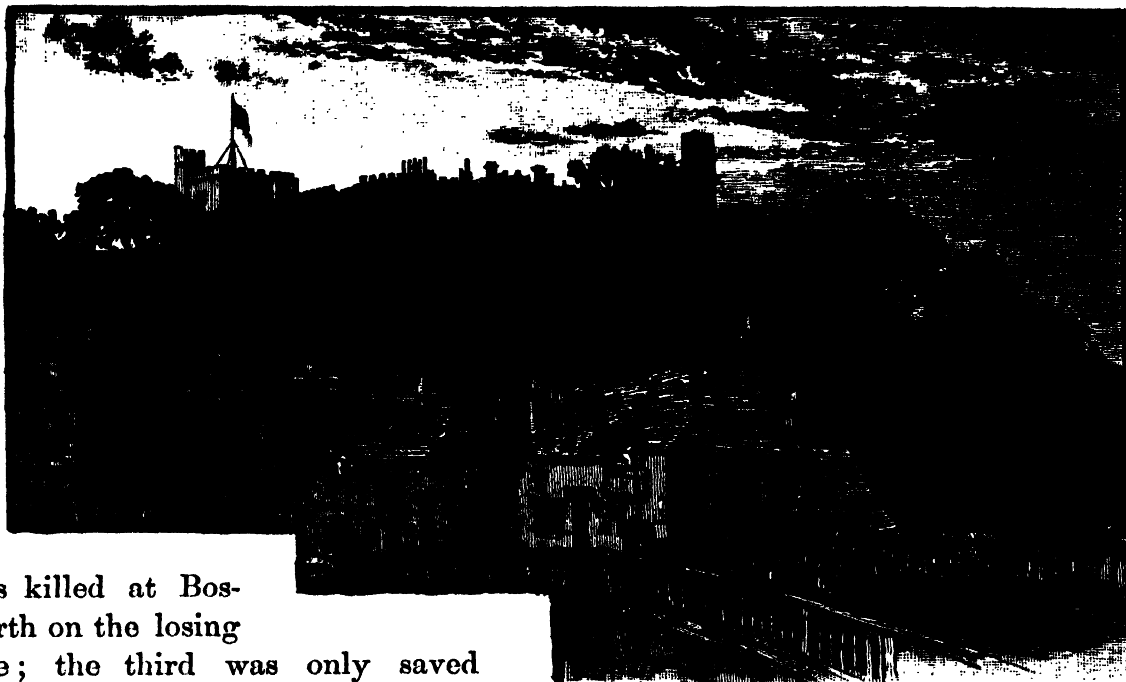
ARUNDEL CHURCH

the statutes of which are dated in the year 1387. At the suppression of the monasteries the King found it a poor plunder, but ultimately sold it for a rather high price to Henry Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, when the bulk of the collegiate buildings were destroyed. Some remains, however, may still be seen on the south-east, where they are now incorporated into a Roman Catholic nunnery.

The church is cruciform in plan, with a central tower rising two stages from the roof. On this elevated position, during the Civil War, two cannon were mounted, and a brisk fire was kept up by the Puritan soldiers against the Royalists, who were holding the castle. The latter, who surrendered after a fortnight's siege, must have been ill-provided with artillery, for the tower does not appear to have suffered materially in the conflict. The church is Perpendicular in style, and, as became a poor foundation, is rather plain. Apparently the Fitz Alans were less liberal in their gifts to the church at their gate than many a noble family prior to the Reformation. At the suppression of the priory the portion belonging to the monks, in this case the choir only, became the property of the purchaser, and at the present day belongs to the Duke of Norfolk. The divided ownership was confirmed a few years since by a legal decision, and has been unhappily commemorated by the erection of a brick wall under the eastern tower-arch, which entirely isolates the Fitz Alan choir. In the parish church there is little calling for notice, except that the "ritual choir" is enclosed by a low barrier, as may still be seen in many Italian churches; there are the remains of some curious mural paintings, and the pulpit is formed from an old stone chantry or shrine. This has been applied to its former use during a late restoration of the church. In the last century, when, as we read, "the general character of the interior" was "calculated rather to convey an idea of cleanliness and order than to awaken any of the more solemn feelings of religion," this pulpit was "surrounded by curtains and converted into a private pew."

The "Fitz Alan Chapel," though the burial-place of that family and of the Howards, their successors, was grievously mutilated in the last century. It had long been neglected and allowed to fall into disrepair, but in the year 1782 the Duke of Norfolk sanctioned the demolition of the ancient roof. This was done in the most reckless manner; the heavy beams were sawn through and allowed to fall within the building, crushing the woodwork of the stalls, injuring the tombs, and even breaking the stone pavement of the choir. At the present day visitors, except on rare occasions, are excluded by an ungracious exercise of legal rights from the building, and from the sight of some of the most interesting monuments in Britain. The series is less complete than we should expect. Of late date there are none of importance, and the earlier have been diminished in number by neglect and wanton destruction.

In the vaults beneath lie many of the Howards. They seem to have been generally a short-lived and often an ill-fated race. The first Duke of Norfolk



ARUNDEL CASTLE.

was killed at Bosworth on the losing side; the third was only saved from the axe by the death of Henry VIII., which occurred just too late to save his eldest son, the Earl of Surrey, from that fate. The fourth Duke was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth. His eldest son was also sentenced to death, but was reprieved, and died, "not without suspicion of poison," a prisoner in the Tower. His body, in the year 1623, was transferred to these vaults. His successor, Thomas, died at Padua, a voluntary exile during the Civil War, but is buried here, as are most of his heirs, who have come to a peaceful end, but have not usually attained to a long term of years.

The monuments of interest are those of their predecessors, the Fitz Alans. On an altar-tomb of blue marble and alabaster, unhappily much damaged, lie the recumbent figures of Thomas Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, a son of the founder of the college, and his wife, a daughter of John I., King of Portugal. His successor, John Fitz Alan, who died in 1421, was content with a simpler monument. A table-tomb, with an armoured figure on the upper slab and a wasted corpse below, commemorates John, son of the last named, who died and was buried at Beauvais in the year 1435. But the most remarkable monument is placed against the south wall, and commemorates William Fitz Alan, brother and successor to the last named, and his countess, a sister of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.

It is a small projecting chantry, consisting of three bays, the middle one being occupied by the actual tomb, and the eastern cut off by a screen built at the foot of the monument. The canopy is enriched with most elaborate panel-sculpture, and in advance of the slender shafts which support it are spiral columns, terminated by ornamental capitals, enlarged into a kind of bracket, on which probably small statues were formerly placed. The general plan and the architectural design is mediæval, but the influence of the Renaissance is occasionally perceptible, so that the Fitz-Alan shrine, strictly speaking, belongs to that interesting series of remains which illustrates the gradual development of the Jacobean style from the Tudor or latest Gothic.

During the last few years the chapel has undergone a much-needed restoration. The roof—a memorial in itself, as has been said above, of the barbarism of a former owner—has been entirely renewed. The traces of dilapidation have disappeared from the interior, and the injuries of time or of brutality repaired, without the introduction of any of those garish decorations which harmonise so ill with the venerable aspect of an ancient building.

T. G. Bonney.



DUNSTER.

CHISWICK AND KEW.

TWO ARTISTS' GRAVES.

IT is, perhaps, not too much to say that the composite and, to speak truly, the unimposing church which stood by the river at Chiswick till the end of the year 1882, would never have become famous but for the attractions of the locality as a resort for a number of distinguished inhabitants, who in the last two centuries sought rest and recreation in the pleasant river-side suburb. At all events, the more modern portion of the structure—with the exception of one or two restorations or improvements—so obscured and vulgarised the original simple building that, with the memorials of those who were buried within the walls or in the graveyard, and the famous or notorious names to be seen in the registers, the old building, with its really remarkable tower, and wall of stone and flint, might have been better left as an example of a plain church of the early part of the fifteenth century, when William Bordal, the vicar of the parish, who died in 1435, erected the said tower at his own cost. Dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the fishermen, who were the principal inhabitants of Cheswick, or Cheswyche, it consisted, like many more important churches, only of a nave and chancel, with a good roof of open timber. Of the original edifice, which was Transition Early English in style, nothing remains but the tower. The nave was the reverse of attractive, for its rugged simplicity had been destroyed, by the addition of ugly transepts, built of brick in that worst period of ecclesiastical architecture represented by the dates of their erection, 1772 and 1817. These transepts were extended as space was required, and therefore became more hideous by assuming the aspect, without the true proportions, of aisles; and though careful and judicious restorations were attempted, Chiswick Church was still dependent for its interest on associations commencing early in the seventeenth century.



HOGARTH.

In 1861 there was an investigation of the condition of the structure of the church, and it was found that the previous additions were not only unsightly but unsafe. It was then determined to "restore" it, and the vestry, taking upon themselves the best method of doing so, decided, after fifteen months' discussion,

to destroy the sound old carved walnut-wood "hammer-beam" roof, which had been concealed by a whitewashed ceiling above the nave, and to adopt a cheap substitute, which put the finishing touch of irremediable ugliness upon the building. Some better alterations were made, and in 1869 Mr. Henry Smith, of Chiswick, presented an organ-chamber and organ; but in 1882 that gentleman proposed to rebuild the church, and with the vicar, the Rev. Lawford W. T. Dale, who has held the sacred office for above thirty years, set about the work in earnest. On the 1st of October in that year the last service took place in the building which had been patched, altered, and made more and more hideous for a century and a half. As many of the congregation as could be accommodated worshipped in the Chapel of Ease of St. Mary Magdalene, and the old stone tower of the church was screened from the works for daily celebrations, baptisms, marriages, &c.

This old stone tower has been strictly preserved, the vicar having taken care that whatever repairs were needed should not change its external aspect. Where the stones of the casing required removal they were restored to their original places, and retain their ancient appearance. This tower is, therefore, in a sense the most interesting part of the fabric; but the interior of the church, which was completed in 1884, under the direction of Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., the eminent architect, is very imposing, not only because of its appearance of spaciousness, notwithstanding the limited area which it occupies, but in consequence of a certain appropriateness and congruity of architectural design, especially in the arches of the nave, which resemble that of the old west tower. The east window is of an earlier, and the aisles of a later, date of architecture. The window on the north-east of the chancel is in memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and was presented by the churchwardens; it represents Christ stilling the tempest. But the most interesting window is that in the south wall of the chancel aisle. It was one of the clerestory windows in the old Cathedral of Cologne, was presented by Mr. John Charles Sharpe and Lady Smart, and is magnificent and almost startling in its depth and intensity of colour.

Monuments which occupied positions in the old church have been replaced in the present building. That (of alabaster) to the memory of Sir Thomas Chaloner, of Gisborough, the famous chemist, soldier, author, and poet, who was knighted by Henry IV. of France, is here near the window, and there are mortuary tablets on the walls to the Walpoles and others.

The first extension of the church was due to Dr. Walker, a Puritan incumbent under the Commonwealth, who set up a tablet (now in the tower) recording that William Bordall, the vicar, was founder of "ye steeple." But the most interesting mementoes are in the churchyard, for there lies William Hogarth, the great painter, humorist, and moralist, whose monument, erected by David Garrick, is conspicuous on the south

side, crowned by a flame in burnished brass. Garrick wrote an epitaph and sent it to Dr. Johnson, who, not liking it, made such considerable



CHISWICK.

HOGARTH'S TOMB.

alterations or suggestions that very little of the original composition was left, and the result was that Garrick wrote another, with or without Johnson's assistance. It is not a very striking performance:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

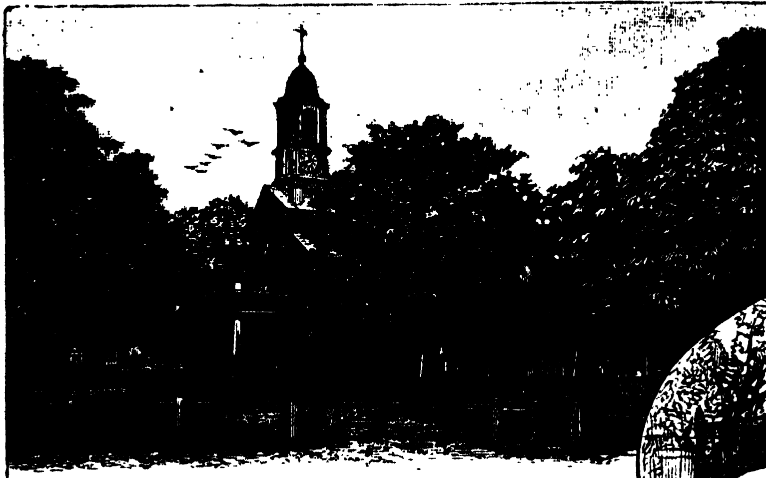
"If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

This, too, is signed "D. Garrick." The inscription on the monument shows that Mrs. Hogarth, who was the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the artist who painted the dome of St. Paul's and the ceilings at Bloxham and Greenwich, also lies here. She died in 1789, and was eighty years old, having survived her husband

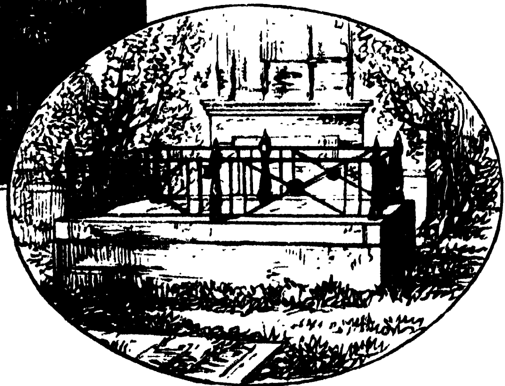
twenty-five years. Lady Thornhill, her mother, and the widow of Sir James, is also buried in the churchyard. Among many well-known names, that make this one of the most remarkable burial-places in England, are those of Kent, the architect and famous landscape gardener, who designed and completed the extension and formation of Kensington Gardens (he lies in the vault of the Cavendish family); Sharp, the famous "line" engraver; two of Cromwell's daughters, Mary Countess Fauconberg and Frances Lady Russell; Barbara Duchess of Cleveland; and Ugo Foscolo, the Italian patriot, whose remains were exhumed in 1871 and transferred to Florence. Members of old families of the district, and numerous personages associated with art and letters, found their last resting-place in Chiswick churchyard, on the outside of the wall of which, on the north-east, may be read:—

"This wall was made at ye charges of ye right honourable and truelie pious Lord Francis Russell, Earle of Bedford, out of true zeale and care for ye keeping of this churchyard and ye wardrobe of Godd's saints, whose bodies lay therein buryed, from violating by swine and other profanation. So witnesseth William Walker, V., A.D., 1623."

The parish church at Kew, of which the original building goes no farther back than Queen Anne, has also so altered during the past few years that there are few indications of the ancient structure, and few objects of interest to the visitor, fewer still to the antiquary. Kew itself has not a little to interest the ordinary observer, independently of its associations with Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Princess Caroline; with their son, George the Third, and his Queen Charlotte, in their rustic retirement at the old Dutch house, where they dined off boiled mutton and turnips, and kept no Court; and



KEW.



GAINSBOROUGH'S TOMB.

more recently with the Royal Princes and Princesses, the sons and daughters of Farmer George, and especially with the Duke of Cumberland, of by no means pious memory, who endeavoured to divert the succession from the Princess Victoria. Kew Church is conspicuous because of its situation on Kew Green, where it was built by subscription, Queen Anne contributing sufficiently to make it desirable to name the building "the Chapel of St. Anne of Kew Green." Thus it was named at its completion on the 12th of May, 1714, and it was then little more than a chapel, consisting of a nave with an aisle on the north, and a school-room on the south; and thus it continued till 1837, when considerable extensions were made, chiefly in consequence of very handsome donations from William IV., who did not live to see the completion of the new structure in 1838. That the King took much personal interest in the work is shown by the fact that on his visiting Kew for the last time in 1837, he inspected the plans and estimates prepared by the architect, and after his death it was found that he had made provision of nearly five thousand pounds for the purpose of carrying out the requisite work. On a brass plate in front of the gallery is the following inscription, dictated by himself, for the purpose of being placed in the church: "King William IV., in the year 1836, directed 200 free seats to be provided in this church at his expense, for the accommodation of the poor of the parish and of the children of the King's Free School, to be for ever appropriated to their use." The gallery at the west end of the church will contain about sixty persons, and on its front, beside the brass plate with the inscription, are the arms of William IV. and a number of royal hatchments, the most conspicuous of which are those of Ernest, the aforementioned Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover), and of the Duke of Cambridge.

In 1882 there were further considerable extensions of the building then called "The Royal Church" at Kew—the proposal to enlarge it having been cordially endorsed by a meeting of the inhabitants—for Kew and the neighbourhood had become places of vastly greater importance since the time that Frederick of Wales lived there and began to form the Royal Gardens. The district had long before that date become of importance as a London suburb, and the Gardens had for many years been among the most popular resorts near the metropolis. The Queen had subscribed £100, and the Duke of Cambridge, who presided at the meeting, gave a like amount; while the Duchess of Teck, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and all the connections of the Cambridge branch of the Royal Family, were interested in the work, which it was estimated would cost £5,500. Among other efforts to raise the money was a morning concert at St. James's Hall, organised by the Duchess of Teck. The result is now to be seen in the new chancel, behind which is a mortuary chapel where the bodies of the late Duke and Duchess of Cambridge lie. The raising of the

"waggon" roof of the nave and the lowering of the seats have given a greater height and appearance of space to the main portion of the building.

The organ, which occupies a recess on the north-west of the altar, is an object of interest, for it is said to have belonged to the great Frederick Handel, and to have been much admired by George III., who was not a bad judge in such matters. It was presented to the church by George IV. in 1823. Only a few of the monuments on the walls are of much interest, not even excepting those of Lady Dorothy Capel, 1721, and Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, 1717; but the attention of the visitor is directed to the memorials of some famous men, and especially famous painters, who are buried in the churchyard, which is only divided from Kew Green by a dwarf wall. The grave of Gainsborough is there, though no mural tablet was erected to his memory till 1875, when another noted painter, Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., placed one on the south wall of the church.

The tomb of Zoffany, the celebrated portrait painter, who lived at Strand-on-the-Green, and died in 1810, is in the churchyard, and some of his relatives lie not far from him. The picture by which he is best remembered is a group of Royal Academicians, who are represented as having met at the hall of the Academy on "a drawing night." On the north wall of the church is a tablet to the memory of Jeremiah Meyer, R.A. ("Painter in miniature and enamel to George III."), who died in 1789; the design of the memorial is the Muse of Painting mourning beneath a medallion bust of the artist, and there is a long inscription in verse by Hayley, of which all that can be said is that it is in the usual turgid style of such mementoes. The tomb of Gainsborough is, perhaps, the most striking object in the churchyard, but it had fallen into decay until it was completely restored and surrounded with an iron railing at the expense of Mr. E. M. Ward. The renewed inscription tells us that the great landscape painter died August 22nd, 1788, at the age of 62, and that his wife Margaret, who also lies there, died in December, 1798, aged 71. In this grave also lies Mr. Gainsborough Dupont, a son of the sister of Gainsborough and pupil of the famous painter. Mr. Dupont, whose father was a French refugee, died at his house in Fitzroy Square on the 20th of January, 1797. He was an artist of no mean ability, and his name appears in the list of directors of the "French Protestant Hospital" in 1794. His portrait, painted by himself, has recently been acquired by the directors of that institution, and may be seen in the Court Room of the Hospice, Victoria Park, among other valuable mementoes. Near the grave of Gainsborough is that of his friend Joshua Kirby, the father of the noted Mrs. Trimmer; and not far from Zoffany's is that of Mr. R. Ford, "genealogist." Francis Bauer, the once famous microscopist, is also buried here.

At the eastern end of the church one of the more recent tablets has been

placed—that designed by Professor F. T. Palgrave to the memory of his uncle, Sir William Hooker, director of the Royal Gardens, who died in 1865.

Kew was originally only a hamlet to Kingston, and was united to Petersham as a parish in 1769. Before that date, however, it had been distinguished by the residence known as Kew House, which was afterwards converted into the royal palace. This mansion belonged, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to Richard Bennett, Esq., whose daughter and heiress married Sir Henry, afterwards Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, who died Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1696. His widow resided for many years at Kew, and was buried there. Kew House then became the property of Samuel Molineaux, Esq., who married her daughter; this gentleman, who was known as a man of letters, and "an ingenious astronomer," became secretary to George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.), who took a lease of Kew House, where, among many other famous visitors, Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was a frequent guest. Kew House was afterwards altered and improved by Kent for the Princess-Dowager, widow of Frederick Prince of Wales and mother of George III.



GAINSBOROUGH.

(From a portrait painted by himself.)

Not the least interesting of the associations of Kew Church is that of the eccentric Caleb Colton, the author of "Lacon," vicar of Kew and Petersham, who, of course, preached at Kew Church. This gentleman, who was neither of coarse nor of dissipated habits, and who possessed much refinement, wit, and learning, was ruined by a passion for gambling. Eventually he shot himself through the head at Fontainebleau, whither he had gone to again try his fortune at the tables, where, strangely enough, as it was reported, he had won £25,000.

It may be added that for many years their late Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge resided at Kew, where the present Duke and his two sisters, Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess of Teck and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, were brought up. The Duke and Duchess of Teck were married in the parish church on the 12th of June, 1867; and here also they attended a special service on their silver wedding day in 1892. The children of this marriage are three sons and her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Mary, Duchess of York. The Duke of Cambridge now occupies Cambridge Cottage, the former residence of his deceased mother.

THOMAS ARCHER.



THE CHOIR.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE ENGLISH ESCURIAL.

COMPOSITE, heterogeneous, an organic growth rather than a premeditated construction, such is Windsor Castle; at once a palace and a barrack, a bede-house and a college ecclesiastical. It is no solitary stronghold of military power, no secluded abode of luxurious ease, but is almost a town within a town, inhabited by folk of diverse ranks and callings, who are associated by one common bond of loyal service to the Crown of Great Britain. Thus, like this, it is in touch with the nation; it is the history writ in stone not only of English kings, but also of English men, who in their day have drunk of life's cup of pleasure and of pain within its walls, and now sleep beneath the shadow of its chapel.

As this is an integral part of the castle, the history of the one cannot be wholly dissociated from that of the other, and a few words must be devoted to the early days of the castle before proceeding to the details of the chapel. When the Norman Conqueror first landed in England, neither walls nor towers

were standing here. The site of Windsor was but a wooded, chalky hill overlooking the Thames, on the margin of a forest which extended southward from the river for many a mile. It was a long undulating mound, running for a space parallel with the water. On this side it fell steeply, on the other it shelved down more gently. This part of the forest had been bestowed by the Confessor on his Abbey of Westminster; it pleased the Conqueror, who acquired it by exchange from the abbey, and ultimately decided to build for himself a castle on the hill. Thus Windsor has been a royal residence from the days of the first of the Norman kings.

The Conqueror's castle, doubtless, was much inferior in size to the present great group of buildings. It was enlarged by Henry I., and then probably corresponded in area roughly with the present Lower Ward, being terminated by the Round Tower as its keep. Doubtless there was already a chapel, though probably a small one; but of this nothing remains. The first on record was erected by Henry III., the builder of the abbey at Westminster. This — a building about sixty feet in length—stood to the east of the present chapel, nearly on the site of the Tombhouse, otherwise Wolsey or Albert Chapel. Edward III., when establishing the Order of the Garter, erected a chapel in honour of St. George and for the use of the knights, and founded, in the year 1348, a college of priests, named after that saint. The building is gone, but the institution remains, though modified by change of creed and change of circumstances; and it now consists of a dean, four canons, and the usual establishment of minor officials, with which were connected certain bedesmen called the "Poor Knights of Windsor," but now the "Military Knights of Windsor."

At that time the king abandoned the old royal residence west of the keep to the clergy and garrison, and erected east of it a new palace for himself, which is represented by the present Upper Ward. This chapel of St. George probably stood on the ground now occupied by the eastern part of the existing chapel.* Apparently it was not a good piece of mason's work; for when Edward IV. reigned, it was in such a state of dilapidation that the king determined to rebuild it on a scale more worthy of the palace and of the great order of knighthood. Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury and Dean of Windsor, had the oversight of the work, which was commenced about 1474, and pushed on vigorously, so that in five years the building appears to have been ready for roofing. At first most of it was covered with wood. The choir and probably the nave were vaulted in the reign of Henry VII. As the former was completed in 1506, the present building, allowing for sundry minor alterations and for restoration, is a record of the latest period of the so-called Gothic architecture, its style being very late Perpendicular or Tudor.

* On this matter, however, authorities are not agreed.

The chapel is rather peculiar in its plan; it is a long, square-ended building with aisles, forming an ambulatory at the east end, crossed by two very short transepts with apsidal terminations. At the eastern extremity of the south aisle is a tall projecting chapel which, to some extent, repeats the form of the transept. At the western end and elsewhere are other side chapels. The hill-top slopes down westward, so that the great door at that end of the chapel is high above the level of the ground, and is approached by a flight of steps, which add much to the dignity of the façade. This looks down into the Horseshoe Cloister, a most picturesque group of buildings in red brick and timber (a restoration or rebuilding by Mr. G. G. Scott), which occupies the site of the cloister built by Edward III. in the form of a fetterlock, one of his badges. The southern flank of the chapel lies open to the Lower Ward, but the view of the northern is less complete, though more interesting, while the eastern end is almost blocked by the Tomb-house. But as the architecture, as is usual in buildings of this period, is rather monotonous in conception, the visitor will probably frequent the southern side if he wish readily to comprehend the design, but the northern if he be in search of the picturesque, for on this side will be found some delightfully quaint nooks and corners.

As is the exterior, so is the interior of St. George's Chapel—ornate, but monotonous. There is hardly a square yard which is absolutely free from decoration; but the architect seems to have concentrated his whole faculties on the design of one bay, and then to have written upon the drawing, "Repeat this so many times." St. George's Chapel is larger, but less ornate, than that of Henry VII. in the Abbey of Westminster; it is smaller and inferior in its design to that of King's College, Cambridge, which was commenced by Henry VI. Still, it is no unworthy rival of the latter; for if this claim superiority in the greater richness and grace of its vaulting, and in the grandeur of its huge windows, St. George's may put forward its more varied plan, due to the use of aisles and of transepts.

The nave of St. George's Chapel, were it not for some monuments of interest, would be distinctly monotonous, notwithstanding its architectural enrichment; so that we may pass on into the choir, which is markedly divided from the remainder of the chapel by the rather massive organ-screen and the unusually lofty canopy-work of its stalls. Few places in England are richer in interesting and impressive associations than this; for on every side we are surrounded by memorials of the most illustrious of our own nation, of not a few among the rulers over foreign countries. The massive dark oak seats, which rise as usual on either hand, lead up to a row of stalls, above which are richly-carved canopies. These are terminated by high spire-like pinnacles beautifully wrought in wood. On the top of each is placed a gilded helmet, from which

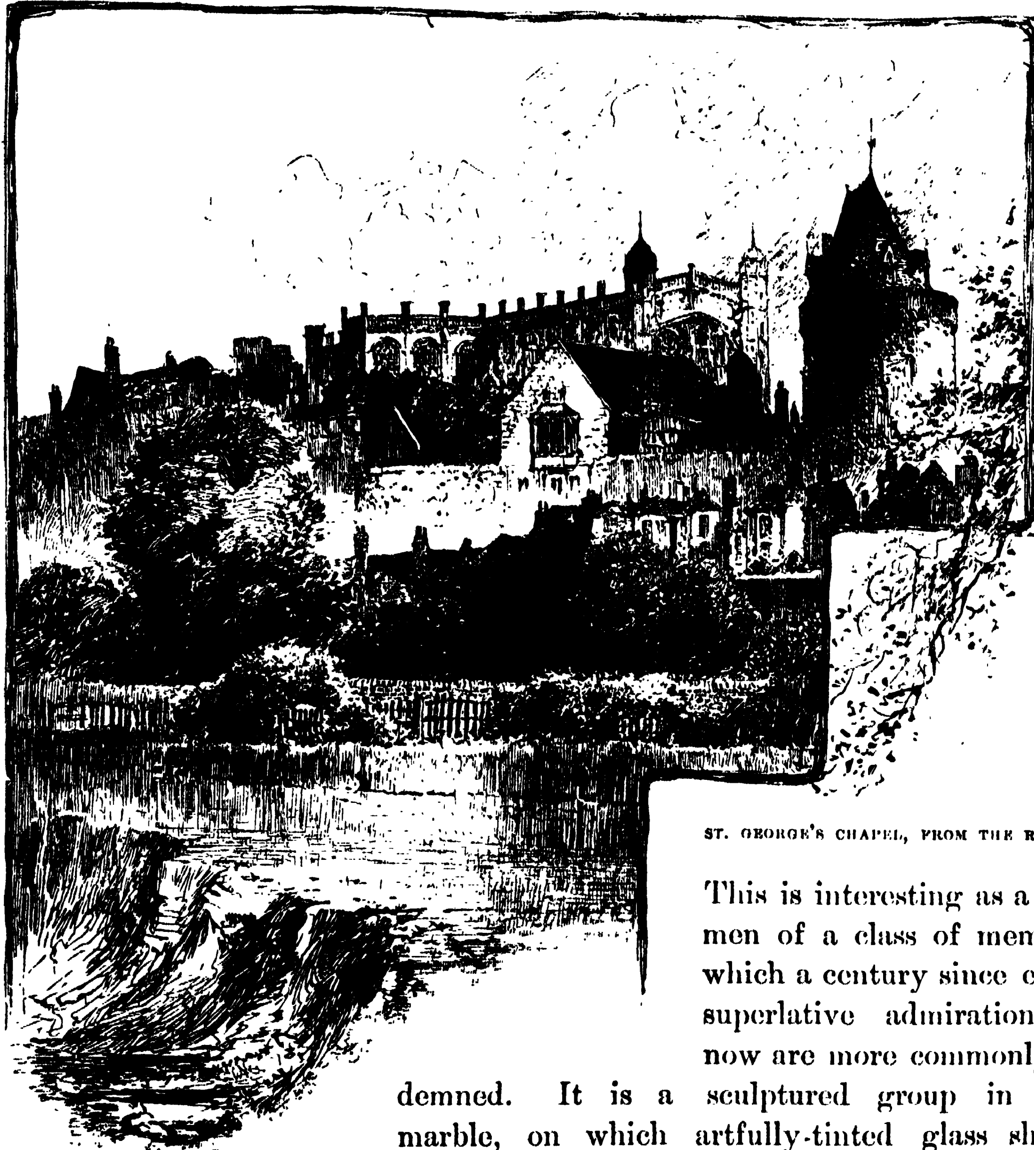
depends a gilded sword, and over each, projecting forward from the wall, hangs a richly-blazoned banner. For this choir is the chapel of the knights of the Order of the Garter, to each of whom a stall is now allotted. His name and arms are inscribed on a brass plate, his crest is on the helmet, his arms are blazoned on the banner. At his death, helmet, sword, and banner are taken down; the plate is moved to a higher position on the panelling, thus indicating a vacancy in the Order.

As we pass along through the choir we read the names of men "such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding;" men who "were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times." Curious, too, sometimes are the collocations into which the names are brought; but over these details we must not linger, though some of the older plates are in themselves interesting as fine examples of enamelling on metal. At the present time the return stalls at the western end of the choir are occupied by members of the Royal House of England, and those next to them, as a rule, by foreign sovereigns. A handsome modern reredos of richly-carved alabaster and marble has been erected beneath the great east window; and this, which was formerly occupied by very ugly stained glass of the Georgian era, has recently been restored and filled with admirable modern stained glass, the work of Messrs. Clayton and Bell, as a memorial to the late Prince Consort.

But St. George's Chapel is not less interesting as a place of burial than for its memorials of the Order of the Garter. In this respect it is second only to Westminster Abbey, though the interments are far less numerous, and the tombs of members of the royal houses bear a larger proportion to those of illustrious subjects; for the position of the chapel renders it a natural resting-place for the one, but an accidental resting-place for the other. The memorials of greatest interest lie in the eastern part of the chapel. In the nave they are not numerous. On the southern side, near the west end, a handsome altar-tomb commemorates the late Duke of Kent; and in the Beaufort Chapel, near to it, are monuments of the Somerset family;* among others is that of the Marquis of Worcester, noted for his brave defence of Raglan Castle against the Parliamentary forces. On the opposite side, against the western wall—the great window is filled by stained glass, much of it ancient, collected together in 1774 from various parts of the building—is a statue of the late King Leopold of Belgium; and near it, affixed to the wall, an ornamental brass plate, which commemorates "Alamayu, the son of Theodore," who fell into the hands of our forces at the capture of Magdala, and before the completion of his education in England, though not until he had given

* That to the first Duke of Beaufort, which formerly encumbered the chapel, was removed some years since to Badminton.

proof of bright intelligence, and an amiable disposition, died from an attack of inflammation. In an adjacent chapel is a monument to the Princess Charlotte.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, FROM THE RIVER.

This is interesting as a specimen of a class of memorials which a century since evoked superlative admiration, but now are more commonly condemned. It is a sculptured group in white marble, on which artfully-tinted glass sheds a golden light. Mourners watch a bier on which a veiled corpse is lying; above it, from between a pair of curtains, a female figure soars upwards, supposed to represent the spirit of the Princess quitting the tomb; on either side is an angel, one bearing in its arms her infant. To insert this monument a very interesting screen, erected by the founder of the chantry, Dean Urswick, was, again in strict accordance with the spirit of the age, removed into the south choir aisle. Against the wall in the north aisle is a sculptured tablet which commemorates the late King of Hanover. To obtain a place for

this, the least felicitous in design of the more modern monuments, the stone-work of the wall has been defaced.

The northern transept, or Exeter Chapel, contains numerous memorials, frequently of canons and others connected with the place; but the fine effigies of Lord Roos and his wife, niece to Edward IV., are of greater interest. In the south transept, also, or Braye Chapel (named after its founder, Sir Reginald Braye, Knight of the Garter in the reign of Henry VII.), are several memorials, the most conspicuous being the beautiful white marble cenotaph to the late Prince Imperial of France, which, as will be remembered, was originally intended for Westminster Abbey.

Monuments of early date are more numerous and interesting in the eastern half of the chapel. St. Stephen's chantry in the northern aisle commemorates Lord Hastings, Chamberlain to Edward IV., the tale of whose summary execution is familiar to all readers of Shakespeare. From the Wars of the Roses till the days of Elizabeth illustrious heads parted so easily from illustrious necks that one would think the "due conduct" on the scaffold must once have been as needful an item in the finished education of an English nobleman as was formerly the correct performance of *harakiri* to a Japanese. Further east is the tomb of the founder of the chapel, Edward IV. A short inscription commemorates him and his wife, "Elizabeth Widvile." Some very elaborate iron gates, reputed to be the work of Quintin Matsys, which once formed a screen to the tomb on this side, are now placed so as to be visible from the choir; and above it is the "royal pew," occupying two bays, with oriel openings projecting into the choir. On this screen were formerly suspended the king's coat of mail and his jewelled surcoat, but these are said to have been stolen by the Parliamentary troops.

In St. George's Chapel "blended lie the oppressor and the oppressed," for in the southern aisle a black slab covers the remains of Henry VI., removed hither from Chertsey. Pilgrims for a time came to this, as to a shrine, and found a cure for the headache in putting on an old red hat which the king had worn. Near to his grave another slab covers the remains of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The tall apsidal chantry at the east part of the aisle bears the name of the Earl of Lincoln, Lord High Admiral to Queen Elizabeth; and near his grave lies Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, under whose care the chapel was built. At the western end of the aisle a richly-adorned monument has been erected by the Queen to the memory of the late Duchess of Gloucester, and other members of that branch of the Royal Family. Opposite to this is the Oliver King chantry, which projects into the Lower Ward.

But a plain slab, which intercepts the chequered pavement of the choir, marks a place of yet greater historical interest, that of the vault where rests the body

of Henry VIII., by the side of Jane Seymour, the best-beloved of his many wives. In this vault—at an epoch widely different—without ceremony and without funeral rites, another corpse was laid, that of the ill-fated Charles I. Fain would he—a Stuart—have reigned as a Tudor king; but the effort only gave him a share in a Tudor's tomb. Such is the irony of fate.

The castle was the last place where Charles was imprisoned before he was removed to London. He quitted it shortly before Christmas, 1648, and on the 7th of February his body was brought back for interment. There it remained all through the next day, while search was made for a resting-place—not an easy task, for the Puritan lambs had been at play in the chapel, and the familiar landmarks were all but effaced. One of the townsmen, however, according to Clarendon, was able to indicate the vault of Henry VIII. Within this the coffin was entombed by a few faithful friends, in the presence of the Bishop of London, who, however, was not permitted to read the service of the English Church. Men did not fail to notice that as the coffin was borne to the chapel the white flecks of snow fell lightly on the black pall, and saw therein Nature's tribute to the innocency of the "martyr." At the Restoration a loyal Parliament voted a large sum—£70,000



—for the removal of the remains to Westminster, and the erection of a fitting monument. Neither the one nor the other was done—for which neglect various reasons were assigned. Clarendon states that the spot where the body was buried could not be identified by the surviving witnesses. This seems very strange, for the position of the Tudor vault could not well be mistaken, as it is in the middle of the choir. Some said that Charles II. was not anxious for the discovery of the coffin, because of a rumour that it did not really contain the

royal corpse. This hardly seems a reason for not erecting a monument, and we have never read that he returned the money. The coffin was found and opened in 1813, and an inspection of the corpse left no doubt that this was really the grave of Charles I.

Some distance further east is another royal vault—that constructed by George III. This is really excavated beneath the Tombhouse or Wolsey Chapel; but as its main entrance is from the eastern part of the choir, it may fittingly be mentioned here. In it, according to the list given in "Marshall's Guide to Windsor," are deposited the bodies of George III. and Queen Charlotte, George IV., William IV. and Queen Adelaide, with several other members of the Royal Family, among them being George V., ex-King of Hanover, whose remains were brought from Paris in June, 1878. Here also the body of the lamented Prince Consort rested for a time, until the magnificent mausoleum at Frogmore was completed.



THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE MONUMENT.

The Tombhouse, Wolsey Chapel—or Albert Chapel, as it has been named since the restoration—is parted from the east aisle of St. George's Chapel by a narrow passage. This structure has had a chequered history. It was begun by Henry VII., as a place of burial, nearly on the site of Henry III.'s Chapel, the remains of which can be traced in the north wall. The King, however, changed his mind, and erected instead the sumptuous chapel at Westminster. The unfinished structure was granted by Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. By him the work was completed, and the erection of an imposing monument of marble and bronze was commenced. But before this was done came the "nipping frost," and the disgraced

favourite was laid in the earth with scant ceremony at Leicester. Nothing more was done till the Parliamentarians sold the bronze for old metal.* Then, as the pendulum swung from Puritan Protector to Papist King, the ceiling was decorated by Verrio, and mass was celebrated in the chapel in the reign of James II. The building was again defaced in a popular tumult, and it remained unused until, as said above, the great royal vault was excavated beneath it during the reign of George III.

Of late years the Tombhouse has been magnificently restored. Venetian mosaics are inlaid in the compartments of the roof and window-space of the western wall. The eastern and side windows are filled with stained glass, the wall below is adorned with serpentine and coloured marbles, in which are framed beautiful examples of "pictures in marble" by the late Baron Triqueti, and medallions. Beneath these an ornamented bench of dark-green brecciated serpentine extends round the building. The floor, also, is paved with marbles of various colours, and in the central part are three marble monuments: one a cenotaph supporting a recumbent figure—the late Prince Consort—attired as a warrior in plate and mail armour, sheathing a sword—"I have fought the good fight;" the others, of the late Dukes of Albany and of Clarence. The interior of this chapel is the finest piece of restoration—or perhaps one should almost say, of adaptation—which has been executed in England since the revival of the study of mediæval architecture.



THE ALMS BOX.

The passage mentioned above brings us to the Dean's Cloister, a restored work of Edward III.'s age; thence, by a quaintly-cloistered passage to the "Hundred Steps," a steep descent leading into the town, and on the west by a fine portal—a good piece of Perpendicular work—to the space north of the chapel. The Deanery itself dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, but has been much modernised. North of the chapel is the small Chapter-house, with other apartments; and overlooking the castle wall are a number of interesting buildings, among them the Library and houses of various dates. These form a series of groups which are often interesting and almost always picturesque.

T. G. BONNEY.

* The sarcophagus—as is well known—was afterwards used for the interment of Nelson, and is in the crypt of St. Paul's.



DEEPDALE CHURCH, FROM THE EAST.

DEEPDALE.

A LAY BISHOP'S CHURCH.

THERE are two Deepdales in Derbyshire, one on the Staffordshire border of the county, close to Buxton, the other on the Nottinghamshire side, the nearest town of any importance being Ilkeston. The former belongs to the Peak, the latter to the Plain, and they afford a striking scenic contrast. No two places could be more dissimilar. The northern Deepdale is a bleak, narrow valley, winding between bare, sheer precipices of limestone that grudge space for the shepherd's path which climbs to Chelmorton, one of the highest and hungriest villages in the country. The southern Deepdale is the antithesis of its namesake. Green woods grace gentle slopes, lush meadows abound, and the landscape is a pleasant pastoral picture. Among the snug farms a modern Cincinnatus might profitably study agriculture, and a latter-day Virgil revise the "Georgics." The village, which is called "Dale," is a small, secluded hamlet, with quaint houses and a slender rivulet. This idyllic spot has not, at present, been profaned by "progress and civilisation." It is untainted with trade, and has not been startled by the scream of the railway whistle. It is

almost as sequestered now as it was in the days when its first inhabitant took up his abode in this quiet retreat. He was a baker in trade at Derby, who was bidden by the Holy Virgin in a vision to give up all he possessed and spend the remainder of his days in religious retirement. He complied, and was directed to "Depedale," where he hewed for himself in the rock a hermitage. He lived, amidst great privations, the life of a religious. According to a remarkably circumstantial account, told by one of the monks of the fifteenth century in a manuscript still in existence, the devotee was discovered by the owner of the estate, one Ralph Fitz-Geremund, who had come from Normandy to hunt in the Deepdale woods. The forlorn anchorite was in a famished condition. The noble sportsman took compassion on the condition of the poor recluse, and gave him the tithes of the mills of the adjacent village of Borrowash for his support.

To this God-fearing hermit Deepdale owes its unique ecclesiastical history. His piety probably led to the foundation, in 1150, of the Abbey of St. Mary ("De Parco Stanley") by Serlo de Grendon, Lord of Badeley, who established here a prior and five canons from Calke, a house of black canons near Repton. Various vicissitudes marked the history of the abbey. The black canons soon became lax in their religious observances, preferring the enjoyment of sport in the forest to the rigorous discipline of the cloister. They were recalled by their abbot, and, in 1200, white canons were established in the monastery, which was further endowed by William de Grendon.

There is a local legend to the effect that the king gave these canons of the Premonstratensian Order as much land as they could encircle in a day with a plough drawn by deer, and this story receives pictorial illustration on the windows of Morley Church, which were removed from Dale Abbey. These canons, however, do not appear to have prospered, and they returned to Tupholm, whence they came. The Lord of Ockbrook supplied their place with canons from Welbeck, but they also deserted the monastery for want of sufficient means of support. Geoffrey de Salicosa Marc then came to the rescue. He procured an establishment of nine canons from Newhouse, in Lincolnshire. They were admitted into the Premonstratensian Order, and settled at Dale Abbey. More fortunate than their predecessors, they met with liberal benefactors, who bestowed upon them lands of considerable value, and the advowsons of Heanor, Ilkeston, and Kirk Hallam. This last foundation took place about the year 1204. The surrender of the abbey to the Crown (1589) found the abbot and sixteen monks in possession.

The history of the erection of the singular little church is somewhat apocryphal, but the connection of the antique structure with the abbey must be regarded as indisputable. Ruined abbey, old church, and the Hermit's Cave are all within the proverbial stone's throw from each other, and there is,

probably, no nook in the Midland counties where so much hallowed interest is concentrated in so small a compass. Many tender legends and traditions cluster around this spot, which have been crystallised by numerous authors, notably by William and Mary Howitt. The Hermit's Cave is still one of the features of



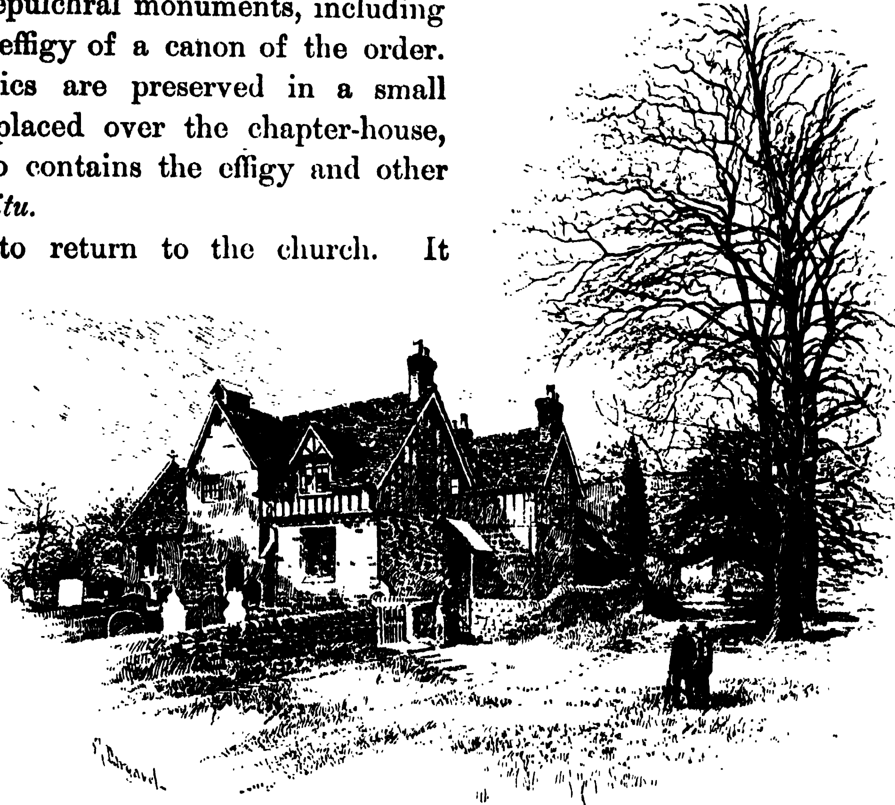
THE CHURCH AND OLD GUEST-HOUSE, FROM THE NORTH.

the delightful wood that overhangs the dale. It is scooped out of a sandstone cliff, and has a doorway in the centre and a window opening on each side. Picturesque and perfect it is, although more than seven hundred years have elapsed since it was cut out of the precipice. The religious baker's well still bubbles up in crystal purity, and the old church stands on the site of the hut and oratory where he counted his beads after he removed from his rude, rocky abode.

The glorious abbey shared the fate of other monastic establishments at the time of that particularly eminent theologian, Henry VIII. Only the graceful and lofty arch of the east window of the chancel remains in testimony of what must have been a magnificent building. It is a noble specimen of pointed Gothic architecture. According to the Rev. Dr. John Charles Cox, "it is evident that there were extensive remains of the monastic buildings standing in the last century, but they have since been treated as a convenient quarry of hewn stone. Some few carvings and mouldings, both in wood and stone, in the adjacent farms and cottages, plainly speak their ecclesiastical origin." The Derbyshire Archæological Society, in 1878 and 1879, made elaborate excavations on the site. They were carried out at no little expense and with much intelligence. Most

of the ground-plan of the church, with the chapter-house and cloistral buildings, was laid bare. Examples of Early English, Transition, and Decorated Gothic work were disinterred, together with a great number of encaustic tiles and a series of sepulchral monuments, including a unique effigy of a canon of the order. These relics are preserved in a small building placed over the chapter-house, which also contains the effigy and other slabs *in situ*.

But to return to the church. It



THE CHURCH AND NEW GUEST-HOUSE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

was erected by the godmother of Serlo de Grendon, and was really a chapel and priest's house. The church, if not the smallest in the United Kingdom, finds a competitor in its dwarfed proportions only in the miniature edifice on the way from Black Gang Chine to Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. It is principally of the Perpendicular period, with chancel, and nave with south aisle. Archæologists, however, will discover distinct traces of much older work. It was registered as a parish church in 1617. The singing-loft is approached by steps from the outside. The traceried windows are of the fifteenth century, and the interior worm-eaten woodwork and fittings are of ancient date. There is a fine octagon font, with a representation of the Crucifixion and figures of the Blessed Virgin and Child, a relic of the abbey. Before its recovery it was used by a gardener as a flower vase. A notable piece of furniture is the Bishop's throne; for the owner of the manor, Lord Stanhope, is the "lay bishop" of the diocese, so that the diminutive building is not only a church, but a cathedral. A mural tablet has this inscription: "Philip Henry,

Earl Stanhope, of Chevening, in Kent, Lay Bishop of this Church. Died March 2nd, 1875."

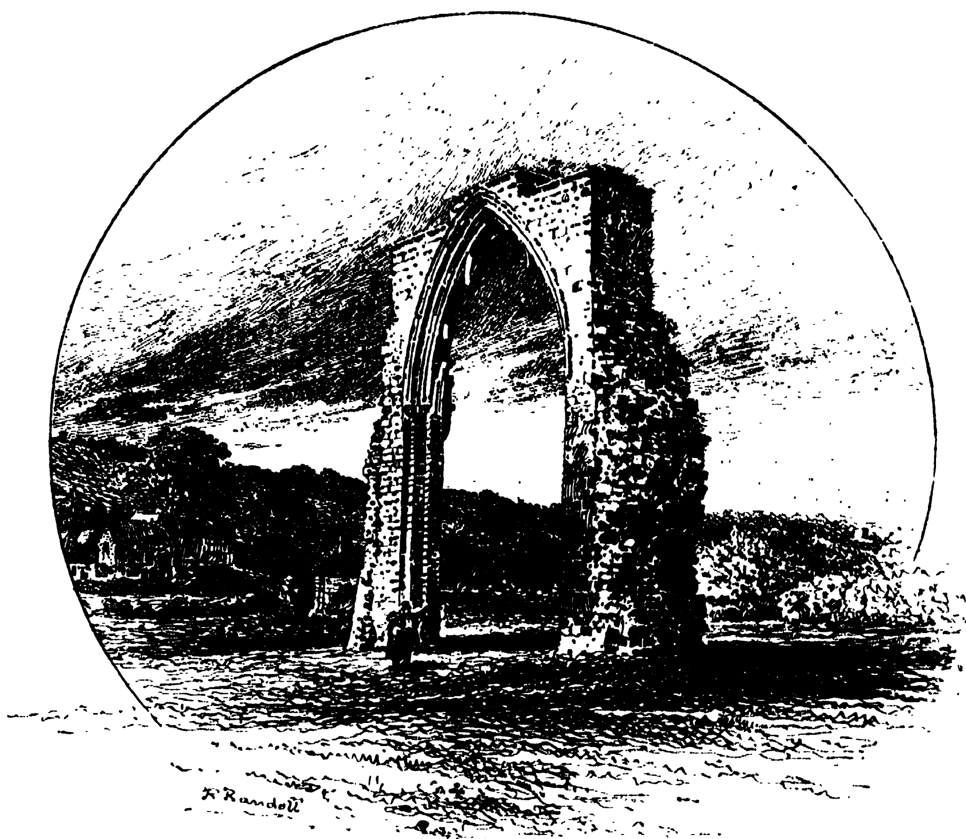
It is most regrettable to write of the priest's house, or "guest-house," in the past tense. It was a curious half-timbered, time-honoured, time-tottering edifice. Roses climbed up its walls; the old-fashioned flowers of Shakespeare's



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

time bloomed at its feet, in contrast with the ivy that clings to the church—"the only parasite that clings to ruin." It was demolished, owing to its structural insecurity, in August, 1883, by his lordship the "lay bishop," much to the chagrin of all who cherish what pertains to the past. Surely respect for its old age should have preserved such a memorial to succeeding generations. Both guest-house and church were under the same roof, with a door of intercommunication between them. Within the memory of middle-aged people this component part of the church was actually licensed as a tavern, and by opening the dividing door the villager could stagger from his drink to his devotions. This close

proximity of the pot-house and the pew did not increase the spiritual life of Deepdale, and the easy means of communication between parson and publican were very properly closed. The building which has superseded the old guest-house has some pretence to architectural sympathy with the ancient church. It



CHANCEL ARCH OF THE OLD ABBEY.

is tasteful in its proportions and chaste in style, but it lacks the venerableness that inspires reverence.

The churchyard is a dreamy, garden-like spot—an ideal "God's acre;" a place poetic and pathetic, sweet in its melancholy, and restful in its silence. It overlooks the scattered houses of the sleepy village and the remaining arch of the old abbey. At its side is the Hermit's Well, and on the dusky, wooded heights behind—in summer a paradise of wild flowers—is the Hermit's Cave.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

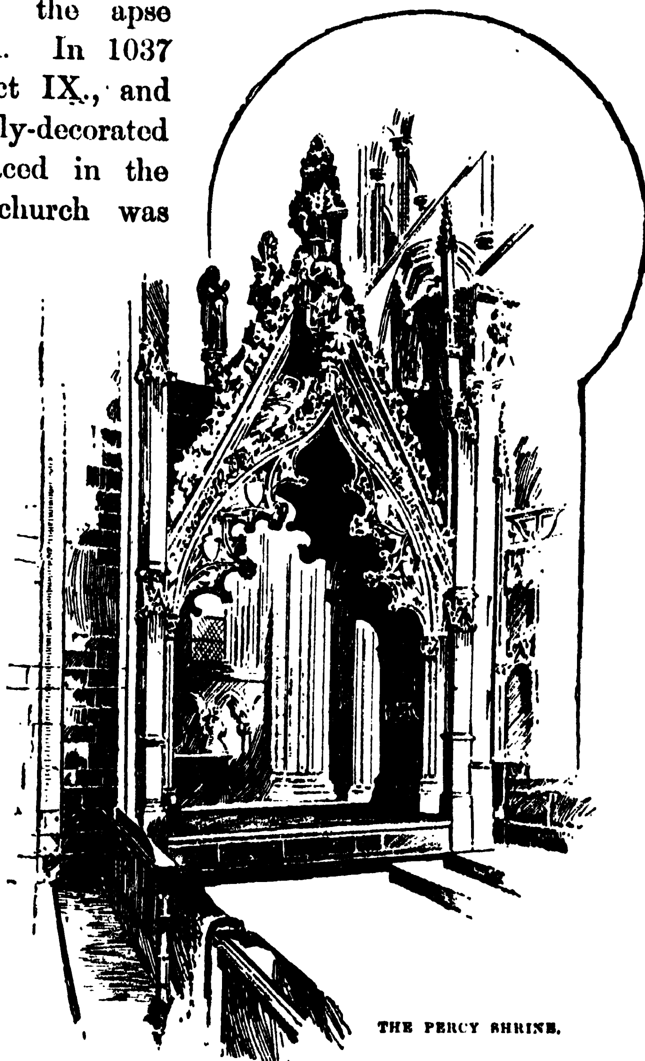


BEVERLEY MINSTER, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

THE history of the town of Beverley goes back to about A.D. 700, when the country hereabout, being low and marshy, owing to the frequent overflowing of the river Hull, must have exhibited the alternate appearances of morass and lake; hence, it is said, arose the Saxon name of Beverlega, and subsequently Beverlac, or Lake of Beavers, which are alleged to have abounded in the contiguous waters. Professor Phillips, on the contrary, states that Beverley is simply Pedwer-llech, the ancient Petuaria. The town, without doubt, owes its importance as a great religious centre to the celebrated St. John of Beverley, the fifth Archbishop of York. This eminent prelate was born about 640, at the little village of Harpham-on-the-Wolds, twelve miles from Beverley. He was educated by Archbishop Theodore, and subsequently in St. Hilda's famous monastery at Whitby, and became a missionary-priest, travelling about to instruct the rude and ignorant people in those turbulent times. For a period he lived in solitude as a hermit, but in 687 was called to the bishopric of Hexham, and was ultimately translated to the primacy of York in 705. He ordained the Venerable Bede, who speaks in affectionate terms of his master's piety and power of working miracles.

St. John founded a monastery on or near the site of the present minster, and endowed it with lands. When increasing years compelled him to resign his bishopric in 718, he retired to his monastery at Beverley, where he died three years later, and was buried in the apse called St. Peter's, within the church. In 1037 he was canonised by Pope Benedict IX., and his bones were deposited in a richly-decorated shrine, supposed to have been placed in the choir. This was lost when the church was destroyed by fire in 1188. In 1197 a search was made for his remains, which were found and then interred in the nave; and in 1644 his sepulchre was again uncovered, "wherein were several pieces of bone mixed with a little dust, yielding a sweet smell; also a pair of silver slippers, a knife, and some beads," with an inscription on lead recording the fire of 1188 and the interment of 1197. The saint's ashes were finally deposited in their former resting-place, in the centre aisle of the nave; and a subsequently-discovered mediæval inscription on the vaulting immediately above identifies the position.


THE PERCY SHRINE.

The sacred shrine of St. John of Beverley, like those of St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Cuthbert of Durham, became the favourite resort of pilgrims from all parts. It is easy, therefore, to understand how the treasury was filled with the gifts of the pious, and the church gradually increased, until the superb edifice assumed its present stately and beautiful proportions.

Athelstane, King of the Saxons, in 937, being on a campaign to Scotland, visited Beverley on his way to York, and offered his prayers for success at the holy shrine. Then, drawing his dagger from its sheath, he deposited it on the high altar as a pledge, vowing that should he return victorious he would redeem it with costly offerings to the saint. Armed with a consecrated banner, the monarch set forth to meet the foe. He was victorious, the rebels flying before

his host on every side. On his return to Beverley the king amply redeemed his pledge by founding here a college of secular canons, endowing it with lands, and bestowing the privilege of sanctuary, which it enjoyed until the Reformation. The dagger was long preserved as a valued relic, and is believed to have been the knife which was found when the saint's ashes were discovered.

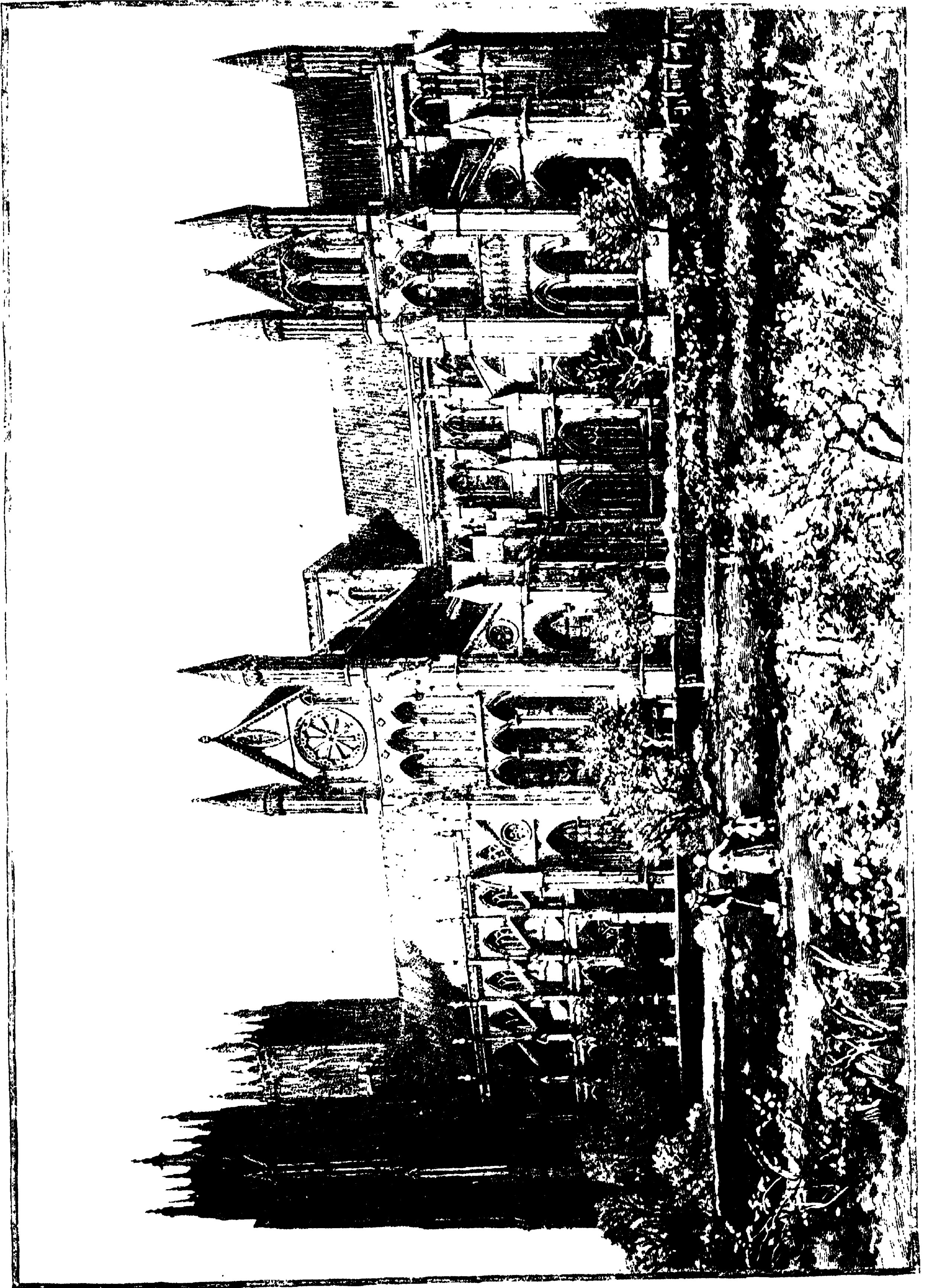
Beverley Minster, like many of our large English churches, has been the work of successive ages, and exhibits most perfect examples of the various styles of Pointed architecture, from the Early English period to the Perpendicular. The plan is that of a double cross, with the eastern transepts smaller than those at the chief intersection. The choir and transepts are of the Early English period, and the nave of the Decorated and Perpendicular. The exquisite proportions of the building, the harmonious grouping of the different styles of architecture, together with the variety and richness of ornament, charm and delight the observer.*

The west front is considered to be one of the finest examples of Perpendicular work in the country. The buttresses are decorated with niches. Of the multitude of statues which probably filled these, but one remains, on the north side of the north-west tower—a noble figure of a warrior in plate armour, bearing the arms of Percy on his breast. It doubtless represents the second earl, the son of Hotspur, who was slain at St. Albans, fighting for the Red Rose. The north tower contains a peal of eight bells which chime; in the south tower is a large funeral-bell. The nave has eleven bays indicated externally by buttresses crowned with pinnacles; from these spring flying arches, which cross the parapet of the aisles and abut against the clerestory. The parapet of the aisles contains some curious bas-reliefs; those on the south side seem to refer to the history of Adam and Eve, their fall and expulsion from Paradise.

The north porch is Perpendicular, and of elaborate character; above it is a chamber or parvise, probably the residence of the watchman who admitted fugitives seeking sanctuary during the night. The great transept is Early English, with beautiful lancet windows. The eastern front of the church is also of the same period; but the east window is Perpendicular, having been inserted at a later date. At the intersection of the nave, transept, and choir rises a square basement, of modern work, upon a foundation intended to be continued as a great central tower, similar to that of York Minster.

The interior of the minster has a very imposing effect. There being comparatively little stained glass, it is light and cheerful; and it is maintained in perfect

* The dimensions of the minster are as follow:—Entire length, from east to west, 334 feet; breadth of nave, 64 feet; length of great transept, 169 feet; breadth of transept, 69 feet; height of nave, 66 feet; length of choir, 46 feet; breadth of choir, 26 feet; height of central tower, 107 feet; height of the two west towers, 200 feet.



order. The great east window is filled with ancient glass taken from various parts of the church, and although the design is irregular, the effect is wanting neither in richness nor in beauty. The nave has eleven lofty arches on each side; the triforium consists of an arcade of plain Pointed arches, with quatrefoils in the spandrels, fronted by a second arcade of trefoil arches, on light columns of Purbeck marble. The clerestory has a gallery, where the adventurous can walk. Round the walls, beneath the windows of the aisles, is an arcade supported by pillars of Purbeck and other marbles, with figures of minstrels, angels, and monsters; some of these last are very quaint and full of humour, the old work being easily distinguishable from that of later date. The arcade is continued throughout the church, but without the figures. The groined vaulting of the entire building is simple and elegant. The great west window was filled with stained glass in 1859, and contains a variety of figures and groups referring to the history of Christianity in Yorkshire. The subjects of the windows under the north and south towers also refer to the early British Church.

The font, of dark north-country marble, is very large. It is probably the oldest feature in the building. Above is suspended a massive oak cover, richly carved and apparently of similar date to the carvings on the west door. These are of oak, with figures of the Evangelists, and below, their emblems, executed in very high relief; they are of the Renaissance period, and rather grotesque in character. On either side of the south door are two large leaden figures, painted; they formerly ornamented the old organ-screen, and were said to represent St. John and King Athelstane. It is probable, however, that they were purchased abroad, and were not originally designed as a pair, since they do not face each other.

Beneath one of the arches of the south arcade of the nave is a fine canopied tomb dating from about 1330. This is known as the Maiden Tomb. Tradition assigns it to two maiden sisters who are said to have given two of the common pastures to the town of Beverley. On one side of the south door of the great transept is a curious old painting on wood, representing Athelstane presenting a charter of privileges to St. John of Beverley. From the character of this rude picture it may be assigned to the year 1663, the date found upon a painting of the Royal Arms of Charles II., which hangs at the opposite side of the door.

The stained glass in the south window of the transept represents the Tree of Jesse or Genealogy of Christ, and was presented to the church in 1857. Near this is a curious bracket supported by minstrel figures, and projecting from one of the pillars. It is probable that this sustained a statue above an alms-chest; and we find that Roger Rolleston, brother of one of the Provosts of Beverley, by his will (1458), desires "to be buried in the church of St. John, before the image of the glorious Virgin, above the red chest." There are other

references to this red chest in wills of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and there was also a similar red chest under the great tower at York.

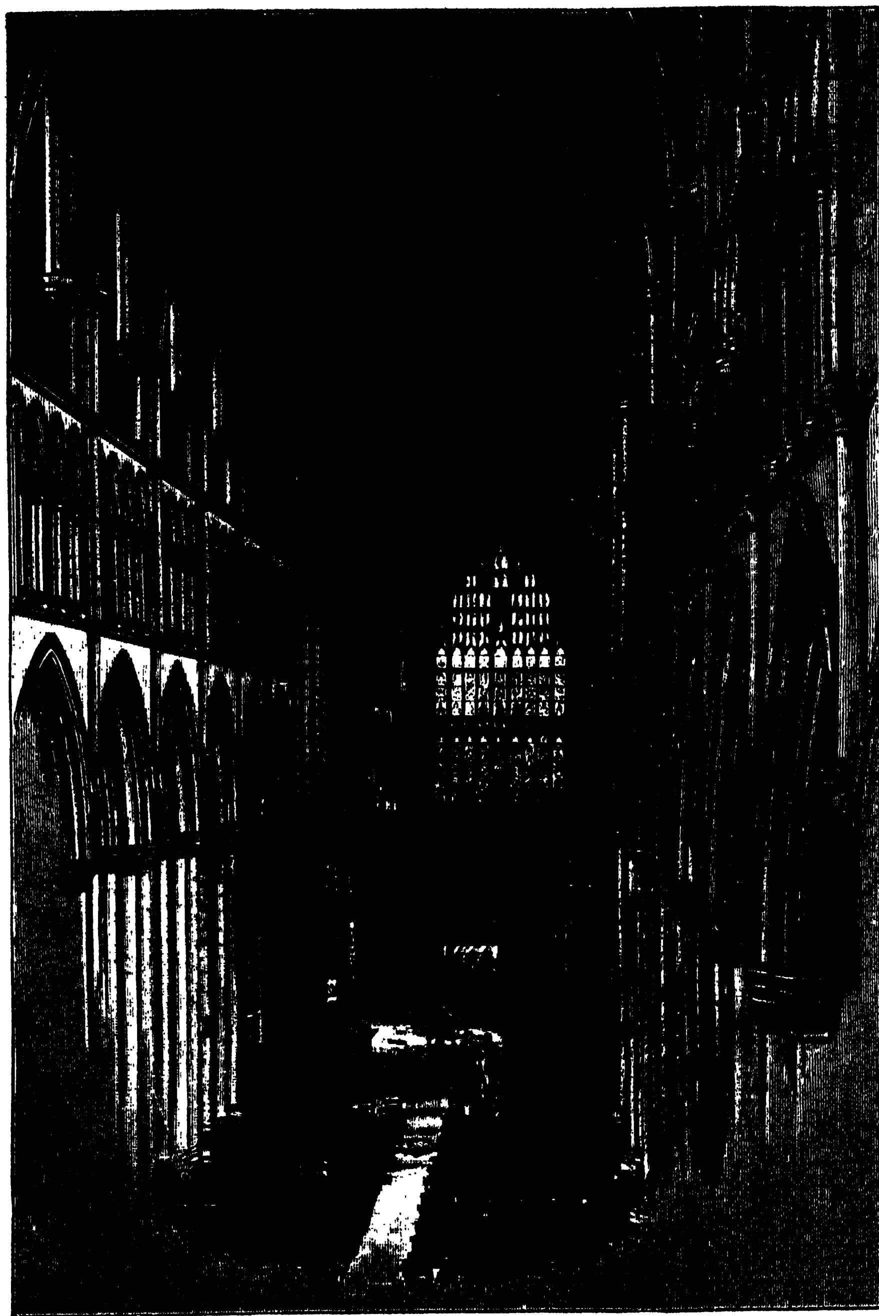
The new organ-screen (which supplanted a former classic one, erected in 1731) is the work of Messrs. Elwell, of Beverley. The wrought-iron gates were executed by Mr. Watson, also of Beverley. The organ, a magnificent instrument, was rebuilt some twelve years since, and placed on the north side of the choir, in order that the view of the entire church might be uninterrupted. Unfortunately, however, a group of small pipes has been placed upon the screen, presenting but an insignificant appearance.

The choir is fitted up in true cathedral style, with stalls having canopies of delicate tabernacle-work. The misereres, or carved movable seats, exhibit a variety of symbolic and humorous designs. There is the date 1520 upon one of the seats. Upon a shield in the choir appears the mediæval notion of a Beverley beaver, being an heraldic eagle displayed, with the substitution of a species of dog's head.

The altar-screen, an elaborate and beautiful work of the fourteenth century, had its western face entirely renewed in 1826; its top forms the ancient rood-loft, to which the visitor may ascend by a staircase, and whence a very fine view is attainable. The vaulting over the altar is decorated with fresco paintings of the Evangelists and other figure subjects, somewhat in the style of the early mediæval illuminators.

On the left of the altar is the renowned monument called the Percy Shrine, one of the finest examples of English mediæval sculpture. It is in a marvellous state of preservation, although the tomb itself and the brasses which were bedded in the upper slab have disappeared. The monument is now ascribed on the best authority to Eleanor Fitz-Alan, wife of Henry, first Lord Percy of Alnwick, who died in 1328; it is full of the most beautiful and interesting detail.

Near this is the Percy Chapel, above which hang some tattered military flags, with two ancient helmets. The only tomb remaining is that of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who was killed near Thirsk in 1489. "Great dissatisfaction having been caused in the North by a subsidy levied for carrying on the war in Brittany, the earl, who was then Lord-Lieutenant, informed the King (Henry VII.) of the state of things, and prayed an abatement. The avaricious monarch replied that not a penny should be abated, which, repeated too frankly to the populace, cost the earl his life at the hands of the rabble, who broke into his house, and murdered him and several of his attendants. He had a magnificent funeral in Beverley Minster, 13,340 poor folks who were present receiving 2d. each, 500 priests 12d. each, and 1,000 clerks 4d. each." The altar-tomb is fairly perfect, but the effigy and canopy have disappeared. Round the tomb are



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

shields of arms, and many niches in which silver statuettes ("weepers") were formerly placed.

At the entrance to the Percy Chapel stands the fridstool, which, with the font, is earlier than any other part of the building. It is a rude and perfectly plain stone chair, and is said by Spelman to have borne this inscription:—

"Hæc sedes lapidea Freedstol dicitur, i.e., Pacis Cathedra, ad quam reus fugiendo perveniens omnimodam habet securitatem." [" This stone seat is called Freed Stool, *i.e.*, the Chair of Peace, to which what criminal soever flies, hath full protection."] "The privilege of sanctuary doubtless gave considerable importance to this church, and was of greater extent than usual. From an account of the liberties of St. John of Beverley, it appears that the privilege extended from the church a mile every way; that the outer and second boundaries were marked by richly-carved crosses; that the third boundary commenced at the entrance to the church; and that the last included the high altar and the fridstool, which, placed near it, conferred the greatest security. . . . The seizure of a fugitive seated in the fridstool was inexpiable."

The minster, as a whole, appears to have suffered little from the lapse of time and the vicissitudes and needful restorations which have befallen it, though many beautiful and interesting works have no doubt been lost. Standing at the west end of the church, looking up the long vista, and marking the sunlight playing upon the rich carving and delicate work of the choir, listening to the powerful tones of the organ, the spectator feels that a more beautiful picture can scarcely be presented to his view. But could he have seen the building just before the Reformation, when it was thronged with a constant stream of worshippers, pilgrims and votaries, priests and monks, with other ecclesiastical dignitaries, and contemplated its glowing walls rich with colour, its decorated roofs, many altars, and all the gorgeous magnificence of the ancient faith, he would not have marvelled at the importance which the old poet attached to his pilgrimage when he wrote—

"Come ye from the east, or come ye from the west,
Or bring relics from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the Divine,
Or St. John of Beverley."

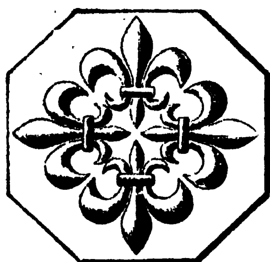
M. C. PECK.

*** The writer is specially indebted to a thoughtful and valuable paper by Mr. John Bilson, architect, of Hull.



HADLEIGH.

A MARTYR'S CHURCH.



CROSS ON THE FOURTH BELL.

AMONG the various small streams which feed the Suffolk and Essex Stour is one on the left bank dignified by the name of the Breton or Bret, and the title of a river. Its junction with the Stour is just above the ancient ford in the parish of Stratford St. Mary, near to which was the Roman station *Ad Ansam*, on one of those great routes still pondered over in the pages of Antonine's Itinerary. The traveller may go from the ford by another ancient road to the east of the river for some six or seven miles, when he will find himself in one of those little East Anglian towns that savour so strongly of the Middle Ages. A somewhat long street slopes down towards the water. Then there is a westward bend, you are across the small bridge, and may follow up your way to Bildeston, Ixworth, and Thetford.

A place so situated could hardly fail of becoming a local centre. Here, according to William of Malmesbury, lived Guthrum the Dane, after that Alfred the Great had allotted him the district of East Anglia, "that he might, by a due allegiance to the King, protect those countries which he had before overrun with rapine and plunder." Here, according to the same authority, he died in the year 889, and here he was buried. In course of time the town became incorporated, two weekly markets and two annual fairs were established, and, like many a sister town in Norfolk and Suffolk, it had an ample share in the prosperity attendant on the development of the woollen trade in the reign of Edward III.

About a century after the death of that monarch, William Pykenham, Archdeacon of Suffolk and Chancellor of Norwich, built the massive gateway, entirely of red brick, called the Rector's Gateway, which, in spite of a few modern touches, still retains its fine character. The nave and aisles of the parish church belong almost exclusively to the same period, or to that which followed it. It is one of those grand Perpendicular structures for which all the land between the German Ocean and the Midlands is noted, and possesses the reputation of having the largest ground-plan of any Suffolk church, the dimensions being 143 feet by 63 feet. The tower appears to be of earlier date than the rest of the church, the windows being of a plain geometrical pattern, generally assigned to about 1320. The spire, of timber covered with lead, is elegant and symmetrical; and on the

east side, some way up, hangs the clock-bell. The aisles open out from the nave by five lofty arches of a late Perpendicular pattern, which give to the church that light and airy character which belongs to the style. The chancel aisles have two arches each between them and the chancel. The openings into the rood-loft still remain, as well as a small portion of the rood-staircase, and those parts of the screen which belong to the chancel aisles. The groined roof of the vestry is very good. In the east window, of seven lights, with a transom, is some good modern glass representing scenes in our Lord's history. Three others of the windows have been filled with painted glass within the last few years—one, by way of memorial to Rowland Taylor, representing in three compartments his preaching, his trial before Gardiner, and his execution. The organ, by Father Smith originally, but, of course, added to, has a fine carved case, of the style of the last century. A little old glass remains in the east window of the north chancel aisle. The font, which has been judiciously restored, possesses a certain elegance from its recessed panels. In the south aisle is a remarkably beautiful sepulchre, of clunch, terminating in a finial of excellent character. Nothing is known about its history. In the south chancel aisle is a bench made mainly from two old ends, one representing the wolf which, according to tradition, discovered King Edmund's head at Hoxne, and reverently carried it by the hair. Ascending the tower we find the east and west windows supported by strong relieving arches. The bell-chamber contains a ring of eight fine bells, the tenor weighing by repute 28 cwt., and cast by Miles Graye the younger in 1680. The clock-bell already spoken of was no doubt the Angelus bell, as it is inscribed with the Salutation, in Longobardic characters, but set all backward. Another of the bells, the fourth, sounded from Hadleigh tower long before Rowland Taylor's days. It bears the legend "Sit Nomen Domini Benedictum" ("Blessed be the Name of the Lord"), with crowned capitals, a shield with moon and stars, and two crosses, of which we have given a representation of the first.

To the south of the church stands the ancient timbered hall of the Guilds of Hadleigh, dating probably from the time of Richard II. There are other interesting domestic remains in the town, and it is not difficult to picture what Hadleigh must have been at the time of the Reformation.

To this place a new rector had been appointed in 1544. The ground had already been broken for him by the previous preaching of Bilney. The patronage lay then, as now, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Cranmer's choice fell upon Rowland Taylor, with whose reputation he must have been familiar in his Cambridge days. Like Ridley, Taylor was a native of Northumberland, having been born at Rothbury in that county. But whereas the heroes of the Reformation are generally claimed by some college—as Cranmer by Jesus, Ridley by Pembroke, Latimer by Clare—Taylor remains unappropriated, having no doubt

been a member of some hostel, possibly Borden Hostel, of which he became Principal about 1531. His turn was for the Law, in which faculty he had graduated, commencing LL.D. in 1534, and probably entering on the duties of a domestic chaplain to the Archbishop about the same time. The year of Taylor's institution was one of great peril to Cranmer and Cranmer's friends;



THE CHURCH AND RECTORY.

but Henry VIII. had a soft place in his heart for the Archbishop, and the cloud passed away. Next year things began to mend, the Rector of Hadleigh acting with Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, Peter Martyr, and others, in a Commission for the revision of the Canon Law. His legal knowledge rendered him peculiarly qualified for this work, and in the following reign we find him serving on two similar Commissions. Pluralities, apparently, did not seem so objectionable in the days of Edward VI. as they are felt to be in the Victorian era, Taylor receiving the Archdeaconry of Exeter, a Six-preachership in Canterbury, and a Canonry in Rochester Cathedral, in or about 1551. But Hadleigh, after all, is the place with which his name is inseparably connected, even as it is recorded on the

brass plate in the church, placed to his memory in the days of Queen Elizabeth, in lines more forcible than elegant:—

"Gloria in altissimis Deo
Of Rowland Taillor's fame I shewe
An excellent devyne
And Doctor of the civill lawe
A preacher rare and fyne.
Kinge Henry and Kinge Edward's dayes
Preacher and Parson here
That gave to God contynuall prayse
And kept his flocke in feare.
And for the truthe condempned to die
He was in fierye flame
Where he received pacyentlie
The torment of the same.
And strongely suffred to thende
Whiche made the standers by
Reioice in God to see their frende
And pastor so to Dye.
Oh Taillor were thie myghtie fame
Uprightly here inrolde
Thie deedes deserve that thie good name
Were siphered here in gold.
Obiit Anno dni. 1555."

He must have been married before he became Rector of Hadleigh, for he had nine children, of whom we know nothing, save that the name of one son was Thomas; and that a daughter, named Ann, married William Palmer, Chancellor of York. Of his life at Hadleigh not much is recorded, except that, from the generally high estimation in which he was held, he was a faithful and loving pastor. After Mary's accession, his well-known opinions, which had been expressed at times in strong language, marked him out for early attack; and he was cited before Gardiner, then Lord Chancellor, for heresy in general, and in particular for having tried to hinder the performance of mass in his church. As to the offence given by his condition as a married man, anyone who is acquainted with mediæval documents will know that sacerdotal celibacy, enjoined for the first time by the Council of London in 1102, was never universal in England. No writings of his remain, and the records of his ministry in Hadleigh are only to be gathered in a fragmentary form by means of allusions in the epistolary correspondence of the times, and from the account of his martyrdom in Foxe's "Acts and Monuments." When he came to Hadleigh he found there one Richard Yeoman, a Cambridge Bachelor of Divinity, considerably older than himself, who, perhaps, had been curate to the previous rector. He is spoken of as devout, learned, and one that gave godly exhortations to the people. Yeoman was dispossessed of his curacy by Newall, Taylor's successor,

and after wandering from place to place, exhorting the persecuted ones to stand firm in the faith, he betook himself into Kent for fear of his enemies, leading the life of a pedlar, selling laces, pins, points, and the like. After a narrow escape from detection, having been set in the stocks by a Justice of the Peace, he returned to Hadleigh, where his wife is said to have secreted him for a year in a chamber of the town-house, the Guild hall already spoken of. Here he supported himself by carding wool which his wife spun, till Newall discovered his hiding-place, and had him put in the stocks in the cage, together with one Dale, a weaver. Thence they were sent to Bury gaol, where Dale died. Yeoman was finally burnt at Norwich on the 10th of July, 1558, thus surviving his old rector more than three years. Drakes, some time deacon to Taylor at Hadleigh, and afterwards rector of Thundersley in Essex, was burnt in Smithfield in 1556. But we must return to the history of the rector.

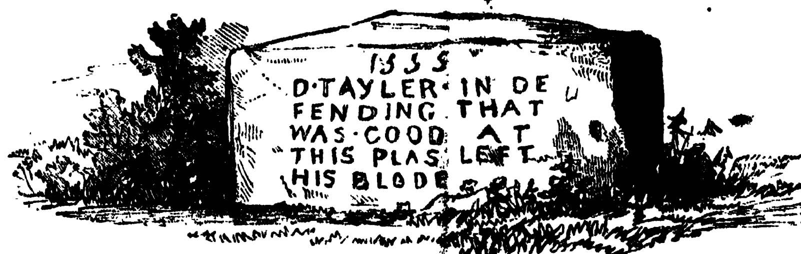

TAYLOR'S MONUMENT.

From the language of a Declaration sent out of prison by Bishop Ferrar, Taylor, Bradford, and others, it may be inferred that they were committed to custody in the autumn of 1554. This document states that they heard that they were to be sent to Cambridge or Oxford to take part in a disputation, and that, except before the Queen and her Council, or before the Parliament, they would only dispute by writing. Among their reasons for taking this course they say that some of their number had been in prison these eight or nine months, having no books, no paper, no pen, no ink, no convenient place for study. Their memories, however, stood them in fair stead, though the dates of the Councils are a year or two out, according to our reckoning. Early in 1555 these prisoners were brought out and arraigned on January 29th in the church of St. Mary Overy in Southwark. Bradford and Taylor were kept there in the revestry, after the arraignment, all day, apparently uncalled for; but on February 4th Bonner came to the Compter in the Poultry to disgrade Taylor. The formalities of degradation from the priesthood having been completed, Taylor was handed over as a heretic to the civil arm, to be dealt with according to the well-known statute of Henry IV., *de hæretico comburendo.*

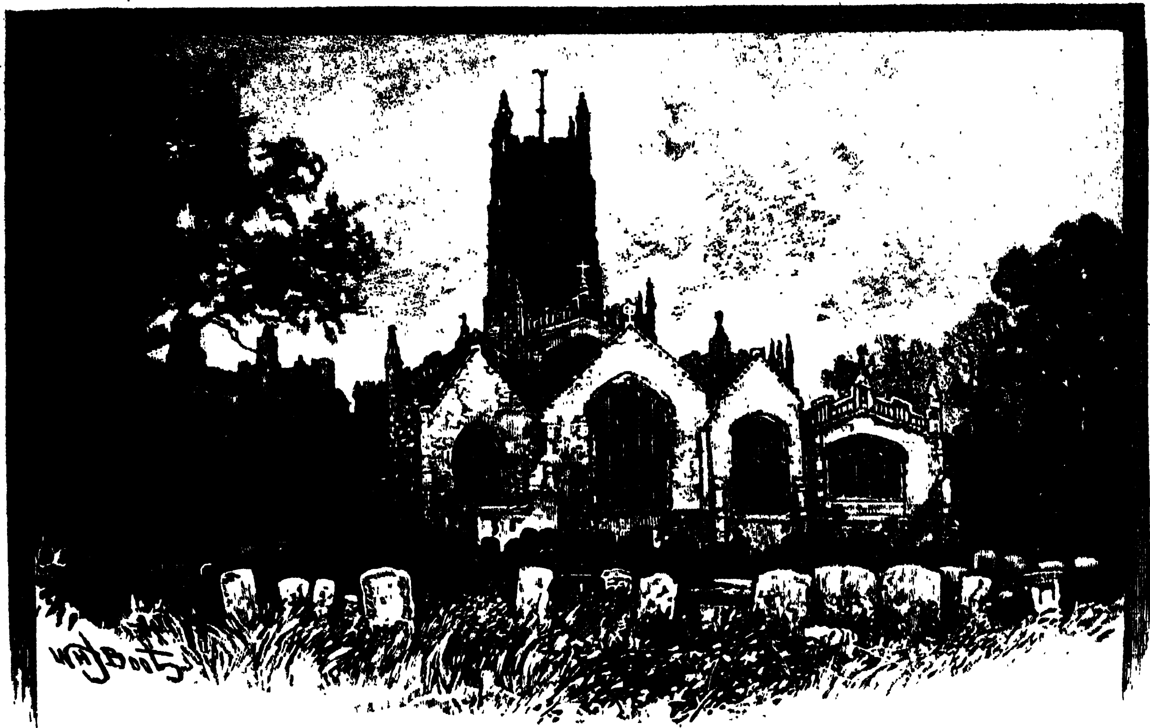
"This day, I think, or to-morrow at the uttermost," writes Bradford on February 8th to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, "hearty Hooper, sincere Saunders and trusty Taylor, end their course and receive their crown." It was the morrow, February 9th, that saw the simultaneous departure of the three heroes —at Gloucester, Coventry, and Hadleigh, respectively. The place selected for Taylor's martyrdom was on what is called Aldham Common, though the exact

site, marked by a stone, is within his own parish. On his way from London to Hadleigh he is described as "very merry, as one that went to a banquet or a bridal;" his jocularity on one occasion running on his own corpulence, and the grim subject of the disappointment of the worms in Hadleigh churchyard at the manner of his death. Within two miles of the place he desired to alight. "And being down," says Fuller, "he fet (fetched) a frisk or two, saying, 'God be praised, I am now almost at home, and have not past a mile or two, and I am even at my Father's house.'" At the town's end a poor man with five children met him, crying, "O dear father and good shepherd, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succour'd me and my poor children." The streets were full of his parishioners and neighbours bewailing his loss. To the poor among them he gave away his money, his last alms apparently passing to two blind people. On the common he was not allowed to speak to the assembled throng, but maintained his firm and cheerful demeanour, kissing the stake; and when the fire was kindled he commended his soul to his Maker, saying, "Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into Thy hands." Yet he died not by fire, for as he stood still without moving, one with a halberd struck out his brains.

J. J. RAVEN.



THE MARTYR'S STONE.



THE EXTERIOR, FROM THE EAST.

CIRENCESTER.

A TYPICAL COUNTRY TOWN.

PLEASANTLY embosomed in an undulating Gloucestershire vale, amid the headwaters of the mighty Thames, Cirencester will impress the most casual visitor as a clean, quiet, but prosperous-looking country town, a type of the placid ease of English rural life; and the impression is deepened if he happens to light upon the comparative bustle of market day, or sees from the latticed window of his hostelry the huntsmen and the hounds of the Vale of White Horse pack trotting up the street. The width of the market-place affords a foreground which brings into full relief the square and solid grace of the tall tower and the rich late, but pure, Perpendicular ornament of the exceptional south porch of a parish church such as few towns of the size can boast. Cirencester, however, is not linked in history with the fortunes of any great family—the earldom of Bathurst was not created until 1772; and it has never been the scene of any great and memorable event in the nation's history, although Robert of Cirencester, an early English chronicler, was born here, Sir Robert Atkins, one

Gloucestershire historian, represented the borough in Parliament, and Samuel Rudder, the other, is buried in the church. Yet an examination of the records and relics of the past shows Cirencester again in the light of a type, this time as an exceptionally favourable illustration of a somewhat paradoxical truth which researches in English local history constantly establish—the close continuity of the life of the people. The more obvious and popular deduction is the vanity of human ambitions, the mutability of human things, in the passing away of structures and institutions which their designers dreamed would last for ever. So here there was once a rich and powerful abbey, which has vanished, leaving not a wrack behind, for even the site of its buildings cannot now be determined. These changes, however, affect only the more the stately scenes and the leading actors in the world's drama; the ordinary stream of life flows on with singularly small change from century to century and from age to age. No Cato has doomed an English Carthage to extinction.

The second part of the name clearly indicates that Cirencester was a Roman station, and conjecture naturally suggests that the conquerors were guided to the spot by the experience of older inhabitants. Be that as it may, Corinium was an important military centre, for here four great roads—the Fosseway, the Icknield, Ermine Street, and Ackman Street—intersected; and, bearing out what has been said, it may be mentioned that the present highways in the neighbourhood still follow the lines laid down by the Roman engineers. Remains which have been found in and around Cirencester (including tesselated pavements of very great interest) prove that those who came as invaders eventually settled down peacefully and in considerable numbers in the pleasant neighbourhood of Corinium, as they did in that of Aquæ Sulis. Though these villas were overwhelmed in the troubles which followed the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, Cirencester did not cease to be a place of human habitation, for it is casually mentioned during the wars of King Alfred, certain Danes being given permission to reside here. The date of foundation of the religious house here cannot be stated, for the monks, according to the custom of their race and for the usual object, claimed a much greater antiquity than there is any evidence to establish. All that can be said is that the abbey of regular Augustinian canons—the same order as Fitzhardinge established at Bristol—founded by Henry I. in 1133, replaced a college of secular canons. Unquestionably, we must attribute to them the beauty and extent of the parish church, and to their influence the donors who contributed to its erection and to founding of chantries within it. But they got into very bad odour with the townspeople for their greediness in seizing upon the temporalities of the church, while they immediately set to work to cut down the spiritual duties. With great audacity they claimed the rectory, to which they had no legal right; but at last Abbot Hereward obtained in 1344, by payment of £300, a

confirmation from Edward III. of his claim, to the confusion of "devil-stirred folk," as the laity of the place were called. The canons thus got the whole of the revenues of the church, the high altar was served by one of their own body, and there never came a period of avoidance when the profits went elsewhere. So completely did they overshadow the parish, that, although at the dissolution it is spoken of as a vicarage, the right of presentation was never exercised; and the charge was held as a perpetual curacy upon licence from the bishop, until the Act of 1868 gave to all perpetual curates the designation of vicars. Cirencester Church was the biggest prize, but many smaller ones round the district shared the same fate. The abbey, with all other buildings within the precincts of the monastery, was demolished by royal order; but it is known to have stood on the north of the parish churchyard, where are the entirely modern house and grounds of Major Chester Master, the last member for the borough, which is now absorbed in the Cirencester division of the county.

But whether the abbey stood or not, life in the town held on the accustomed tenour of its way, receiving only ripples of excitement from the great world outside. In the first year of Henry IV. the town did good service to the newly-seated King by crushing a revolt headed by the Earls of Surrey and Salisbury, and, as a reward, was decreed an annual present of four does and six roes from the Forest of Bradon, and two hogsheads of wine from the Port of Bristol. In the Civil War the town went strongly for the Parliament, but in 1643 Prince Rupert marched from Bristol and captured it by surprise, though it was subsequently re-taken by Essex. The church registers bear witness to the completeness with which the method of civil marriage, before a justice of the peace, after publication of the banns at the High Cross, which was then ordained, was followed out in Cirencester, "soe that was but little to be done in churches." In 1688 the sympathies of the townsfolk had changed about, and they captured Lord Lovelace on his way in force to join William of Orange, and sent him to Gloucester Castle instead. Passing to the peaceful revolutions of more modern times, Cirencester stood on the old high road from Gloucester to London, and, according to Atkyns, in 1712 its wool market was the largest in England. When the railways carried the traffic in other directions, it quietly continued its principal business of marketing the corn grown in the country round, until the spreading system of the Great Western Company restored it to civilisation, so to speak, by making it the terminus of a short branch line; and now it is a point on a cross-country through service from Cheltenham to Andover. It owes much of its present importance to the Royal Agricultural College, established in 1854 under the patronage of the Prince Consort.

The parish church of St. John Baptist, not to be confounded with the Abbey Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which has disappeared, is mainly Perpendicular

in character, though there are remains of a Norman building in the chancel and side chapels, and, as often happens, the rebuilders followed to a considerable extent the ground plan of their predecessors. There is a very lofty western tower, in three stages, surmounted with battlements, and the angular buttresses terminating in pinnacles. The tower, built very early in the 15th century, is supported by flying buttresses both north and south. The nave, also enlarged to its present dimensions in the 15th century, is surmounted by a pierced battlement, with pinnacles, marking the latest stage of pure Perpendicular architecture. All round the drip courses at the base of these battlements is carved on the bosses a series of figures, some of them grotesque, said to represent a Whitsun ale or merrymaking. Of the same date is the great south porch, which is practically distinct from the church; this had originally two storeys above (now made into one), and was very ingeniously constructed so as to obscure only one window of the church. These rooms communicated directly with the church, and there can be no reasonable doubt that they served as meeting-places for the guilds or brotherhoods, of which there were three at least here. The principal was the guild of Holy Trinity, founded in the reign of Edward III., which held two feasts every year, wore a guild dress once a year, and maintained two priests from their yearly contributions, until in 1382 they founded a perpetual charity. There was a church tavern against the side of this building, with possession of cellar beneath, which apparently furnished the social gatherings of the guild



THE "VICS," WITH PORTION OF THE TOWER (P. 589).

After the dissolution of the guilds the structure remained unoccupied until 1672, when Bishop Nicholson gave it over for a town-hall. In his faculty for the purpose he mentions its local name, and the ingenious explanation current as to



THE NAVE.

the meaning of the term. He speaks of "the noble frontispiece of the Parish Church, commonly called the 'Vice,' that is, the device, because, as it is said, this frontispiece so greatly adorns such a magnificent structure, and stretches itself out into such a grand propylæum, while only darkening one window of the church."

In the interior the great height of the clustered columns upon which the arches of the nave rest is very remarkable, and gives it quite a stilted appearance. At the spring of the arches are figures with shields, bearing the arms of contributors to the building. The chancel is Decorated in style, but the piers on the south side were Early English, and, judging from the appearance of one of them, have been worked down from larger Norman columns. When the church was restored

by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, between 1865 and 1867, at a cost of fourteen thousand pounds, this and other interesting indications of its architectural history were most carefully preserved. The fine chancel arch shows where the rood-loft formerly stood. The organ is in the form of a cross, from a design by Sir Gilbert Scott, more curious than admirable, and is to be replaced by a new one.

On the south side of the chancel is the Chapel of St. John Baptist, and on the north side is the chapel of St. Nicholas and St. Catherine, two frescoes, depicting the latter saint and St. Christopher, being still traceable on the wall. This chapel was lengthened in the fifteenth century and its walls were raised after the dissolution of the Abbey to receive a portion of a rich fan-tracery roof, bearing date 1508, and probably constructed for the cloisters of that establishment. It closely resembles similar work in the cloister at Gloucester and at Bath Abbey, and was evidently not constructed for its present position. To the north of this chapel is the fifteenth century Lady Chapel, with a charnel-vault beneath of much earlier date, into which the bones were removed when the churchyard became too full. To modern ideas, in this country at any rate, enlarging the latter would be preferable. To form a choir-vestry in the north-eastern corner of this chapel, a fine oak screen has been removed from the south-east corner of the nave, where it enclosed the Chapel of Jesus. The oak chancel-screen is also old work, and the stone pulpit is probably of the same date as the nave. On the north side of the nave aisle is the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, extending along under three of the six bays of the nave, and built about 1440. Its services were of course maintained by the guild which bore its name. Its altar-steps and sedilia still remain, while on the screen in the rear of the latter is a curious row of tilting shields. On the north wall is a fresco of the martyrdom of St. Erasmus, which has faded away, although when uncovered it was distinct, and was copied. As it depicts the gruesome method of his martyrdom, its comparative disappearance is not so regrettable as might otherwise be the case. Between these chapels are several squints or hagioscopes, one of which is of very curious construction.

It is scarcely necessary to add that there were numerous bequests for the maintenance of chantry priests. The Rev. E. A. Fuller, who has most laboriously investigated the history of the church, points out a curious circumstance in connection with one of these. "John Jones, who died in 1507, had calculated, as many people did in those days, how long it would be necessary that mass should be said for him, and had settled the period at sixty years, after which he appointed other uses." The dissolution came at the end of fifty years, and the result was that instead of the property being alienated, the other uses came into force at once, and the churchwardens still hold the tenements for church purposes.



CIRENCESTER CHURCH, WITH THE TOWN HALL OR "VICE.

U

The church has been very fortunate in preserving its memorial brasses, of which there are a considerable number, now collected in the Lady Chapel and the Chapel of the Holy Trinity. They are principally of merchants and their wives, and do not afford any illustration of military costume. One represents Reginald Spycer, a merchant of the town, who died in 1442, and his four wives, Margaret, Juliana, Margaret, and Joan, who are grouped two on each side of him.

There are one or two points of interest about the communion plate. Two magnificent cups of 1570 were made by the same London goldsmith who fabricated the earlier cups of St. Margaret's, Westminster, which are of 1552, and are perhaps of a pattern long established in his workshop. The flagons date from 1576, and represent the earliest form introduced after the Reformation. There is likewise a chalice of exceptional shape, which is of unique interest, as it must have been made for some member of the Boleyn family, probably for Queen Anne Boleyn herself, for it is surmounted by the badge of her family—the crowned falcon and sceptre, and its date is the year before her execution. It was probably a New Year's gift from her daughter, Queen Elizabeth, to Dr. Richard Master, physician to the Queen, and grantee of the abbey lands.*

In a petition to Archbishop Laud, in 1539, the church is made to say, "I was founded with rich coulured glass, such as is in Fayreford Church, near me in the same dioces." What little was left in 1800 was arranged by Samuel Lysons, the antiquary, in the east window.

HAROLD LEWIS.

* W. J. Cripps. Bristol and Gloucestershire Arch. Trans., 1877-8.

THE CHAPELS IN "THE TOWER,"

FOR KING AND CAPTIVE.

WILLIAM the Norman was not long in discovering that his seat on the throne of England was anything but secure. So, being a man of much practical ability for that time, he put more faith in physical coercion than in moral suasion, and built not a few strong castles to overawe his new subjects. London itself was not too conspicuous for loyalty, so just outside its wall, on the bank of the Thames, he founded a fortress, in a position which at once secured his communications with Normandy, and cut off the city from the sea. The construction was entrusted to Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, some of whose work yet remains in his cathedral, and possibly—though this is doubtful—in the keep of the castle. Evidently he was a man in whose presence the modern jerry-builder would have found a short shrift and a long rope. He built here, as at Rochester, a work which time could scarce injure, and no fair usage of man destroy. The huge block of masonry now called the White Tower was the keep of his castle. It has been "uglified" by Wren, has been damaged or restored, at various times, in its details, especially externally; but both internally and in its main features it still remains as the tower of William the Norman and Gundulf the bishop.

The latter was careful that the garrison should not be deprived of spiritual comfort, so he constructed a chapel which occupies the south-eastern angle in an upper storey of the building. Its floor is on the same level as the great hall or dining-room of the keep, beneath which are the apartments designed more especially for the king's use. Mounting a narrow staircase—a staircase at the foot of which the two royal lads, Gloucester's victims, were hurriedly buried—we enter the chapel through a small door on the south side of the western wall. Its plan is simple, but effective. Its architecture, in keeping with the rest of the building, is of the plainest kind. On either side a narrow aisle is separated from the small central nave by massive circular columns, from the capitals of which spring strong semicircular arches supporting a triforium gallery. This has large, yet more simple, arched openings, one in each bay. The chapel terminates in the east in an apse, round which the aisle and triforium are carried. It would hardly be possible for the architecture to be plainer; the arches are relieved neither by moulding nor by order; the walls are of coarse masonry; the barrel vaulting of the roof, and the simple groining of the aisles, are rougher than the walls. An arch turned in the western wall, the circular columns, the rudely-carved capitals above, and the stilted arches in the apse—a necessary consequence of the nearer position of the columns in this part—are the only

approach, and it is but an approach, to ornament. Most of the windows have been subsequently enlarged, but when all were in their original condition, the building must indeed have been gloomy.

The apse mentioned above is visible from the exterior, projecting from top

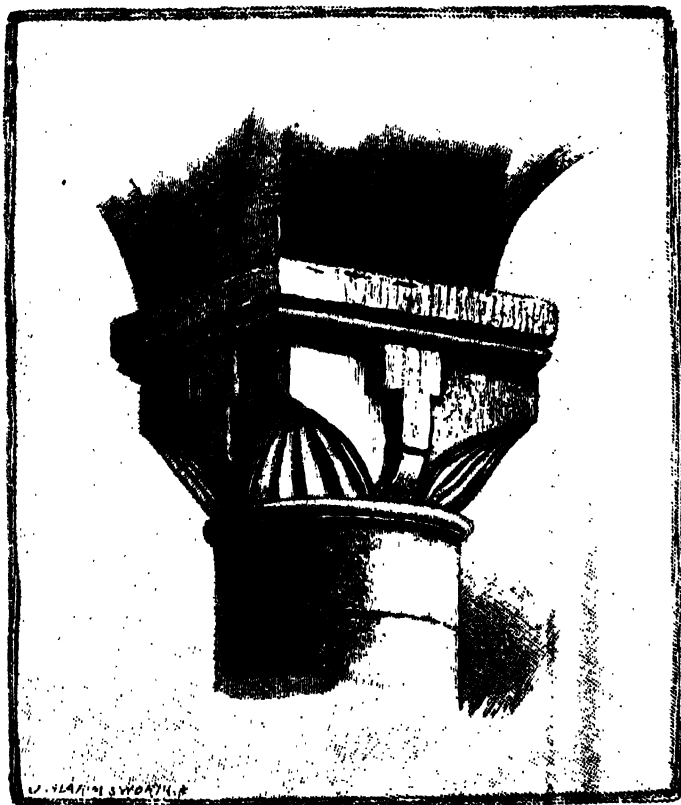


THE INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S.

to bottom from the eastern front of the Tower, and encrusting, in a rather unusual fashion, one face of the corner turret. The aisles enable us to appreciate the massiveness of the construction. Beneath them, all is solid to the ground; the columns are supported by one side, the outer wall by the other, of an enormous mass of masonry, some sixteen feet in thickness. Thus for its two lower storeys above the ground the White Tower was as if it stood on rock. Against such a mass of masonry darts and missiles would be futile, fire and battering-ram inoperative. It was in those days impregnable.

Dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, this structure was used as the chapel of the Court when the Tower was a royal residence, so that many of our kings and queens, many of their subjects great in State or in Church, must have worshipped within its walls. The royal party, it is said, generally occupied the triforium, entering it from the well-known "Council Chamber," which is on the

same level, and is over the dining-hall. As time went on, the royal visits became fewer and fewer—for the Tower must always have been too much of a fortress to be a commodious residence, and since Charles I. no sovereign has sojourned within its walls. But no traditions of importance centre around this chapel, except that here the body of the "White Rose" of York lay in state, Queen Mary was betrothed to Philip of Spain, and Northumberland sought to save his life by recantation.



A CAPITAL IN ST. JOHN'S.

After the Civil Wars the chapel was desecrated. It was used as a receptacle for papers and rubbish; was whitewashed, plastered, and injured so far as such a solid structure could be; but about the year 1862, after the removal of the documents stored up there, it was thoroughly and carefully restored. A table of stone — perhaps of doubtful legality—has been erected in it. It is seated with chairs, and occasionally used for service, and is now even lighted by incandescent lamps.

The other chapel stands on Tower Green, near the north-west angle of the fortress. It is dedicated to "S. Petrus ad Vincula," a very unusual title for the saint.* The older part of the present building was erected by Edward I., but it replaced an earlier one, which probably was the work of Henry I., and certainly is mentioned in documents of the age of John. This chapel was adorned, as we learn from a royal warrant, by Henry III., who bestowed upon it, among other things, "two fair cherubim with cheerful and pleasant countenances," which were to be placed "on either side of the great crucifix." Fire and dilapidation had much injured the later chapel by the reign of Henry VIII., so it was then partially rebuilt. Of this date are the windows, except that over the west door, the arches of the nave, and the roof; so that at first sight the chapel appears

* Mr. Doyne Bell, whose valuable memoir has been followed in this article, states that he only knows of another instance, "S. Pietro in Vincoli," at Rome, where the reputed chains of the saint are exhibited.

to be a rather plain structure of Tudor age. In plan it is a two-aisled building, with a rather low-pitched roof, and a small belfry turret. The chancel is at the end of the southern aisle. Beneath the northern (at the east end of which is a small vestry) is a crypt, which probably belonged to the earlier chapel. This is not accessible to visitors, for it is nearly filled with coffins, but it is said to be a very plain structure.

Externally, St. Peter's Chapel offers little to attract. One or two tombs against the southern wall are indicative of the old burial-ground, which once extended for some distance towards the east, the site of which is now in part occupied by barracks. But on our way to the western door we turn aside for a moment to glance at a small enclosed area in the court, for it is the scene of more than one tragedy. Here was raised the scaffold for execution within the walls, and here perished Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey.

St. Peter's Chapel shared the usual fate of ecclesiastical buildings during the eighteenth and the early part of the present century. It was "beautified" with high pews, galleries, and plaster ceilings. Some changes for the better were made in 1862, but in the year 1876 a thorough and careful restoration was undertaken. The galleries and heavy wooden boxes were cleared away, the building was entirely refitted, the chancel was adorned with a reredos and a pavement, and many other improvements were effected. In Mr. Doyne Bell's work are pictures of the interior of the church before and after the restoration, which certainly do not tempt anyone to "bless the old and ban the new."

There is little to describe in the architecture of St. Peter's. It is a rather plain church, broad in proportion to its length, divided into two aisles of about equal width by a row of four-centred arches; the southernmost being prolonged into a chancel without any dividing arch; in the east wall of the nave are the remains of a piscina and hagioscope, and there are two monuments worth notice—one, the alabaster altar-tomb to Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Henry VII., and to his wife, now placed in the north-east angle of the chapel; the other, the great monument to the Blounts in the chancel. But its main interest—we might say, its whole interest—centres in those who lie beneath the shadow of its roof in nameless graves. *Væ victis!* might have been inscribed over its portal, for the graves of those who had perished on the scaffold or died in the dungeons of the Tower were crowded beneath its floor. No apology need be made for quoting the words of Macaulay, for they express eloquently what all must feel, however imperfectly, while standing in this church:—"In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth. Death is here associated—not as at Westminster and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with

everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, and the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends; with all the miseries of fallen greatness and blighted fame. Thither have been carried—through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following—the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts." Thither, too, have been carried, the historian might have added, the bodies of "tender and delicate women," nobly born and carefully nurtured, once the brightness of a home, and even idolised by a king; for the axe spared neither youth and beauty nor the grey hairs of venerable age; and the very steps of the throne sometimes proved the ascent to the scaffold.

The intra-mural interments had been so numerous, and, in some cases, so carelessly performed, that at the restoration of the chapel it was considered advisable, both for the security of the floor and for sanitary reasons, to dig up the earth within the walls of the nave. By Her Majesty's express command the greatest care was taken in this work; the coffins which were still perfect were removed to the crypt, the scattered bones were collected into cases and placed in the same receptacle. A brass plate was affixed to the western wall, giving a list of those who either died in prison or perished on the scaffold, and are known to have been buried within the chapel.

The chancel, however, is the spot of saddest memories; for beneath its floor lie the most illustrious among the victims of the axe. The first intention was not to disturb this resting-place, but to cover the old rough slabs in its eastern part with an ornamental pavement. But this part also of the floor was found, on examination, to be insecure, so that an investigation of the underlying ground became necessary. The earth was excavated in the eastern half of the chancel, between the great mural monument of the Blounts on the one side, and the brick vault on the other, which was constructed in 1871 to receive the body of Sir John Fox Burgoyne, once Constable of the Tower. A full and interesting account of this investigation will be found in Mr. Doyne Bell's work. Later interments, carelessly performed, had disturbed the older graves. The bodies evidently had been buried, as a rule, without coffins, and in some cases had even been covered with quicklime.* They had, indeed, been laid in consecrated ground, but "with the burial of a dog," as if they had been the lowest of malefactors. At most, only portions of the skeletons were found; but these, in some instances, were identified with fair certainty. The remains were placed separately in thick lead coffers, which were enclosed in strong wooden cases,

* The corpse of Anne Boleyn was "thrown into a common chest of elm-tree that was made to put arrows in, and buried in the chapel before twelve o'clock."

and then re-buried beneath the new pavement of parti-coloured marble, on which the names of the dead have been engraved.

As now arranged, a low step parts the floor of the chancel from that of the nave, and at about half its length a second similar step bounds the parti-



coloured marble pavement, on which the communion table is placed. The north chancel-wall is occupied by a grand monument of alabaster and marbles, erected to the memory of Sir Richard Blount and his son Sir Michael. This forms four arched compartments, beneath which are groups of kneeling figures. One half—that commemorating the father—was erected immediately after his death in 1564, the other just before the end of the same century; but the whole practically forms one monument. It is an exceptionally fine example of the sepulchral memorials

of the Elizabethan age; but, unfortunately, it suffers by being much too large for the chapel.

By careful consideration of the incidental references in history, it has been found possible to indicate, with more or less certainty, the resting-places of the fifteen illustrious personages who were buried in this chancel; all but two of them after death by the axe. Immediately under the communion table—placed, like it, north and south—was laid the weak and ambitious Duke of Monmouth; the rest were arranged in two rows, the division between them being roughly indicated by the present change in level. Below the upper stage, to quote the chronicler's words, "there lyeth before the high altar in St. Peter's Church two Dukes between two Queens—to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine—all four beheaded." To the north of Anne Boleyn's grave, it is believed, was that of her brother, Lord Rochford; to the south of Katherine Howard lay Lady Rochford, and beyond her the venerable Countess of Salisbury. In the lower row it is generally thought (though there is no direct evidence) that Lord Guildford Dudley was placed near the northern wall on the right hand of Lady Jane Grey, against whom was buried the Duke of Suffolk. By his side was the Duke of Norfolk, next to whom came his son, the Earl of Arundel, who died as a prisoner in the Tower; then the Earl of Essex; and, lastly, Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned while in prison.

What a list of the blood-stained pages of English history! What a grim significance there is in the juxtaposition of some of these unfortunates! Somerset and Northumberland, rivals through life, made equal in their manner of death, united in their graves. Queen Anne Boleyn, whose guilt or innocence may be counted among the problems of history, but of whom it must at least be admitted that "Cæsar's wife was not above suspicion." Katherine Howard, in whose case it is to be feared that charity can do little even to extenuate; and Lady Rochford, her companion in guilt and in execution. The name of the Countess of Salisbury recalls one of the greatest crimes of the greatest English tyrant, and the unprecedented scene at her execution, for "she would not die, as a proud dame should, decorously." To what extent the blood-stained beginning of Queen Mary's blood-stained reign is recorded on this floor is not quite certain, but it is probable that the graves of Lady Jane Grey, her husband, and her father, were in the chancel; and if so, they could hardly have been in any other than the place indicated. Norfolk, Arundel, and Essex are memorials of the rare severity of Elizabeth, which, in the case of two at least, was forced upon her, while Overbury recalls the weakness of the foolish pedant, her successor.

But many another victim of the axe was laid within the walls of St. Peter's.

Bishop Fisher, for whom neither old age nor saintly life could plead; More, among the wisest and wittiest of men; Cromwell, their destroyer, more ruthless than his master, the man of "blood and iron," who at last went the way on which he had sent so many; Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral, who had married the widow of one king, and aspired to mate with the sister of another; Stafford, the last victim of the "Popish Plot," done to death by perjured knaves. Jeffreys also, judge of the "Bloody Assize," whom the Tower sheltered from popular vengeance, was for a time laid within these walls, and the list of "notable prisoners" is closed by Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and Lovat—all executed for their share in the rebellion of 1745.* With the last of these ends the catalogue of the victims of the axe in England. So strong even by that time had the feeling against political executions become, that it needed a second rebellion to bring so many high-born offenders to the scaffold, and it is now safe to prophesy that blood will never again be thus shed in England.

T. G. Bonney.

* They were buried in coffins, but these, at the time of the restoration of the chapel, were found much damaged by later interments: the metal coffin plates were then removed, and are fixed against the neighbouring west wall.

OLNEY.

A HYMN-WRITERS' CHURCH.

OLNEY CHURCH, whose tall bulging spire shows high above the trees, is something more than a prominent object in a flat country; it is a landmark in a period of church history which, in the light of modern revivals, we are in these days accustomed to consider stale and flat, and to some extent unprofitable. Along with the fire kindled by Wesley and Whitefield arose a wind which moved the valley of dry bones; and no less strong than sweet were the contributory breezes wafted from this unimportant Buckinghamshire parish. In a double sense, Saint Peter and Saint Paul's at Olney is the typical hymn-writers' church. John Newton and Cowper, hard by, held intimate counsel together, the hymn-writing minister and the hymn-writing poet being for many years inseparable in their walks, in their homes, and in the House of Prayer for which both laboured. The church, with its spiritual influences, was the very centre of their lives; and in all the English-speaking world never a Sunday probably passes without an echo of the songs of Zion that, in the form of the Olney hymns, had their origin under the shadow of the

> "Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
> Just undulates upon the listening ear."

There is at the northern limit of Olney, and at least half a mile from the church, the gnarled and hollow remnant, still living, of an elm tree supposed to be 600 years old. From time immemorial it has been known as the "Churchyard elm," and this name is held to be good evidence that the tree marks the site of the graveyard of an ancient church built about the time of Canute. The present edifice was under repair at the beginning of the century, and an inscription found upon a beam indirectly corroborated the theory. Olney Church—in all material respects as Newton and Cowper saw it, and in general features as we may see it to-day—was erected between 1325–50. The roof of the nave and small clerestory of the Perpendicular order disappeared some ninety years ago, and the remnants of latticed screens which stood at either end have since been removed. There is a porch on the north side, supposed to occupy the site of an older one of greater age; and Mr. Thomas Wright, whose admirable "Town of Cowper" and "Life" of the poet are models of what such works should be, explains its peculiar situation by suggesting that, at some period, there was a southern porch as well.

The nave of the church is separated from the aisles by a line of five substantial arches, and the architecture is consistently that of the Decorated style. The interior has been to some extent modernised, and the only gallery remaining, erected by John Newton, and containing the pew habitually used by



THE CHURCH, FROM THE OUSE.

Cowper, is marked for removal. Its gracefully bold steeple is the characteristic feature by which the visitor will best remember Olney Church. The tower has octagonal pinnacles at the corners, from which the spire rises from an ornamental cornice to a height of 185 feet. The bulging sides are pierced with four lights, having canopied heads crowned by a cross. During the restorations which have been proceeding during the last thirty years, the chancel was restored at the charges of the Earl of Dartmouth, the stained-glass window at the east end was given by Mr. T. Revis, and the restoration of the west end was taken in hand by Sir Gilbert Scott. The top of the steeple was restored as recently as 1884; and the great weather-cock, taken down for re-gilding, was found to be inscribed with the date 1829, and the name of the vicar, the Rev. H. Gauntlett, father of the eminent composer of church music, who, as a lad of nine years of age, was the first organist at Olney. There were also the initials of three churchwardens, and a triplet through which a bullet had apparently been shot. This modest proof of the poetical impetus bequeathed to

Olney by Newton and Cowper (who had long since finished their earthly career) was in these words:

"I never crow;
But stand to show
Whence winds do blow.

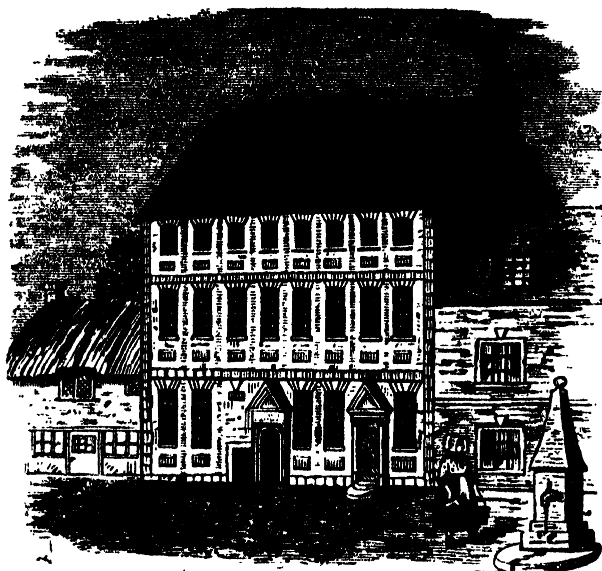
The churchyard contains many old gravestones, some of them carved by the James Andrews who was Cowper's "Michael Angelo." This village artist taught the poet drawing, and, as we learn from a letter to Newton, complimented his pupil upon his success. "I draw mountains, valleys, woods, and streams, and ducks and dabchicks," he wrote; "I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them, and her praise and my praise put together are fame enough for me." There was quite a notable triumph of gravestone art near the porch; the corroding effects of weather have marred the delicate lines, but in the days when the Olney children ascended to the room in which Sunday school was held above the porch, the component parts of the farmyard scene chiselled in the stone must have been in clearest cut. Mrs. Newton's father, the Rev. Henry Gauntlett, and Dr. Langley, both vicars of Olney, are buried here; and there is a tablet on the chancel wall to the memory of Moses Browne, who was an absentee vicar during a portion of Newton's curacy. He, too, was a poet, and after some flirtation with the worldly muse, and a literary connection with the *Gentleman's Magazine* under Cave's management, came out from the world, and became one of the preachers of that evangelical party to which the atmosphere of Olney was so stimulating. Moses Browne began life as a pen-cutter, and it was while writing poetry for the *Gentleman's Magazine* that he made the acquaintance of Dr. Watts, who was as famous a hymn-writer as Newton. He was also author of "Piscatory Eclogues," and the editor of a Bowdlerised Walton.

Olney Vicarage was a large and comfortable residence for the curate, John Newton, after his friend Lord Dartmouth had extended and improved the ancient parsonage house. A dense shrubbery, since considerably cleared, surrounded what Newton himself described as "one of the best and most commodious houses in this county." To understand the influence of the Olney days upon this extraordinary man, it is necessary to glance at the leading incidents of his previous career. It was quite romantic at the start. Born in London in 1725, losing his mother as a child of seven, and left to the care of a father who was a ship's captain trading to the Mediterranean, and a stern disciplinarian, his boyhood was neither bright nor happy. Sent to a boarding school at Stratford, he learnt Latin, and was severely treated. At the age of twelve he went to sea with his father, and so spent the next five years of his youth. But for an honest love affair in Kent, he would have gone to Jamaica when his father gave up the mariner's calling. This project failing, he was next impressed for the navy, but through

influence was enrolled amongst the man-of-war's midshipmen. He was often in disgrace, deserted the ship, was brought back, put in irons, flogged, and sent before the mast. On his way to India he got himself transferred to a ship bound for the Guinea Coast. On shore he entered the service of a slave-dealer, by whose wife he was treated little better than one of the slaves. Released from this bondage, a profane and loose-living waif, he took a serious turn while reading "Thomas à Kempis" on the voyage home, and his thoughts about religion were accentuated by danger of shipwreck. As mate of a ship, Newton now engaged in the slave trade, as to which, in those days, there were few qualms of conscience.

At twenty-five years of age he married the Kentish lady who had first engaged his affections, and made voyages to Guinea as commander of a merchant ship, the work of conversion gradually proceeding under the reading of such books as "Hervey's Meditations," and the once popular "Life of Colonel Gardiner." Abandoning the sea for a tide surveyorship at Liverpool, he devoted his leisure to systematic study, and determined to enter the ministry, at first inclining to the Nonconformists. He became personally intimate with both Whitefield and Wesley, and preached for six weeks at the Independent Chapel at Warwick as a probationer, but decided at last in favour of the Established Church, and at the age of thirty-nine was admitted to orders, and presented by Lord Dartmouth to the curacy of Olney. In the church which was to be the scene of his ministrations for the next sixteen years, he preached his first sermon on the 27th of May, 1764, and thus entered upon the peaceful sphere of Christian usefulness which found him steadfast to the end, at the summons of death, in his eighty-third year. Having assumed the ministerial calling by pressure of conviction, after a career of stormy adventure, the worldling sailor, changed into an earnest minister of the Gospel, ripe with varied experience and fired with zeal founded on rock-fast faith, laboured diligently in his sacred calling. Many autobiographical glimpses indicate the nature of his work outside the services of the Church. Alike in Molly Mole's cottage prayer meetings, and at the services held in "the Great House," the curate led the way. He preached in barns and out-houses, lectured to poor people in their humble tenements, taught the little children, and found time amidst all his engagements to indulge in that practice of letter-writing which afterwards so largely swelled the list of his published works.

At the time of Newton's establishment as curate of Olney and tenant of the vicarage house, William Cowper, who was seven years his junior, had passed through many troubles, and suffered from the lamentable affliction which thereafter, at intervals, overwhelmed him with the black clouds of insanity. He had written a few ballads, and some hymns, and had retired to the quiet of



COWPER'S HOUSE.

Huntingdon. The hymn, "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee," was a literal record of his determination, and the reference to "The calm retreat, the silent shade" becomes inexpressibly pathetic if we recall the circumstances by which it was inspired. After Mr. Unwin's death, his widow and Cowper, in singular companionship, cast about for some sequestered place where they could sit under the ministry of an evangelical clergyman. In the midst of their inquiries John Newton, in obedience to the request of a common friend, called upon them, and they eventually decided upon residence at Olney. Newton engaged for them the house in the Market-place, then called Orchard Side, now known as Cowper's House; but pending repairs and alterations, the poet and Mrs. Unwin lived for three months at the vicarage, newly renovated. This was in 1767, and for the next twelve years Cowper resided at Olney. The poet used to assist the curate in his prayer meetings and cottage services; and Newton has left it on record, "For six years we were seldom separate when at home and awake." An apple orchard divided the vicarage garden from Cowper's grounds, and a doorway was made so that the two hymn writers might visit without passing into the unattractive main street. It was upon Newton's proposal that the Olney hymns were undertaken, the suggestion being made in the hope that Cowper's brooding malady might be averted by the occupation. The burden of the work ultimately fell upon Newton. Thus some of the most precious hymns in the English language were written, and Cowper's familiar

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings"

was a heartfelt outburst of gratitude following his recovery from an interval of mental derangement. Another of his popular hymns, "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet," was written for the service held in the "Great House"—a mansion used as an informal chapel-of-ease, and for the first meeting at which Newton wrote a special hymn, dedicating the place in the lines—

"As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray."

This mansion was an old house of Lord Dartmouth's standing near the church. It was pulled down some seventy years ago, and the gateway piers, terminated by weather-stained balls of stone, now at the entrance to the churchyard, are its sole remains.

The life of Cowper is a sad chapter, but on the whole the Olney period had its many happinesses. In that plain-fronted, conventional-windowed residence in the Olney Street he played with his hares, made boxes and tables, delighted in the bees that came to his garden, and in his continuous rambles abroad looked upon all the landscape with a poet's eye. The country around Olney, well watered and pastoral, is pretty in the summer, and the view from Clifton hill is lovely; but it cannot be called picturesque. Cowper, however, makes the most of it, and touches it with beauty even in its winter aspects. There are still pilgrims to Olney who are interested in the parlour with the shutters that were closed, what time the fire was stirred and the curtain let fall to "welcome peaceful evening in;" and the little rustic, almost rude, summer-house where "John Gilpin" and a portion of "The Task" were written. The sketch beginning

> "Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
> Pillow and bobbins all her little store"

was a familiar scene from the life of many a humble lace-maker at Olney in those days; and even now, when other industries have arisen, it need not be sought in vain. The bridge across the mill-stream, over which the postman of "The Task" came with twanging horn, has long lost its many-arched continuation that bestrode the wintry flood, and the Ouse, slow-winding through its "level plain of spacious meads," has not changed its sinuosity or its sluggishness.

While Cowper sat in his favourite position at that second window from the front door, or in the greenhouse converted for the summer season into an *al fresco* study, John Newton in the vicarage beyond used a room at the top of the house, reminded daily by texts, inscribed upon the panel over the mantelpiece, that he was once a bondman in the land of Egypt, "and the Lord thy God redeemed thee." In this upper chamber Newton wrote his share of the "Olney Hymns"—280 out of the total of 348. This leaves sixty-eight for Cowper; and it should not be forgotten



PORTRAIT OF COWPER.

that Newton in his preface is careful to explain that the scheme was prompted by a desire, firstly, "to promote the comfort and faith of sincere Christians," and, secondly, to "perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship."

The separation of the friends was as painful an experience for strong, sturdy John Newton as for the often trembling friend who leaned upon him. Newton was the first to leave Olney, disheartened that, after all his efforts to reclaim them, the looser sort of Olney rowdies proved so incorrigible that, at one of his weekly lectures during a Fifth of November debauch, he was obliged to send out money to the mob to preserve his house from violence. His friend, Mr. John Thornton, presented him with the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the City of London, and he preached his last sermon as curate of Olney on January 11th, 1780. He was rector of the City church for twenty-eight years, dying in 1807. Their most important literary work was done by both Newton and Cowper after this separation. The year following Newton's departure, Cowper made the acquaintance of Lady Austen, who thereafter became one of the Olney worthies, and it was at her sprightly challenge that "the Sofa" was selected as a promising subject for the poet's muse. On leaving Olney in 1786 Cowper went to Weston Underwood, and lived there ten years; thence to Norfolk, where, a broken, gloomy man, who never smiled, and who believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, he died in 1800.

WILLIAM SENIOR.

SCARBOROUGH AND FILEY.

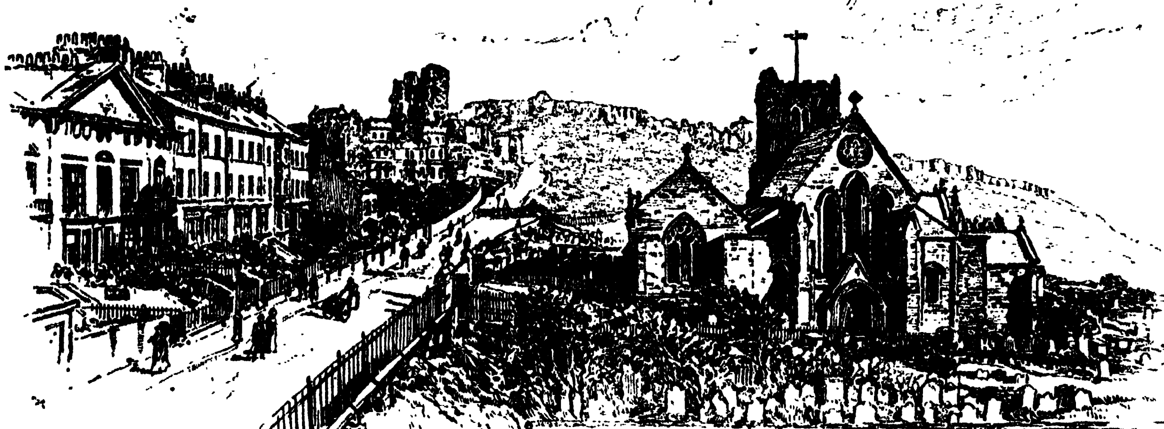
TWO YORKSHIRE HEALTH RESORTS.

THE name Scarborough is found strangely varied in the spelling. The derivation is usually traced to the Saxon Scarburg, carrying with it the meaning of a fortified place upon a rock; but there is a belief also that one of the early Vikings, by name Skartha (hare-lip), built a stronghold here. Hither, it is certain, came Tosti, that doughty Northern Count, on a plundering expedition, and found himself well repaid for the venture. Harold Hardrada also "lay at Scardeburg" and "fought with the burgesses," and ascending the hill, threw fire-brands into the town. But, although we have these and other early references to the place, Scarborough, for some reason that cannot be satisfactorily explained, is omitted from the Domesday record. One theory is that the place had then been laid waste; but if this be so, it must have speedily advanced to importance, for it has a charter of incorporation dating back to 1181, in the reign of Henry II., and it was one of the few towns in the country—and the only one in Yorkshire—to send members to the famous Parliament summoned in the year 1262, during the reign of Edward I. The present castle dates from Stephen's time. Its builder was the mighty lord of Holderness, William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle; who seeing the scar, with its area of table-land, "to be a convenient plot to build a castle upon, helping Nature forward with a very costly work, he closed the whole plain of the rock with a wall, and built a tower within the very straight of the passage." That there was a stronghold of some kind on the scar before this period seems borne out by the fact that in the reign of Henry I. a chapel was built in what was called the Castle Yard, and dedicated to Edward the Confessor.

In connection with this Castle Yard chapel we get one of the early references to the parish church (St. Mary's). Thus in a deed executed in the 13th of Edward I. it is found that a grant of this and all other chapels within the limits of the town, including the Church of St. Mary, was confirmed to the Cistercians. Of the exact date of the foundation of the church there is no trace, but mention of it is found as far back as 1189, in the reign of Richard I. It was then a vicarage of the value of twenty marks, and was in the gift of the king, who seems to have given the advowson to the Abbey of Citeaux in Burgundy for the support of the general chapter. In the reign of Henry IV. the church was given to the Prior of Bridlington, and there was little further change as regards ownership until the Reformation.

St. Mary's stands on the inner side of the promontory, and rises as

conspicuously above the old town as the castle itself. It is the survivor of a number of old churches that have left no trace save the names of certain streets in the town. Its builders, contrary to the ordinary monastic choice, left the valley for the height at Scarborough — believing, no doubt, that the castle close by would be a sufficient protection for the fabric. They reasoned unwisely.

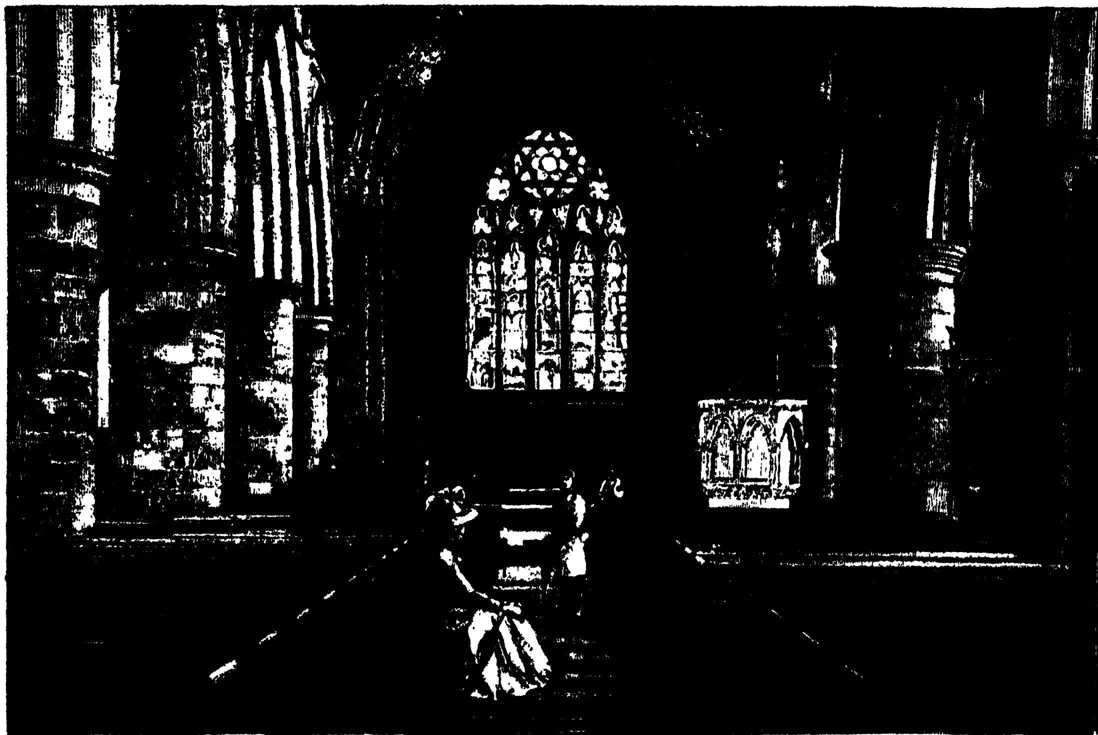


CASTLE HILL, SCARBOROUGH, WITH THE CHURCH.

The church, being on the line of attack, suffered at the successive sieges of the stronghold; and we find it to-day a much less pretentious structure than it was in its early history. In one sense, however, its founders builded better than they knew. Formerly, the town lay wholly below the church; now, St. Mary's is an ideal parish-church as regards position. Standing between the new town on the north beach, and the new town that stretches inwards and southwards, and the old town below, it forms a point from which Scarborough diverges on every side.

The church has many interesting features. Originally it was cruciform, and consisted of a nave, with north and south aisles that terminated in western towers; a central tower, with transepts; a choir, with north and south aisles; and there were cloisters to the south-west. The choir, which was a magnificent feature of the church, and had a length of 115 feet, was destroyed during the siege to which the castle was subjected at the time of the Commonwealth. In its present condition the church consists of the nave, with clerestory, two north aisles, a south aisle with four side chapels and a parvis porch, the central tower, and the bases of the two original western towers. The central tower was so

injured by the siege which destroyed the choir that it fell four years afterwards. It remained a ruin for ten years, when it was rebuilt as it now stands. The building shows Norman and Early English features. Of the side chapels, one, dedicated to St. Nicholas, adjoins the porch, and projects equally with it. The



SCARBOROUGH: THE INTERIOR.

other three are recessed and on a line, and are dedicated to St. James the Great, St. John the Baptist, and St. Stephen. These chapels open from the bays in the south aisle, and are walled up from each other. They have each a sepulchral recess, piscina, and aumbry, and being Early English in character, must have been erected soon after the completion of the original building. The windows are recent. The extra north wall was added when the central tower was rebuilt. There being now no choir, the chancel is formed under the tower. The church was restored with great care and judgment in 1850; and recently alterations have been undertaken in order to open the south transept to the church by removing the organ to the north aisles. A convenient resting-place on the way to the castle, many persons linger round the old fabric, and enjoy the noble view inland and seawards. Many, also, make pilgrimage to the churchyard, to visit the grave of one of the Brontë sisters—Anne ("Acton Bell"), the authoress of "Agnes Grey;" who died at Scarborough on May 28th, 1849.

The town lies on two sides of the promontory, and each side has its beach and distinctive attractions. Scarborough is really two watering-places in one, and the visitor may choose between mild and bracing situations. The Scarborough of the north side is wholly modern. On the south side it consists of the old town, lying tier on tier on the slope of the Castle Hill, and clustering around the harbour; but stretching inwards and southwards, on the heights running round the fine sweep of the bay, is the town of yesterday also, imposing in grand hotels, terraces and crescents of lodging-houses, trim villas, and no lack of greenery. Through the southern part runs a ravine, prettily laid out, and in no sense spoiled by art. Crossing the ravine where it opens to the sea is a high level bridge some four hundred feet in length, over which visitors find their way to the Spa Grounds and promenade. Below this bridge, and extending westwards, is a subterranean aquarium, whose contents are chiefly British, but whose setting is unmistakably Oriental. To descend into it is to pass for the time being out of Yorkshire into India, the gateways, the corridors, the successive chambers being copies from Akbar, Agra, Bunderabad, and other places in Hindostan famous for architectural wonders.

The Spa promenade gets its name from the two wells of mineral water—one saline, the other chalybeate—situated there; but the wells are its least attraction. The walks here, with their ranges of buildings in the Italian style, the fine ocean view from the sea-wall, the life on the sands at low water, the provision made for refreshment and recreation—this it is that brings beauty and fashion in such force to Scarborough in the mellow days of the Indian summer. When London is said to be empty, Scarborough is said to be full, and although "empty" is a figure of speech as regards the metropolis, the other word is literal fact at this particular part of the year in the town that, in the north of England at least, is proudly regarded as "the Queen of Watering-places."

Some seven or eight miles further south lies Filey, hidden from Scarborough by headlands; but the Filey visitor, standing on the famous "brigg" when low water permits this, has Scarborough well within view. Except the sea, the two places have little in common. Filey knows nothing of old charters of incorporation, and has never enjoyed Parliamentary privileges in its own right; but the Romans, on the other hand, found here a secure place for settlement, and the town has distinct mention in the Norman survey. There is nothing of the fashionable life at Filey that characterises Scarborough, but its great charm to the visitor who favours it lies in its quieter surroundings and the scenic attractions that are within easy reach. It has a bay with a grand sweep, one extremity running into the mighty cliffs that go out to Flamborough Head; the other losing itself in that great wonder of the Yorkshire coast, the famous "brigg." The cliffs to the

north are of clay, and at the point where they terminate that side of Filey Bay the "brigg" begins, as the hard rock rises to the surface. It is a projecting reef, covered here and there by huge boulders, and forming a natural breakwater. Scattered over this—"the finest sea-walk in England"—are pools in water-worn basins, and shelving recesses abounding with the treasures of the sea-shore. Running into the sea from the "brigg" in a southerly direction is another ridge, known as "The Spittal," which has been conjectured to be the remains of a Roman breakwater. As with a good many other natural wonders, there is a tradition associating Filey "brigg" with Satanic agency. The arch-enemy is said to have laid violent hands on a huge breakwater that here stretched into Filey Bay, and the tradition accounts for the unfinished nature of the demolition by stating that the hammer with which the uncanny operator was working fell out of his grasp into the sea and was lost. The fisher-folk at Filey add a story to the effect that in groping in the water for the missing tool the Devil caught a haddock instead, and left thereon the thumb-mark which has since been the distinguishing feature of the fish. That the Romans did more than utilise the existing "brigg" has been doubted. They, however, had a sort of Pharos on the headland, as recent explorations have shown. Here, it is claimed, was the Portus Felix of Ptolemy, Flamborough Head being the Ocellum Promontorium. There is no harbour; and when the fishing vessels sail away, as they usually do, on a Monday morning, the bay is clear of craft, and the whole beach, from the "brigg" to Speeton Cliffs on the way to Flamborough Head, is practically given up to the visitors.

The church is dedicated to St. Oswald, the Northumbrian king and martyr. It lies on the "brigg" side of the bay, on the level land above the clay cliffs, a ravine separating it from the town. It has been called "a cathedral in miniature," and was given by Gilbert de Gant to the Priory of Bridlington in the reign of Henry I. It is cruciform in plan; is in the Transition Norman and Early English styles; and consists of chancel, clerestoried nave with aisles, north and south transepts, a low but massive central tower, and vestry. The nave, which is the oldest part of the edifice, is divided from the aisles by Transitional arcades; the piers being alternately circular and octagonal, except the two westernmost, which are clustered, and may at one time have supported a tower. The tower is low, and has a massive look. It has on each face a coupled lancet window within one containing arch at the level of the belfry. The walls here are four feet thick, and the chamber is twenty-one feet square. The original notch-head corbel table remains in the tower, but the parapet work is of later date. There are three seventeenth century bells, of different dates—1675, 1682, and 1700—but all from the same foundry, and bearing the maker's initials, "S. S., Ebor," on a shield in an ornamental hand. The building suffered much

from want of attention; but in 1886 it was thoroughly restored, at a cost of some £3,000. The wall of the north aisle and parts of the transept had to be rebuilt, new roofs were found to be necessary for the nave and aisles, and the floor was lowered to its proper level. Since then the windows have been filled with stained glass, the chancel has been re-seated, and a new altar provided. Particularly worthy of notice is the fine late Transition portal in the north porch, giving entrance to the nave, and showing a circular arch of four orders, with shafts at the angles. The clerestory windows, one above each bay, are deeply splayed. Rich Early English arcading will be found under the west window in the south transept, and very fine Early English work is shown also in the triple sedilia and piscina in the chancel. A piece of rude sculpture, representing a female, is said to belong to the time of Edward I. The churchyard surrounds the building. Many of the tombstones are to mariners, and the inscriptions in numerous instances tell how, in the language of the fisher-folk when speaking of their dead, "the sea gat" the lads and men whose memorials are here.

W. S. CAMERON.



FILEY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST (1885).



GENERAL VIEW OF GREAT BRINGTON.

GREAT BRINGTON.

GRAVES OF THE WASHINGTONS AND SPENCERS.

PERCHED upon an eminence, some seven miles from Northampton, Great Brington looks out across a pastoral valley to historic Holmby, on the wooded hill beyond. Below, in the vale itself, lies Althorp Park, the residence for some three centuries and a half of the house of Spencer. This quiet village in the heart of the shires has made history in its day, and no stranger can visit its fine old church without being powerfully impressed by the memories which cling to it. The story of the Washingtons is one of the strange romances of family history, and around it cluster all the fascinations of genealogy. With the exception of Cromwell, Washington was the first man in modern times who rose from a position of mere gentility to an unsceptred throne; and the attraction of his life is increased by the mystery, not yet wholly dispelled, which long surrounded his ancestry.

The massive tower of Great Brington Church crowns the high ground at the very entrance to the village from the Althorp side. Every approach to it is pleasant; one is majestic. The short cut from Althorp is a very pretty summer walk, for it crosses pasture fields and skirts Lord Spencer's park. This walk debouches upon a typical bit of the old English village. In an angle of the road lies what remains of the ancient green, with the shaft of the stone cross which once raised its arms there: a reminder, in its eloquent symbolism,

AAAA

of other matters than the streamered Maypole, the lusty wrestlings, and the games of skill which diverted youth when that cross was new. Behind, there rises up a magnificent old elm; on the one hand is the grey church, on the other the massive stone-built rectory, gabled and towered.

The other approach, from the high road, or from Althorp Park, is even more picturesque. An elm avenue stretches for some hundreds of yards up to the gates of the churchyard; just such an avenue, indeed, as one gives in fancy to the typical old country house which no Charles Surface has ever despoiled of its amenity. The tower of St. Mary the Virgin stands out square and embattled between the elms. The church is mainly Decorated; but the chancel, which was finished only between 1500 and 1520, is entirely Perpendicular. These late additions are said to be the work of the architect of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, Hermitage, the rector of the day, being in a document of the period designated superintendent of the King's works at Westminster. The exterior of Brington Church can hardly be said to be picturesque. But there is that within which passeth show, and few are the "Houses of God" which are richer in human interest than this.

The great south door by which we enter possesses an exceedingly curious lock, all, like the door itself, of massive oak, save the steel bolt, which is of unusual length. The interior of the church has been much disfigured by the whitewash of a less tasteful age; and the fine west window is completely blocked by the gallery built in that same age of whitewash. The open benches, which have happily never been replaced by pews, are a most interesting survival of the time before the Reformation. They are of extraordinary massiveness, the seats being about three inches thick, while the oak is black with age. The bold end-ornaments are of the poppy-head pattern, roughly but effectively wrought. Below the poppy-heads are a series of shields carved with the simple heraldic charges, such as the fesse and the saltire. They are probably at least as old as the year 1450, to judge from the character of the workmanship and the massiveness of the material.

The first Washington tomb to which one comes (the second in point of date) is in the main aisle of the nave, about half-way up towards the chancel. It is entirely hidden by the matting, to which no doubt is largely owing the clearness of the inscription. Into a long stone slab are let two brasses, one at the head, the other near the foot. Upon the first is the following inscription, very sharply cut, and not in the least worn down:—

"HERE LIES INTERRED Y^E BODIES ON ELIZAB. WASHINGTON WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMMORTALITIE Y^E 19TH OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO Y^E BODY OF ROBERT WASHINGTON GENT HER LATE HUSBAND SECOND SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y^E COUNTY OF NORTH. ESQR. WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y^E 10TH OF MARCH, 1622. AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER MANY YEARS IN THIS PARISH."

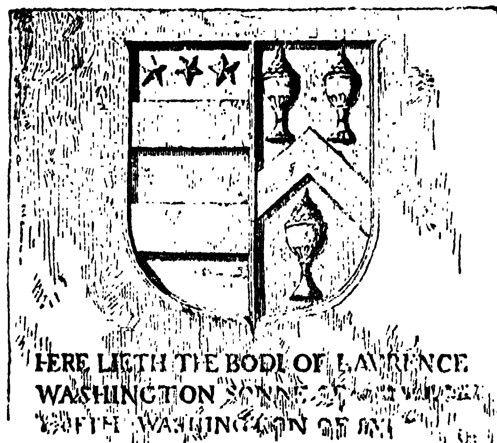
The somewhat larger brass beneath the inscription bears the armorial coat of Robert Washington; *argent*, two bars *gules;* in chief three mullets of the second. That is to say, in language understanded of the people, two red bars and three stars upon a silver ground. Very curiously, the workmen who incised the brass erroneously made the bars gold. There can scarcely be a doubt that the charges upon the Washington arms suggested the stars and stripes of the American flag, for the President wore these arms upon his ring (although it is said that, properly speaking, he was not entitled to this particular shield), and from that ring the "star-spangled banner" was devised.

The second tomb is in the chancel, near the north chapel, and is protected by a hinged wooden flap, so that the slab is never trodden upon, and is, indeed, somewhat difficult of access. Here both epitaph and arms are cut in the stone, and cut so deeply that a finger will almost lie in some of the depressions:—

"HERE LIETH THE BODI OF LAVRENCE
WASHINGTON SONNE AND HEIRE OF
ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOVLGRAVE
IN THE COUNTIE OF NORTHAMTON
ESQUIER WHO MARRIED MARGARET
THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM
BUTLER OF TEES IN THE COUNTIE
OF SUSSEXE ESQUIER WHO HAD ISSU
BY HER 8 SONNES AND 9 DAUGHTERS
WHICH LAVRENCE DECEASED THE 13
OF DECEMBER A.DNI 1616
THOSE THAT BY CHANCE OR CHOYCE
OF THIS HAST SIGHT
KNOW LIFE TO DEATH RESIGNES
AS DAYE TO NIGHT
BUT AS THE SUNNS RETORNE
REVIVES THE DAY
SO CHRIST SHALL US
THOUGH TURNDE TO DUST AND CLAY."

Beneath are the impaled arms of Washington and Butler. It will be observed that Laurence (who, according to the parish register, was buried on December 15th, 1616) was the elder brother of Robert. It is from Laurence Washington and Margaret Butler that the illustrious first President of the United States was descended. His own grandfather was a Laurence, who was Mayor of Northampton in 1532, and again in 1543, and obtained at the dissolution of the monasteries a grant of the manor of Sulgrave, not many miles from Brington. Some twenty years after his death, in 1584, the family fell upon evil days; Sulgrave manor house had to be sold, and Laurence and Robert came to live at Brington, to be near their powerful relations the Spencers. Laurence had a large family, and two of his sons were knights. The eldest, Sir William Washington, for a

time repaired the fortunes of his house by marrying the half-sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Another Washington entry in the register is this: "1620: Mr. Philip Curtis and Miss Amy Washington were married, August 8th." Yet another records that a child of Laurence Washington, named Gregory, was baptised and buried at Brington on January 16, 1607. The picturesque old house at Little Brington in which the Washingtons are supposed to have lived is still in good preservation. Above the door is the inscription:



SLAB ON THE WASHINGTON TOMB.

> "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,
> Blessed be the name of the Lord.
> Constructa 1606."

The connection of the Washingtons with America commenced by the emigration, in 1659, of John Washington, great-grandfather of the first President. He was accompanied by his brother; and it has been suggested, not without plausibility, that they were the sons of the Rev. Laurence Washington, Rector of Purleigh, in Essex, but ejected from his living during the Commonwealth. Shortly after settling down in Virginia, John Washington's wife and two very young children died, and were buried upon his own plantation. Before long he married, secondly, Anne Brodhurst, *née* Pope, the daughter of a planter who had emigrated from England some years previously, and had given his name to Pope's Creek, likewise in Virginia. This lady, who became the great-grandmother of George Washington, was the widow of Walter Brodhurst of "ye parts beyond the sea," son of William Brodhurst, gentleman, of Lilleshall, in Shropshire, by whom she was left a legacy. Her great-grandchildren by her first husband were thus second cousins of George Washington.

The north or Spencer chapel of Brington Church was, like the chancel, built by Sir John Spencer. It is divided from the chancel by three pointed arches, each filled by a great altar-tomb. From the time of Henry VII. to the present day this chapel has been the burial-place of the Lords of Althorp, although it happens that no monument has been raised within it since Carolinean times. Peopled vaults echo to the tread, but the dust beneath is unnamed above. Yet these vaults contain the heart of the gallant Henry, first Earl of Sunderland, brought from the fatal field of Newbury, and the remains of the two succeeding Earls, his son and grandson, Robert, the famous Secretary of State to James II., and Charles, the eminent Minister of George I. The visitor who possesses any

considerable acquaintance with the sepulchral monuments in our old churches is struck by the very remarkable preservation of these tombs. Every one is complete and perfect; some have not so much as a scratch upon their marble, and the most modern of the series, carved more than two centuries ago, is crisp and clear-cut as though its "figures strange and sweet" had but yesterday



THE SPENCER TOMBS.

come from the chisel. The chapel is lighted by the rich heraldic windows of an apse built by the fourth Earl Spencer in memory of his father George John, second Earl; of his mother, and of John Charles, third Earl, better known as the famous Lord Althorp. The windows contain a number of the quartered and impaled coats of the Spencers and their alliances, and medallion portraits of the second and third Earls.

Taking the Spencer tombs in order, as they stand within the iron grille which separates the north chapel from the chancel, the first is that of Sir John Spencer and his wife, Isabella Gaunt, of Snitterfield. Sir John was the first Spencer who lived at Althorp, and the builder of this mortuary chapel. He

died in 1522, and his marble effigy, with that of his wife, lies upon an altar-tomb beneath the first arch. He is harnessed in full plate armour, and his tabard is charged with the ancient and now discarded arms of Spencer. Dame Isabella is in a scarlet gown, with a rosary hanging at her girdle, while across her bosom is looped a rich heraldic mantle. The tomb is covered with an arched canopy of freestone. The centre arch contains the sumptuous monument of Sir John Spencer, who died in 1586, and his wife Katherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson, of Hengrave, in Suffolk. When this tomb was first put up it was elaborately, and, we should say now, gaudily painted and gilt; but time has subdued and softened the once brilliant tints, until now they are sober and russet. The third arch is filled with the sarcophagus altar-tomb of Robert, first Baron Spencer of Wormleighton, and his wife, Margaret Willoughby of Woolaton. On the opposite side of the chapel is the low plain altar-tomb of Sir William Spencer, who died in 1532, and his wife, Susan.

The most beautiful, and by far the most chaste, of the Spencer tombs is that of William, second Baron Spencer, and his wife Penelope Wriothesley, daughter of the Earl of Southampton. It was erected in the time of Charles I., is entirely of black and white marble, and is one of the most meritorious works of Nicholas Stone. In an angle of the chapel is a curious bust of Sir Edward Spencer, who died in 1655. The east window of the chapel is built up by a large mural monument carved by Nollekens, from a design by Cipriani, in memory of John, first Earl Spencer, who died in 1783. Below it is Chantrey's exquisite tablet to Georgina, Countess Spencer. In 1643 the third Baron Spencer, after the battle of Edgehill, was by Charles I. created Earl of Sunderland. He was the husband of Lady Dorothy Sidney, better known in literary history as the "Saccharissa" to whom Edmund Waller addressed so many of his amorous effusions. Lady Sunderland in her girlhood contemptuously refused to listen to Waller's protestations of love, and in after years he took a somewhat mean revenge. The two met when they were both old. "When will you write some more fine verses about me, Mr. Waller?" asked "Saccharissa." "When you are as young, madam, and as beautiful as you were then," was the extremely ungracious answer.

There is a tradition at Brington that Charles I., while confined at Holmby House, frequently knelt at these altar-rails to receive the Communion; but I am afraid tradition is the only warrant for this statement. Brington Church can, however, afford to dispense with the doubtful distinctions of tradition. As the resting-place of the forbears of a man who moulded another and a more spacious England, it is a point of reverend pilgrimage for all who speak the English tongue.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

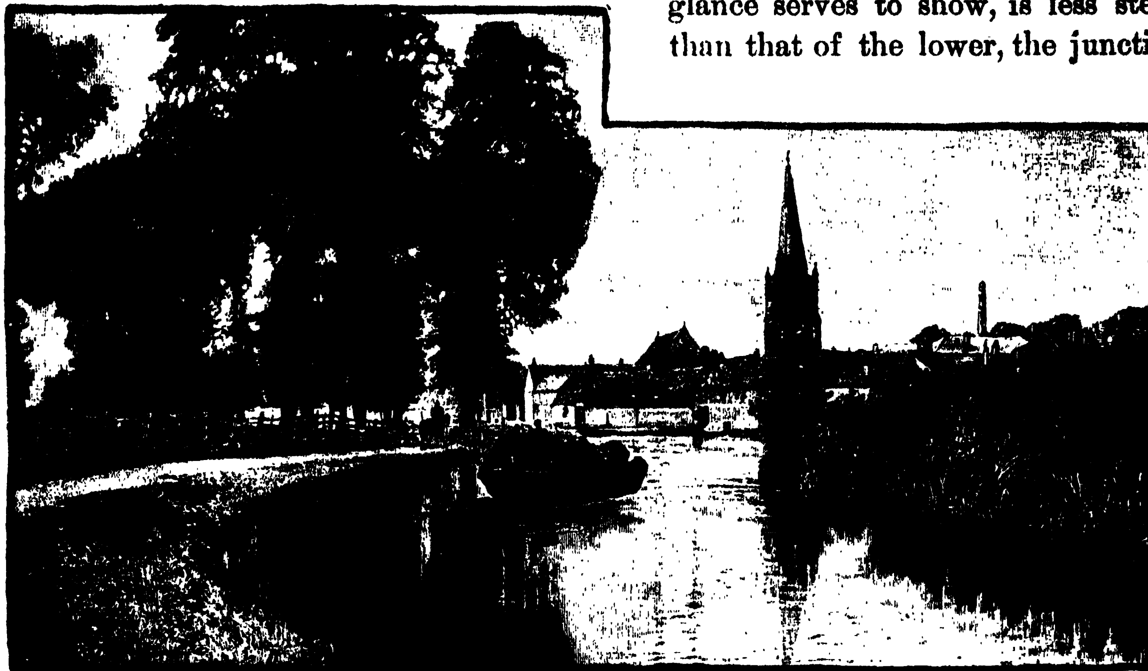
ABINGDON.

A CHURCH OF MANY AISLES.

UNTIL a few years ago the Church of St. Helen at Abingdon possessed the singular interest of consisting of five parallel aisles, nearly equal in length, breadth, and height, and no nave—St. Helen's in the centre, with Our Lady's and Jesus on the north (in the order of proximity), and St. Catherine's and Holy Cross on the south. But then it had to endure restoration, and although when it emerged from the ordeal, in 1873, it still enjoyed the paradoxical peculiarity of being slightly greater in breadth than in length, it now found itself with a nave and four aisles, the roof of St. Helen's aisle having been considerably heightened, and the walls pierced for a clerestory. That the church was greatly the gainer in point of symmetry must of course be admitted; and it may further be urged that the transformation was only a carrying out of the original design, which, whatever it may have contemplated, could scarcely have intended a naveless church. The plea will not find favour with those who hold that restoration and improvement are not interchangeable terms, and that veracity is as obligatory in the restoring of churches as in the writing of history. But why, after this liberty had been taken, it was deemed necessary to renew and perpetuate the debased rounded heads which disfigured several of the windows, and which could not have been the work of the original builders, since the most recent of the aisles is not later than 1540, is utterly incomprehensible, and would be astonishing if one did not know already how mysterious are the ways of church restorers. These things apart, however, the restoration was a worthy enough work. The barbarous high pews and galleries were swept away, many of the dispossessed images were restored, the old tombs and tablets and other ancient features of the church were carefully preserved, and no effort was spared to make St. Helen's worthy alike of its history, of its standing as the Mother Church of Abingdon, and of its agreeable situation beside the placid waters of the winding Thames. It is, as might be supposed, a spacious building, with sitting accommodation for 1,200 persons, and while certainly not free from the defects of the style to which the body of it belongs, it has in abundant measure the lightness and airiness which are its compensations.

The parapetted tower, placed at the north-east angle of the church, with a high-roofed porch in the lower stage, and terminated by an octagonal spire, supported by tiny flying buttresses springing from crocketted turrets at the angles, is Early English, and, with the exception of a few traces of the

same style in the north wall, is the only part of the structure not in the Perpendicular. The spire is of unusual design, for the slope of the upper portion, as anything more than a cursory glance serves to show, is less steep than that of the lower, the junction



ST. HELEN'S, FROM THE THAMES.

between the two slopes being marked by a band of enrichment. Notwithstanding this irregularity, the general effect of the spire is distinctly pleasing. In the number and richness of its porches, St. Helen's is rather above the average even of Perpendicular churches. In addition to the one in the tower, there are a north, a west, and a south porch, all of goodly proportions, and all ornamented in the fashion characteristic of the style. The renovation of the tower was only effected in 1885, when also the porches were taken in hand—one of them at the charges of Christ's Hospital, an institution of which there will be something to say presently. The north porch exemplifies another peculiarity of Perpendicular porches, since over the low oak roof is a little chamber, or parvise, known as "The Exchequer," where the register and other parish documents are kept. Of the interior of the church, perhaps the most notable feature is the fine timbered roof of the nave and of the two north aisles. That of Our Lady's aisle is especially remarkable, enriched as it is with figures of prophets, saints, and kings, painted at the instance of Nicholas Gold, one of those to whom a charter was granted for the incorporation of the Guild of the Holy Rood in the reign of Henry VI., and still easily traceable, though greatly faded. In this aisle is

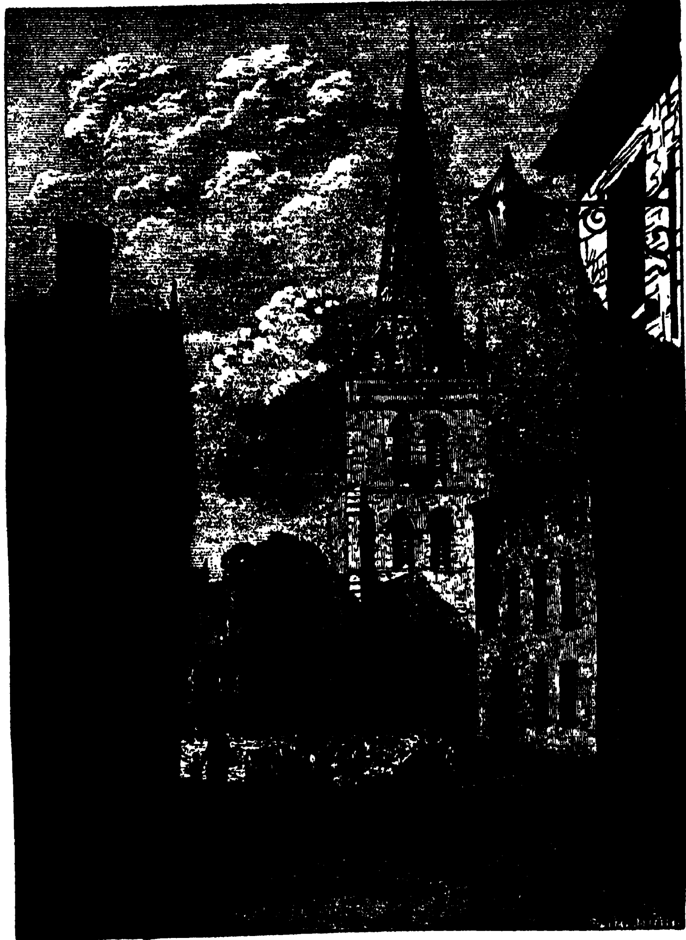
another specimen of the same art, in the form of a large detached picture of Christ bearing the Cross. The choir is marked off from Our Lady's aisle on the one hand, and from St. Catherine's on the other, by two corresponding arcaded screens, partly of oak, partly of stone; a screen of somewhat similar design, and extending as far westwards, but all of stone, separates Our Lady's from the Jesus aisle; and the division between choir and nave is effected by a handsome but somewhat obtrusive screen of oak, with a huge cross of the same material rising from the centre.

While the two south aisles are clearly later than the rest of the church—the arches being more depressed, the lines of the windows more rigid, the roofs more obtuse and of rougher workmanship—it is equally clear that the more southerly of the two—Holy Cross—is somewhat later than the other. It dates, in fact, from the year 1539, when it was built by and for the special use of the guild whose name it bears. This fraternity was not, as has been represented, connected with the ancient Abbey of Abingdon, which was dissolved the year before the aisle was built, but was a direct offshoot of the church itself. It is said to have been already in existence in the reign of Richard II., though the charter granted in the fifteenth century by Henry VI., authorising William, Bishop of Sarum, and others, "to make and ordain a Brotherhood or Gylde in the Parish Church of St. Elyn, in Abingdon, which should be called the Master, Brethren, and Sisters of the Fraternity or Gylde of the Holy Cross of Abingdon," while not irreconcilable with the statement, lends it no countenance. By the beginning of the sixteenth century the brotherhood so founded or revived had fallen on evil days, and it may be that, in adding a fifth aisle to St. Helen's, it was animated as much by a desire to justify its existence in this workaday world as by more exalted motives. If so, its pains were not well rewarded, for the year 1547 witnessed at once its dissolution, and that of the king of whose rapacious policy it was a victim. It was, however, revived in the reign of Henry's pious successor as a charitable corporation under the title of Christ's Hospital, and endowed with about three-fourths of its old possessions, which at the time of its suppression yielded an income of £85 16s. 6d. The charter of resuscitation bade the governors provide food and lodging for fourteen poor persons, keep in repair the four bridges over the Thames and the Ock, and devote any surplus revenue to such further charitable uses as they might determine. The line of picturesque arcaded buildings which abuts upon the churchyard represents their work; but since their day the funds have been greatly augmented by generous bequests and in other ways, until now, not only are they able to maintain some three dozen indigent persons, but a public park has been given to the town, and the Free Grammar School rebuilt.

The aisle of the Holy Cross was not the only architectural memorial of the brotherhood upon which Henry VIII. laid his heavy hand. The original Market Cross in the centre of the town was erected by their generosity. Whether or not it was designed by Chaucer's son, Thomas, who was a member of the guild, it seems to have been an uncommonly fine piece of work. Leland speaks of it as "a right goodly cross of stone, with fair degrees and imagerie." Elias Ashmole is very bold, and roundly declares that it was "not inferior in workmanship to any in England." But, he adds in his rhetorical yet concise fashion, "Triumphant Rebellion has left no remains of it," and forthwith quits the subject as one too painful for the loyal and antiquarian mind. The figure, interpreted, means that in 1644 Waller's men marched over from Wantage and destroyed the cross, ostensibly as "a superstitious edifice," but not improbably by way of punishing the townspeople, the place having previously been occupied by the Royalists. The present cross, which is really a large and imposing covered market, was built on the same site in 1667, from designs by Inigo Jones; it was restored in 1853.

The intimacy which has always marked the connection between the town and the Church of St. Helen is further illustrated by the Corporation seats in the fore-front of the nave. They are seven in number, and the front bench is flanked by a shield-bearing lion at one end, where sits the mayor, and a similarly-burdened unicorn at the other, which is reserved for the ex-mayor; in the centre is a stand, in which the beadle, when the civic procession has completed its march up the aisle, solemnly fixes the mace. A framed inscription at the inner end of the front seat informs all and sundry that "These seven seats, were rebuilt at the charge of the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses of this Corporation, in the Year, of Our Lord God, 1717. Matthew Hart, Gentleman, Mayor." At the corresponding end of the seventh seat is another tablet—if the term may be used—put up at the restoration, an exact copy of the older one, even to the eccentric punctuation, except that for Bailiffs we have Aldermen (a change due to the Municipal Act of 1836), that John Tomkins, Gentleman, appears in place of Matthew Hart, and that the date is changed to 1873. The pulpit, though Jacobean, is not uncomely; it is inscribed with the legend, "*Ad hæc idoneus quis*, 1636." The organ, enclosed in panelled oak, is ingenuously adorned with a small figure, carved in the same material, of King David wearing a gilded crown, and playing a harp to match. Of the marble font, the work of a local sculptor, the effect cannot be said to be proportionate to its dimensions. The east and west windows of the nave, and several others besides, are filled with stained glass, but most of it is quite recent, and none of it ancient. An old copy of Foxe's Book of Martyrs and ancient Bibles, and Books of Homilies, with the chains still hanging from them that once guarded

them from covetous hands, are preserved in the vestry, which forms the south-east angle of the church; and through its quaint little window a pleasant glimpse can be had of the Thames as it glides close by in a queenly curve.


THE TOWER.

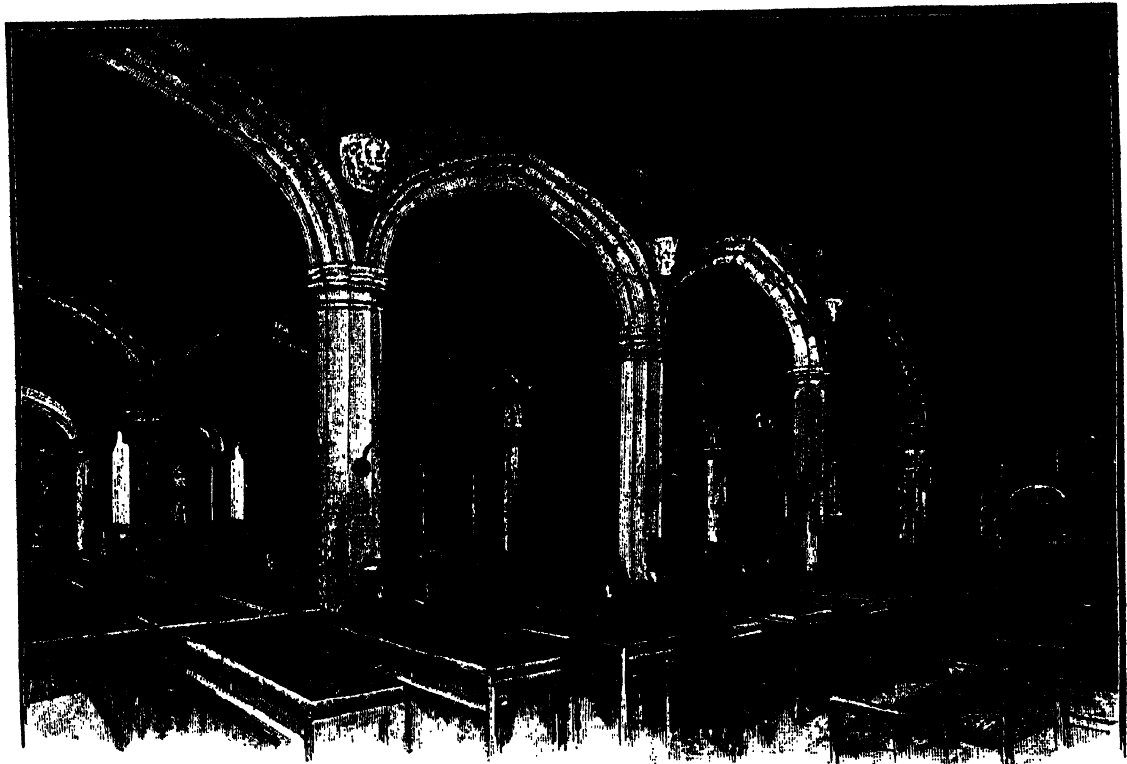
Of the many memorials of the dead in St. Helen's the most interesting is the altar-tomb of John Royse, eminent among the benefactors of Abingdon as the founder of the Free Grammar School in the year 1563, some eight years before his death. It lies under an arch beneath the screen that divides Jesus from Our Lady's aisle, and bears his shield of arms, formerly placed above it, consisting of gules, a griffin segreant, with crest and mantling argent. The upper slab was brought by his injunction from the summer arbour of his garden in London; and his desire was that from it, as from a table, twelve old widows should each receive, every Sunday, a loaf of bread, "good, sweet, and seasonable," saying as they did so, "The Blessed Trinity upon John Royse's soul have mercy." The bread is now dispensed in the Hall of Christ's Hospital, and what was formerly a picturesque ceremony has, within the last few years, degenerated into a mere distribution of doles. John Royse, like his contemporaries in general, had a frank delight in coincidences, and forasmuch as the Grammar School was established in the sixty-third year of his age and of the century, it pleased him to endow it with funds, derived from "two messuages in Birchin Lane, London," sufficient to educate three score and three boys "in sæcula sæculorum."

In the north-western corner of Jesus aisle is a small altar tomb to Richard Curtaine, "a principall member of Christ's Hospital," at the expense of which institution it was repaired in 1826. So obvious an opportunity for punning as

was afforded by his name could not, of course, be neglected by his sorrowing survivors, and so we read—

> "Our Curtaine in this lower Press,
> Rests folded up in Nature's Dress:"

followed by a couplet embodying a yet bolder conceit, still less to the taste of



THE INTERIOR, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST (HOLY CROSS AISLE).

a fastidious generation. At the foot of this is a brass inserted in a large slab of Caen stone, commemorating Geoffrey Barbur, merchant, sometime Bailiff of Bristol, and "a chief benefactor of this town," who died in 1417, and was buried in the abbey, whence his remains were brought at the dissolution. In finding a resting-place in the parish church this worthy was more fortunate than those many others, "eminent for their Quality, Learning, and Virtue," of whom Ashmole speaks as having been interred in the abbey, "one of the Glories of England and Reproaches of Sacrilege," for of them all memorials were destroyed "by the Enthusiastick Fury of the Times of Reformation, when this Monastery fell a Sacrifice to Lust and Avarice, and," he adds in anti-climax, though it was a natural enough transition to his artless mind, "was rated at £1,876 10s. 9d."

In the same aisle is an enormous mural monument by Hickey, crowded with portrait figures and busts in marble, intended to represent the grief of men and angels at the death, in 1786, of Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkins, with incidental reference to certain of her relatives, and to one who was very near becoming a relative—the Rev. Walter Hart, to wit, Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, who pre-deceased her by eighteen years, dying on the eve of their intended marriage. The lady who suffered this cruel disappointment thought herself justified in setting apart a sum of no less that £400 for the perpetration of this monument, of which the most that can be said in the way of praise is that it does no injustice to the taste of the time. At the end of the same aisle is a much more modest memorial of one who seems to have had greater claim upon the gratitude of his contemporaries and the remembrance of posterity. It consists of a portrait, on panel, of one William Lee, who, dying in 1637, at the mature age of ninety-two, might very well have reflected that he had not lived in vain, since, in addition to serving his generation by five times filling the office of Mayor of Abingdon, and six times holding the mastership of Christ's Hospital, he "had in his Lyfe Tyme Yssue from his Loynes 200 lacking but 3." And should any suspect that this claim to distinction partakes of the licence of ordinary tombstone literature, there is a genealogical tree to substantiate it.

Many other more or less ancient memorials there are, among them a mural tablet to Edmund Bostock (*ob.* August 3, 1605), put up by his "only beloved brother" Lionel, "as an eternal monument of his love," and a brass, illustrated with an effigy of its subject, in academic robes, immortalising William Heyward, Doctor of Holy Theology, vicar of the parish, who died in 1501, and is certified to have been "Zealous in religion, just in his dealing, loving to his children, charitable to the Poore, and courteous to all." More eminent by birth, if not for his perfections, was a much earlier vicar—Aymer de Valance, half-brother to Henry I., and afterwards Bishop of Winchester. In 1084 the Conqueror kept Easter at the Abbey here—even then, they say, a venerable institution—with great pomp and festivity, and when he departed he left behind him in charge of Robert D'Oyley, the baron-abbot, the son whose education was so well directed by the monks of Abingdon that he came to be known among men as Beauclerk. It was no doubt owing to this circumstance that the list of vicars of St. Helen's includes one whose veins ran with royal blood.

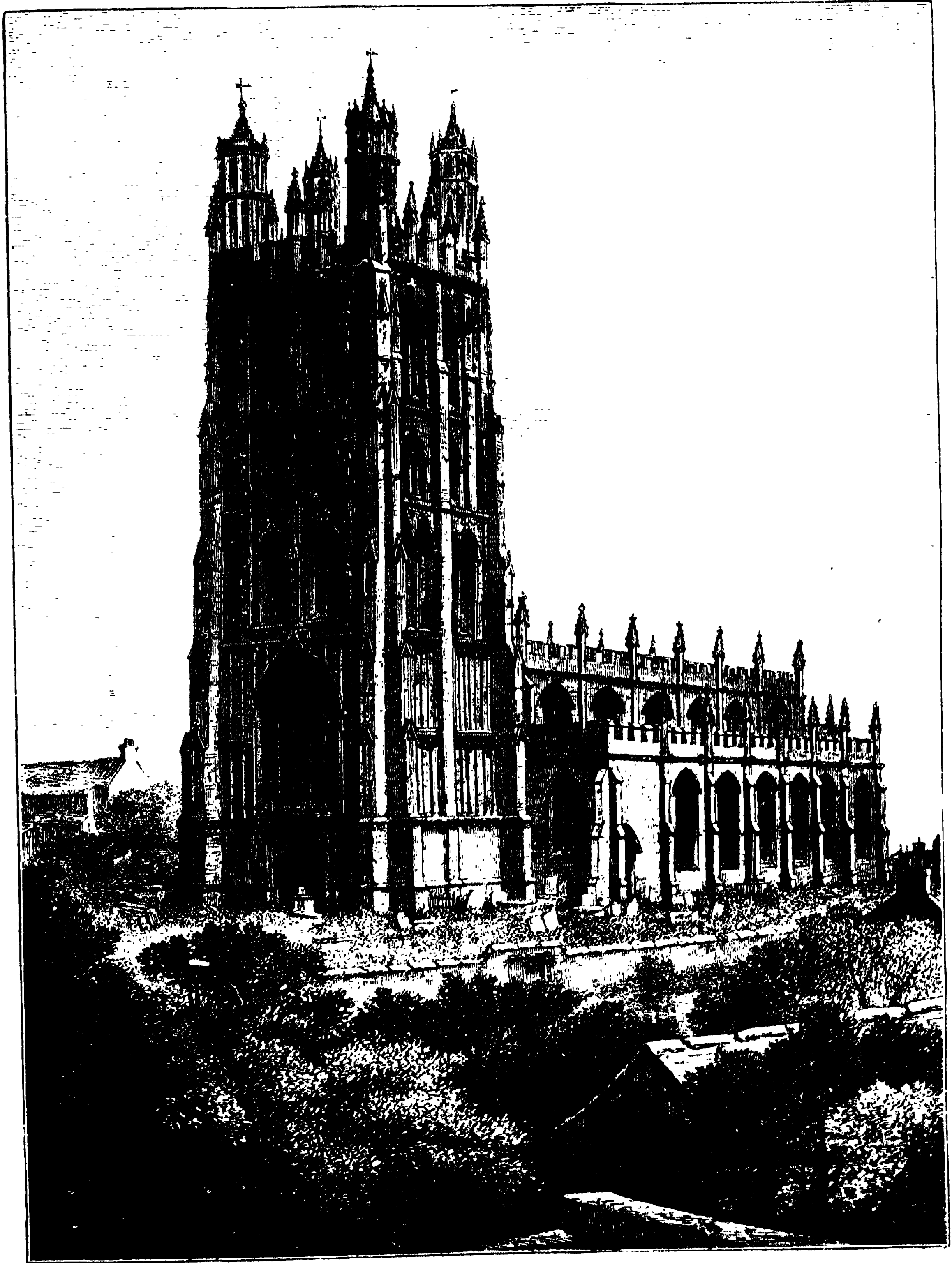
W. W. Hutchings.

WREXHAM AND GRESFORD.

TWO GREAT WELSH CHURCHES.

"THE Church of Wrexham is the glory, not only of the place, but of North Wales, being a magnificent pile erected in the time of Henry VII." Thus wrote the famed antiquary of a century ago—Thomas Pennant. And in the proverbial list embracing the "Seven Wonders of Wales" is included, as the first wonder, "The Tower of Wrexham Church," while another of the wonders is "The Bells of Gresford." Thus the above title is fully justified when applied to Wrexham and Gresford Churches; both are great in antiquity, in architectural design, in monumental adornment. The history of both churches dates from about the same period. Archdeacon Thomas, in his able "History of the Diocese of St. Asaph," clearly proves there was a church at Wrexham in 1220, because a moiety of it at that early period was granted to the Abbot and Convent of Valle Crucis. It stood upon the site of the present structure, and its tower is recorded to have been blown down in 1330 or 1331. About this period the whole church seems to have been rebuilt. The present noble pile contains much of the "fourteenth-century church" material. The arches and piers remain, and Mr. Alfred N. Palmer, a local archæologist, is clearly of opinion that a bit of the east end of the south aisle and its piscina "are relics of that church." There is a further tradition that the tower and the church itself were burnt down in 1463. It is certain, at any rate, that during the latter half of the fifteenth century the structure was again almost entirely rebuilt, and further extensive additions were made at the beginning of the sixteenth century. At this period were laid the foundations of a tower that was to become the finest in North Wales. There is an ancient "englyn" in Welsh which assigns the erection of the present tower to 1508. This majestic piece of work, however, was never built in one single year, and this is proved in a document of undoubted genuineness, which states that in the year 1520 it still remained unfinished. When completed, the tower had twenty-nine niches on its faces and angles, all of which were doubtless filled with statues; most of these still stand, though much decayed. It is still possible, so says Mr. Palmer, to recognise the figures of St. Lawrence, St. Giles, St. Barbara, St. James of Compostella, St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, St. Andrew, and St. Catherine. St. Giles (apparently identified with the Welsh St. Silin, of whom there are no fewer than three statues on the tower) has been the patron saint of Wrexham since at least the end of the fifteenth century.

The prevailing character of the architecture is Perpendicular, but, of course,



WREXHAM. FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

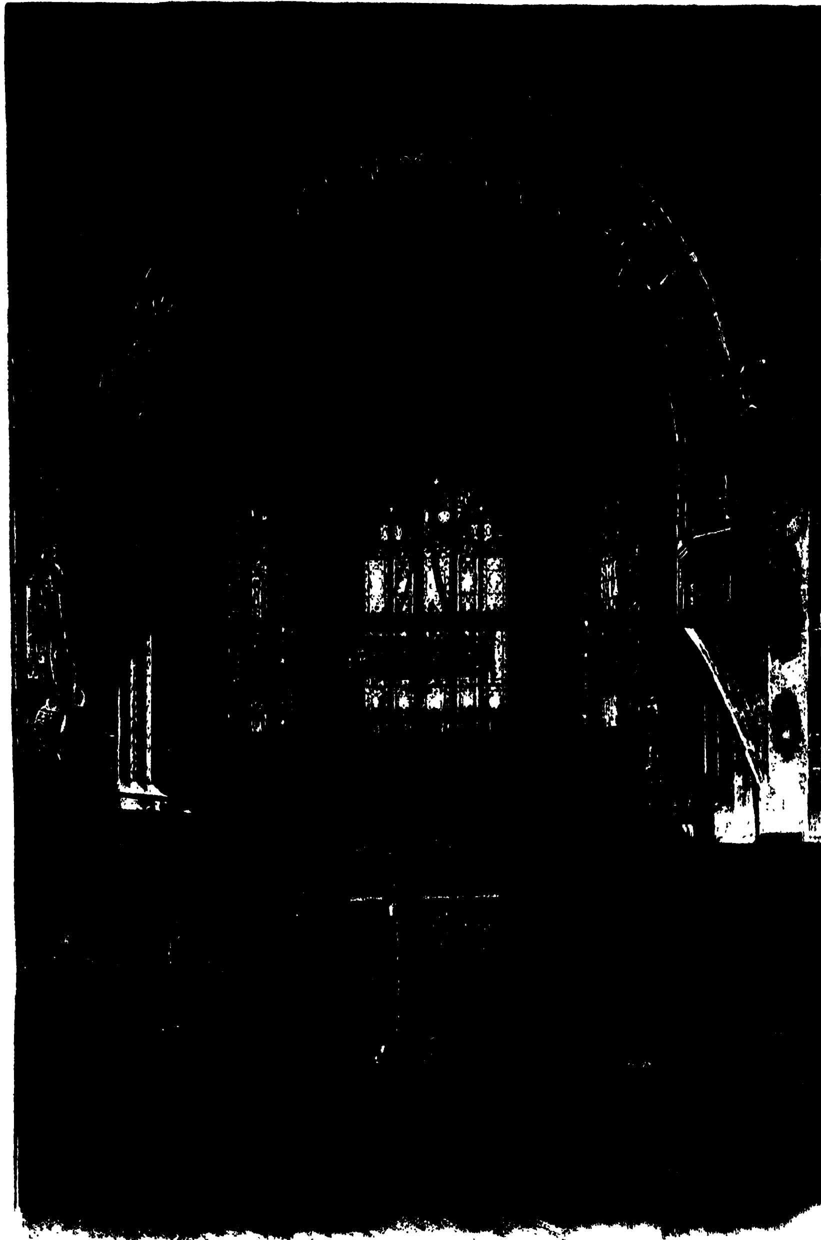
its most important feature is the magnificent tower. There is one circumstance that makes Wrexham church-tower unique among the church-towers of our land, which is that its statues survived both the Reformation and the Great Rebellion. We are told that the reason why two of the niches of the tower are deserted of their saints is owing to the fact that one day they were walking from their pedestals "to take the air," and fell down and were broken! The height of the tower is 136 feet, and a winding stair terminates at the top of the north-west turret. It contains a fine peal of ten bells by Rudhall, of Gloucester, set up in 1726. There is also an older saints' bell.

The interior of the church calls for little special notice. The last "restoration" was in the year 1867. Heavy galleries that formerly ran the length and breadth of the two aisles contained pews which were of a "vested interest" character, for, when built in 1820–1 "by virtue of a faculty from St. Asaph," they were offered in lots at a public auction, and "conditions were to be submitted at the time of sale!" The internal decorations embrace a large picture of King David (on the south wall, near the tower), doubtfully said to be by Rubens. It was brought from Rome by Elihu Yale, founder of Yale College, U.S.A., who lies in the adjoining churchyard. Yale, who was a former Governor of Madras, was buried here on the 22nd of July, 1721. The lectern in the chancel is dated 1524, as an entry in the famous Hengwrt MS., in the handwriting of the no less celebrated author of the same, Robert Vaughan, Esq., fully testifies: "John ap Griffith ap David gave an eagle of brass, price six pounds, for the highest altar in Wrexham Church." It is strange that the baptismal font did duty at a neighbouring mansion (Acton House) as an ornamental garden basin for some years, and there still remains at Acton a finial, plainly a piece of Wrexham Church, upon which is carved the date 1320.

There are four painted windows in the church, representing Scriptural subjects, and the handsome pulpit was presented by Mr. Peter Walker, Mayor, in the year 1867, having cost £200. The heads on the corbels, right and left at the entrance to the chancel, are said to be those of the Earl and Countess of Derby of that day, who owned large estates near Wrexham. The old colours of the Forty-second Regiment, bearing the honoured names of Alma and Inkerman, used to have a place in the aisles, but have now been removed to Llandaff Cathedral. The oldest piece of church plate here is a pre-Reformation paten and chalice, attributed by Mr. Wilfrid Cripps to the fifteenth century, and described as a "specimen of great rarity."

The monuments in the church include an important fourteenth-century effigy of an armoured Welsh knight, Cynwrig ap Howel (now in the porch); an effigy in the chancel of Hugh Bellot, first Bishop of Bangor, who died in 1596, and is here represented, as described by Mr. Bloxam, wearing his academical habits

over his post-Reformation vestments; a curious monument at the end of the south aisle to Sir Richard Lloyd (1676); a monument now in the north aisle,



WREXHAM: THE CHOIR.

by Roubiliac, to Miss Mary Myddelton, daughter of Sir Richard Myddelton, of Chirk; and medallions, also by Roubiliac, of Rev. Thomas Myddelton and his wife. The brass to Mr. Humphrey Lloyd (1673) is by Sylvanus Crue, the well-known engraver. The Viscount Primerose whom another brass commemorates,

was a member of the family to which the present Lord Rosebery belongs. Yale's monument in the churchyard we have already mentioned, and in the fanciful inscription we are informed that he was—

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived. At London dead."

Fuller, in his "Worthies," says of the organ in Wrexham Church that it could not be matched "for beauty, bigness, and tuneableness." In a Gazetteer of Charles II.'s reign we read that "at Wrexham is ye rarest steeple in ye 3 nations, and hathe had ye fayrest organes in Europe, till ye late warres in Charles ye First his raigne, whose Parliament forces pulled him and them downe, with other ceremoniall ornaments." In 1617 Fynes Moryson tells us that "Wrexham was beautified with a most faire tower, called the Holy Tower, and commended for the musicall organes in the church." Archdeacon Thomas refers to Green's organ, erected in 1779, which was reckoned the finest parish-church organ in the diocese at that time.

It should not be overlooked that Dr. Joseph Priestley was married at Wrexham Church on June 23rd, 1762. And Bishop Heber's beautiful missionary hymn

"From Greenland's icy mountains"

was composed at Wrexham Vicarage, and sung on a Whit-Sunday morning some sixty years ago, under local historical circumstances which space forbids us to reproduce.

The church of Gresford is noted for its sweet peal of eight bells. With much more reason could the words of the old national ditty, "The Bells of Aberdovey," be applied to and verified at Gresford (which *has* chimes that charm), rather than at Aberdovey, where the bells are simply insignificant. The vale of Gresford is beautiful beyond description: "The little river Alun winds playfully through it, here and there glancing through the foliage, like a coy beauty through her curls, then tripping to its sylvan retreat. The bold background of the Welsh hills, and the affluent dairy lands of the vale royal of Cheshire, with the quaint old city in the distance, give grandeur, profusion, and picturesqueness to the view." The church of All Saints was founded by "Ithel, son of Eunydd, son of Gwenllian, daughter of Rhys ap Marchan," styled the heiress of Dyffryn Clwyd. This Ithel had six sons, who jointly gave the land whereon the parish church is built; and the sepulchres of his grand-children, according to Browne Willis, "are in Gresford Church." Gresford Church, like Wrexham, appears to have been enlarged and beautified at different epochs. The older part of the structure takes us back to the fourteenth century,



Pho & Co

GRESFORD CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTH

and is, no doubt, the work of the warrior whose tomb formerly occupied one of the recesses at the base of the tower, and now rests in the wall of the south aisle, with a lion rampant on his shield, and the legend, "Hic jacet Madoc ap Llewelin ap Griffri." He died in 1331. An earlier tombstone to an equally celebrated Welsh chieftain was found in a farmhouse barn hereabouts a few years ago, and has now been replaced in the church.

The church-tower, to the height of its first band, appears to have been next added, and the chancel was lengthened at or about the same time. This is supposed to have been the work of another Welsh chieftain, "Gronow ap Iorwerth ap Dafydd," whose flat memorial stone is now somewhat concealed by the organ on the north side; it is elaborately sculptured. In the sixteenth century the church was in a great measure rebuilt—the upper part of the beautiful tower added, the elaborate rood-loft and handsome screen erected, the fine Perpendicular roof put up, the chantries completed, and the windows filled with rich painted glass. In 1543 Vicar White wrote to Bishop Wharton: "That many offerings had been brought to this church from divers parts of the country, by reason of which it was strongly and beautifully made erecte and builded; and also, all manner of ornaments and necessaries for the replenishing and furnishing of the said church was bought and provided." In 1867 the church was thoroughly restored by Mr. G. E. Street, R.A.

With the exception of the pillars of the nave arcading, the lower portion of the tower, and the graceful Decorated window of the south aisle, the general character of the architecture is late Perpendicular. Archdeacon Thomas observes: "The most striking feature externally is the handsome tower; whilst internally, the opening view from the west door embraces at once the fine roof, the beautiful rood-screen, and the rich east window." The tower is set off with pinnacles and battlements, and upon the latter, as well as upon the face of the buttresses at the angles, stand carved figures of angels, warriors, and kings. Traceried bands, quaint gargoyles, and hollow cornices adorn its four sides; and these last are carried round the entire church, and represent, as at Mold and elsewhere, a chase of cats, mice, dogs, and grotesque creatures. It may be mentioned that the communion chairs are carved out of one of the beams of the roof, which was broken through by the fall of one of the pinnacles of the tower during a storm in 1850.

There are many interesting monuments in this church, viewed either from an artistic or a genealogical standpoint. The family monuments embrace Gulielmus Madocks de Llay Hall (1749), Johannes Madocks (1794), and John Madocks of Fronyw and Glanywern, M.P. for the Denbigh Boroughs (1837). These are in the Madock Chapel or Llai Chantry. John Madocks was an eminent Chancery barrister in the last century. Llay Hall once belonged to the

Pulestons, and of one of them, "Catherine, ye Lady of Sir Roger Puleston, of Emral, Knight," it is recorded that on the 27th of June, 1685, she was "wrapt in linen and buried." A curious four-light east window in this chapel, dated

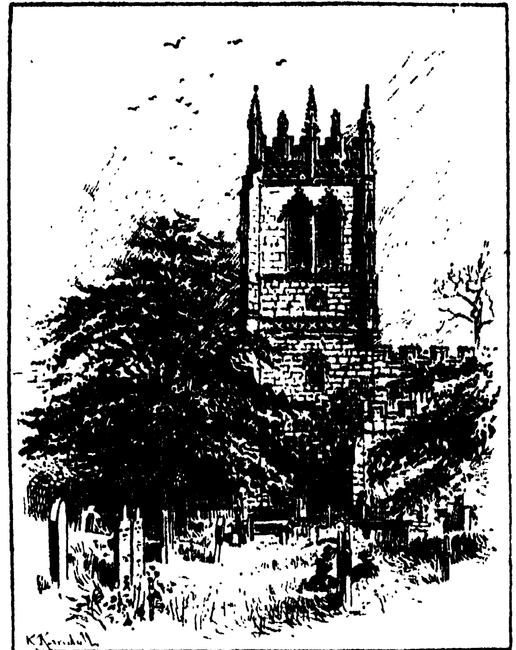


GRESFORD: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

1498, is filled with fine old glass, illustrative of the legend of the Virgin, with portraits of the donors in two of the lights; it has recently been restored at the cost of Col. Madocks. In the Trefalyn Chapel, divided from the chancel and aisles by screens, are monuments to John Trevor of Trefalyn (1589)—a recumbent effigy in plate armour—with a long pedigree in Welsh tracing him through successive generations back to Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, and with twenty-three shields of arms. Another monument on the north wall has two kneeling figures, representing Sir Richard Trevor, knight (1638), son of the preceding, and dame Catherine, his wife (1602), daughter of Roger Puleston, of Emral. In the chancel, among several modern memorials of the dead, are a tablet and bust by Chantrey to W. Egerton, of Gresford Lodge, who died in 1827.

In a memorandum preserved in one of the parochial registers we are told that on the 22nd of November, 1778, a certain Amy Thomas did open penance in the church, in the presence of the churchwardens and parish clerk. What offence Amy Thomas had committed does not appear.

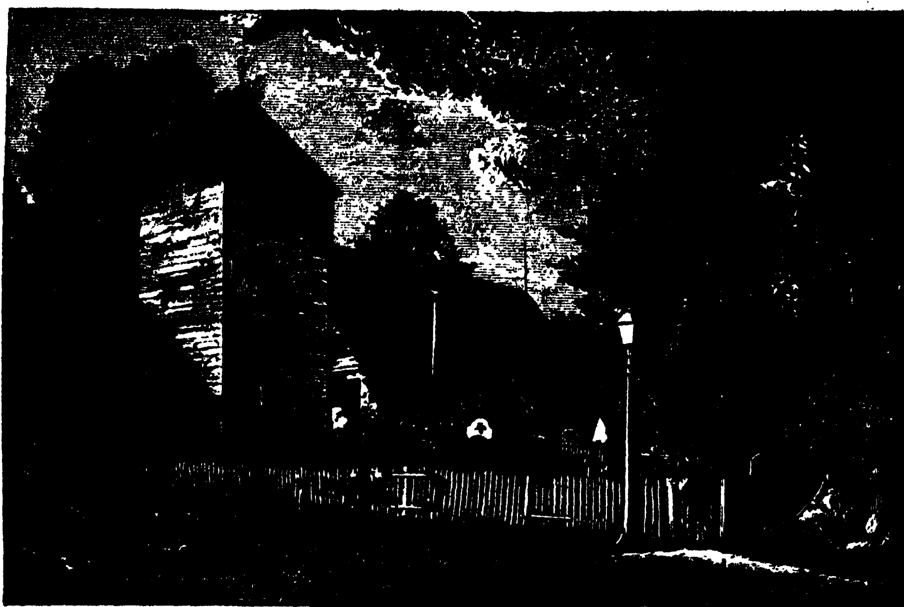
Gresford has had three or four famous vicars. Vicar Hughes, a native of Carnarvon, became Bishop of St. Asaph in 1573. In 1579 Hugh Bellot, D.D., was vicar; he became Bishop of Bangor in 1585, and was translated to Chester ten years later. His effigy is in Wrexham Church. He was one of the early English Bible translators. His successor at Gresford, in 1592, was Richard Parry, A.M., who became Dean of Bangor the same year, and Bishop of St. Asaph in 1604. In 1620 he was instrumental in bringing out a new edition of Bishop Morgan's Welsh Bible, which is practically the standard version of the present day. In 1689 Narcissus Marsh, D.D., was Vicar of Gresford, but only for one year, he being translated in 1690 to the See of Ferns and Leighlin; he became Archbishop of Cashel in the same year; of Dublin in 1694; and of Armagh in 1702. Archbishop Marsh built and endowed a noble library near the Palace of St. Sepulchre, Dublin, and did much church restoration work. He was an author of repute, and gave to the Bodleian Library a large number of Oriental MSS.



GRESFORD: THE TOWER.

It should be added that Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" and "The Diary of a Physician," was born in the parish of Gresford.

EDWIN POOLE.



PERIVALE.

ST. LAWRENCE AND BONCHURCH; PERIVALE; BEMERTON:

SOME TINY CHURCHES.

THERE are many tiny parish churches to be found in different parts of the country, but, generally speaking, they are buildings that have done the work which they had to perform in the more primitive circumstances of other days. They are still held in reverence, but are chiefly regarded as interesting curiosities. The claim for the apparently enviable distinction of being the very smallest parish church in the kingdom has been hotly disputed from time to time, but since it was shown that the small Sussex church of Lullington, alleged to be only 16 feet square, was after all but the chancel of a much older building (though there were only sixteen parishioners, or just one square foot per head), St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight, has been acknowledged to deserve the pre-eminence in this strange category. Of all the small churches this must indeed be the smallest, for its precise dimensions until recently were 30 ft. 8 in. long, 11 ft. 1 in. broad, and 6 ft. high to the eaves—dimensions which would leave much to be desired even in the dining-room of a private household. At Pilham, in Lincolnshire, a parish church was built for a congregation of fifty-eight, and the builders were so economical of space that they dispensed with a chancel, putting the Communion table in an apse 6½ feet deep. Without this

recess the church would not be 27 feet long. In Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, placed where in olden times they would serve the needs of the scanty scattered populations upon the sheep grazing downs, there may still be found an occasional church of wondrously small dimensions, whose fame even for this type of lowliness has never been noised abroad. As these little houses of prayer were in their prime in the three-decker days, so to speak, when the parson and the clerk were inseparable, and when high enclosed pews wasted what little space there was for use, it is easy to understand that the arrival of a few children home for the Christmas holidays would make all the difference between an ordinary and a crowded congregation. The Chilcombe parishioners, for example, numbered, a short time since, twenty-one persons, and in the absence of a belfry or any other tower, the congregation were summoned by a small bell suspended from the arch at the west end of the church. Culbone Church is 34 feet by 12, and has the further distinction of being so romantically situated deep down in a cove or gully that the sun never reaches it during three months of the year.

It is sometimes only by the merest accident that the public becomes aware of the existence of these curious little places of worship, as for example when, in 1882, a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, happening to drop into a church in the Lake district, was able to picture a congregation of half a dozen, the choir consisting of the clergyman's wife and small daughter, reinforced, when they paused for want of breath, by the clergyman himself. Everything seems to have been on scale; the sermon was quite in proportion to the size of the church, being not more than four minutes long. But the palm, as I have said, must on the whole be awarded to St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight; though, having quoted the original measurements in the foregoing paragraph, it should at once be said that the late Earl of Yarborough added 10 feet to the chancel, increasing the total length to 40 feet, a porch and turret having previously been added. The modern church, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, is generally attended alike by residents and by visitors to the famous Undercliff of the Isle of Wight; but as a curiosity, pointed out to tourists along with the coves, chines, downs, and rocks of that healthy coast, the old church of St. Lawrence still retains much of its importance.

The introduction of railways into the Isle of Wight has not perhaps wrought so marked a change for the worse as sometimes happens when the old has to give place to the new in a holiday land; but there are many changes nevertheless, and the Undercliff has not escaped their touch. The tiny church of St. Boniface retains but few of the features by which it was known when the friend of Dickens and Forster, the Rev. James White, and John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle, lived in peaceful retirement at Bonchurch, a little further



ST. BONIFACE, BONCHURCH.

along towards the east. In those days the marine villa at St. Lawrence had its Inigo Jones gateway brought from Hampton Court, but the villa, if it has not lost its glory, has parted with some of its characteristics; gone from sight, too, with the opening of a new road, is the St. Lawrence's Well of ice-cold water

at which the thirsty traveller drank. This Church of St. Boniface at Bonchurch, illustrated on the previous page, is so delightfully small that many hasty excursionists confound it in the matter of size with St. Lawrence, and ever after imagine that it was the smallest parish church in the kingdom which they beheld from the green little churchyard overlooking the English Channel.

Having briefly introduced these neighbouring tiny churches to the reader's notice, taking him to the southern shores of the Isle of Wight for the purpose, it will be probably not a disagreeable change to select the next example from within the Metropolitan area. So much is nowadays said, and said truly, of the extension of Greater London in all directions, that many persons might reasonably be surprised to hear that there is a parish quite near London, which, in its seclusion and meagre proportions, occupies a unique position among the class of churches now under review. This is the parish of Perivale, seven miles from the Marble Arch, consisting of 626 acres of land, having only fifty-five inhabitants and nine houses. Well might its rector, writing to the *Times*, claim for his parish the distinction of peculiarity and the rank of "the smallest parish in the diocese of London and one of the smallest in all England." The narrow Brent, which tries so hard in its meanderings through the undulating scenery of the Middlesex borders to become a respectable river, touches many an unsuspected bit of pretty rural scenery, but between its source, near Barnet, and its diffident travels by Finchley, Hendon, Kingsbury, and Twyford, it washes nothing so absolutely out of the hurly-burly of London as this five-housed parish, and its toy-like church. Mr. Walford, in Vol. I. of "Greater London," suggests that the parish was formerly known as Greenford Parva, and that it has borne its present name only since the sixteenth century.

The smart villas that abound in the pleasant district which lies between Ealing and Castle Hill are, however, advancing gradually and surely northwards, and the individuality of Perivale will doubtless be soon swallowed up. From the outposts of the line of advance, the church, parsonage, and picturesque farmhouses still mark a peaceful retreat across the winding Brent, still surrounded by trees, bright green fields, and leafy hedgerows of hawthorn and willow. The staring red pillar letter-box, close to the churchyard gate, inscribed with hours of collection, seems to be placed as a direct warning to the low, old-fashioned, half-timbered house, the rick-yards and farm-buildings, and the very quaint church, shadowed by a large elm on one side, and a venerable yew on the other. It suggests railways and telegraphs to follow in due course. The church which serves this little parish is apparently a fourteenth century building, but portions have been restored. No tower could be more primitive than this square

construction, which is not only of wood, but of weather-boards that even a colonist in the bush would consider rude in construction. The dumpy, tiled spire is quite as simple in its architecture, and a sun-dial half-way up the tower is in excellent keeping with this simply interesting edifice. The ivy covering the south wall, and clinging around the wooden porch by the weather-board tower, makes a pretty contrast to the warm red tiling of the roof, and just across the gravel walk there is a high square tomb thickly hung with ivy. Athwart the fence the Brent ripples over shallows, and is crossed by a long foot-bridge leading to a path across the meadows in the direction of the extending suburbs of Ealing.

The interior of Perivale Church is a decided admixture of the old and the new. There are evidences of considerable age along with the most modern methods of ornamentation. The roof is whitewashed, and the crossbeams and perpendicular supports are of dark, timeworn timber. The walls, however, are painted with a pattern not inconsistent with the New Testament pictures, or with the carved oak illuminated altar frontal, the seven swinging lamps, tall candles, and other appointments in the choir behind the iron rails. The font at the other end is said to be older than its cover, which bears the date 1665; and, in the chancel there is a brass to the memory of a parishioner, who having, according to the records, had two wives and fifteen children, must have supplied a large proportion of the population of his day, nearly four centuries ago. There are two or three notable monuments in the church: one, dated August 1st, 1748, refers to its subject, "John Gurnell, Esq.," as "an honest and worthy man." On the south wall a chubby child in marble reclines weeping upon a skull, and this is in memory of a young gentleman of six-and-twenty, who died in 1711, and who is mourned as one "whose many good qualities of heart and mind rendered him an honour to his family and delight of his friends, and promised to make him an ornament to his country." A couple of memorials in this tiny interior remind us that even the world itself is not so very large, for there is a painted window to the memory of Henry Condell, the first and second mayor of Melbourne, and first member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, and near the font is a small tablet to the memory of a Canadian colonist. It may be added that Perivale will be found about two miles north of Ealing Railway Station; and the walk itself, being an extremely pleasant one, opening up as it eventually does a view of the favourite Harrow Hill country, is a popular ramble for worshippers who like to combine a little Sunday-morning exercise with passing attendance at an interesting place of worship.

About a mile and a half from the cathedral town of Salisbury, to the left of the Wilton road—partly superseded by the larger structure which has been built three or four hundred yards off, but still a church where the wayfarer may rest

and pray—stands Bemerton Church, of which the sainted George Herbert was rector for the short period that remained to him of life after his induction. The more modern church, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and intended as a memorial building to George Herbert, has been erected higher up the road for the use of the parishioners, who have increased as the suburbs of old Sarum have extended. The old and forlorn-looking little place, referred to by Izaak Walton as the "more pleasant than healthful parsonage of Bemerton," comes upon you suddenly as you descend a steep hill on your way to the river Wiley. It surely invites meditation, for, although the bells of the cathedral city come faintly to you across the intervening water meadows, you are, in Bemerton churchyard, amongst the whispering of trees and singing of birds, out of the world, and unmindful, as George Herbert probably was himself, of the not very agreeable damps of the valley.

Both the parsonage and the church were restored by Herbert himself, though all too short was the career vouchsafed to the restorer, who was buried beneath the altar-rail within two or three years of the day when he was shut into the church to toll the bell alone as the law required him. The building is about forty-five feet long by eighteen feet wide, and forty or fifty would be a very good congregation. The church was restored about 1866 and is now (1895) being carefully repaired; it is still used for early prayers. A window on the south side of the chancel is reputed to be ancient. The old Decorated windows give some idea of what the church was, but there is little other interest attached to Bemerton Church than its association with the worthy whose life was so prettily written by Izaak Walton. This hero-worshipper in his old age gravitated quite naturally to cathedral cities and cathedrals; and no doubt knew Salisbury almost as well as he knew Winchester, where, at last, he found his burial. There are touches here and there in the biography which convince one that he was personally well acquainted with the charming country around the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, and the valleys and meads watered by the Avon and its sister streams; and the walks which Herbert took to Salisbury—where he went, with tolerable regularity, twice a week for private musical exercises—were, undoubtedly, familiar ground to the famous London citizen, who, recent biographers have discovered, was not a haberdasher (as was always declared), but an ironmonger.

Whatever his calling in active life may have been, Izaak Walton, the retired tradesman, tells with mingled pathos and dignity the story of George Herbert's life; albeit, one smiles when one reads, "The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical cloak, he returned, so habited, with his friend Mr. Woodnot, to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—'You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house

as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know, that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchaseth by obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald as to assure



BEMERTON.

you that this is truth.'" The previous rector was careful to live at a better parsonage house, though it was many miles away from his parishioners, allowing the rectory to fall into disrepair. George Herbert was too conscientious to follow his example, though the parsonage was notoriously unhealthy. He had to rebuild parts of the deserted house before he could live in it, and this he did all at his own charge, besides patching up the church. The rules he laid down for his guidance as a clergyman we can read in his "Country Parson;" but there was surely something almost prophetic in his inscribing, over the chimney-piece in Bemerton parsonage hall, these lines:—

To My Successor.

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor
As God gives thee store,
Then my labour's not lost."

William Senior.

FAIRFORD.

SOME FAMOUS WINDOWS.

MANY churches have attached to them, in current local talk, superlative appellations, which bespeak a commendable measure of pride in the finest building in the neighbourhood, but a noteworthy ignorance of what may exist in other parts of the country. Thus the largest and the finest parish church in England may be met with more than once, and the smallest or the oldest even more frequently. Indeed a careful collation of these vainglorious titles would, if it were worth the trouble, make a collection as amusing in a smaller degree as the schedule of relics compiled by the Commissioners of King Henry VIII. Among the titles on the list would be that of "the Lantern of England." But if any church can claim to be called a lantern, a glowing, coloured lantern of sacred art, it must be the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in the sequestered Gloucestershire petty sessional town of Fairford. No doubt in mediæval times much pains and expense were bestowed upon filling our churches with these

"Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,"

of which the great Puritan poet sings. But the fragility of the medium has made them suffer more from the fury of the iconoclast and from the effacing hand of Time than other embodiments of the piety of our ancestors, and all that are usually preserved are a few fragments, or at most the main portions of one or two windows. Here in Fairford, however, we have a series of mediæval windows, which there is justification for saying were designed for their present situation, which illustrate a harmonious and practically connected succession of subjects, and which, notwithstanding all they have suffered from injuries and ignorant handling in times gone by, are perfect in comparison with anything of the kind to be found elsewhere. There are crudities in the drawing, of course, as in the bed whereon the Virgin's mother lies, for it is at such an angle that in reality she would slip off it in a very few moments. But though their designer may not have been acquainted with the laws of perspective, his was the mind of a master; he could make his characters and scenes eloquent to eyes that gaze upon them centuries after he has mouldered in a forgotten grave. He may not have been able to design a horse, but the diabolical expression he could give to the eyes of a grotesque fiend, and the many varieties of devils he could imagine, are something marvellous. But most enviably inimitable of all

is his glorious colouring; his glass does not merely present a surface of a certain hue, but glows with it and sheds it in all directions, particularly the gorgeous reds, of which he knew no less than three brilliant shades. He could also interpret the restful green of the fields and the pale blue of the skies. It is not to be wondered that local pride in these beautiful works of art attributed them to such a famous genius as Albert Dürer, though the theory cannot be sustained. They are undeniably Flemish or German, but in their architectural and other accessories follow the conventional treatment, whereas Dürer was a realist and reproduced actual contemporary details.

Much learned care has been bestowed upon the description of these Fairford windows and upon the elucidation of the subjects they represent. But they are like Naples, they must be seen; no words can express the influence they exert upon the mind of the beholder. Passing up the broad market place, which has never since been so lively as it was when the London and Gloucester coaches dashed through it, the visitor comes to the parish church where he is prepared to find it, opposite the entrance gates of the Park, round which the town has grown up, and near the banks of a very good trout stream, the Colne. The building is a handsome specimen of late Perpendicular architecture, consisting of a chancel, nave with aisles and western tower, the lateness of the work being indicated by the pinnacles at the various stages of the angular buttresses of the tower, as well as by the termination of the latter. The nave and chancel have embattled parapets, but that of the tower is of a bold and handsome open work, which could yet be matched elsewhere. As much might be said of the church, as it has been seen so far. There are scores of churches in England architecturally as good and as interesting; but when one crosses the threshold of the porch all is changed, and the mind surrenders at discretion to the spell of the wondrous windows. They do not merely attract attention; they are the dominant and pervading influence. The sensation may be likened to that with which the stranger to Paris, after passing through the new-looking courtyard and galleries of the Palace of Justice, suddenly steps within the radiant light of the rich-hued, ancient stained glass windows of Sainte Chapelle.

The subjects of the Fairford windows are, of course, Biblical, though mediæval artists did not work directly from the sacred volume but from some such collection as the "Biblia Pauperum," where they found the facts with a legendary embroidery which adapted them better to their purpose, and which was, of course, more familiar to the people of their time than Holy Writ itself. It is also not surprising to find that the arrangement of subjects in Fairford—the life of our Lord in the chancel and its chapels, an Old Testament subject in the nave, and the Last Judgment in the great west window—follows an accepted rule, which we know from French records was well understood at least two hundred years



FAIRFORD FROM THE COLNE.

before these windows were wrought. Five open wood screens still remain; the centre one divides off the chancel, that on the north side separates the Lady Chapel from the nave aisle, and that on the south the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, while two running east and west shut off the chancel from the side aisles. The windows in the Lady Chapel illustrate the history of the Virgin Mary, commencing with the meeting of her parents outside the golden gate of the Temple; then the birth of the Virgin, her self-dedication to the service of God, the espousal of Joseph and Mary, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Purification, and the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. The centre light of the east window of this Chapel is the Assumption of the Virgin, with the Flight into Egypt and the Massacre of the Innocents on one side, and the Child Jesus with the Doctors in the Temple on the other. In the nave the next window to this chapel is filled with what were considered to be Old Testament types of the Virgin and of the Incarnation—the Temptation of Eve as the *fons et origo mali*, Moses at the Burning Bush, Gideon and the Fleece, and the Queen of Sheba offering gifts to Solomon; this last a type of the Adoration of the Magi.

The upper part of the great east window of the church is occupied with a representation of the Crucifixion, but the central figure has been shattered. Most of the actors in the scene are mounted on horseback, although the horses are not at all well drawn. In the lower lights are represented the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem (wherein the boys above the gate, holding a scroll of music, commemorate the old custom of singing on the top of the church porch on Palm Sunday the hymn, "Gloria, Laus et Honor"), the Agony in Gethsemane, the Judgment of Pilate, Jesus scourged, and Christ going forth to Calvary. The window on the south side of the chancel depicts the Descent from the Cross, a very beautiful work, the Entombment, and Christ preaching to the spirits in prison. Although injured, this is a very interesting light, for it shows how mediæval imagination revelled in ideas of the nether world, and how the designer of these windows could use his lurid red glass. It is astonishing to see how much expression he has imparted to the faces of the routed fiends who are descending into the flames of hell, in the midst of which is one human face in the agony of everlasting torment. In the south chapel the story is carried on to the descent of the Holy Ghost. The centre of the window above the altar portrays the Transfiguration, which was so treated as to be emblematical of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. On either side of it are Christ appearing to the Virgin, and Christ appearing to the holy women. Then comes the supper at Emmaus, with a very quaint table, and the unbelief of Thomas. The appearance of Christ at the Sea of Tiberias includes a representation of the draught of fishes which is very curious, and has attracted

special attention for at least two centuries. The Ascension is the most crude and inartistic work of the whole series; the Mount of Olives, with the impress of the foot of Christ upon the summit, is drawn up into the shape of a distorted



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

cone, and that there may be no mistake as to the subject of the picture, the feet are seen up in the clouds. This is like the mediæval sculptor who having on Bath Abbey to represent angels ascending and descending, as in Jacob's dream, put some head downwards so as to make it perfectly clear that they were coming down!

In the nave will be found another series of subjects. In the three four-light windows on the south side are represented the twelve Apostles, and although they have been a good deal damaged, the beauty of the figures is clearly

evident. Each bears over his head a scroll containing a clause of the Creed; for it was a mediæval tradition that this declaration of faith was composed jointly by the Apostles, each of the twelve contributing one article. But this fanciful idea was carried still further: to correspond one by one with the



THE GREAT WEST WINDOW.

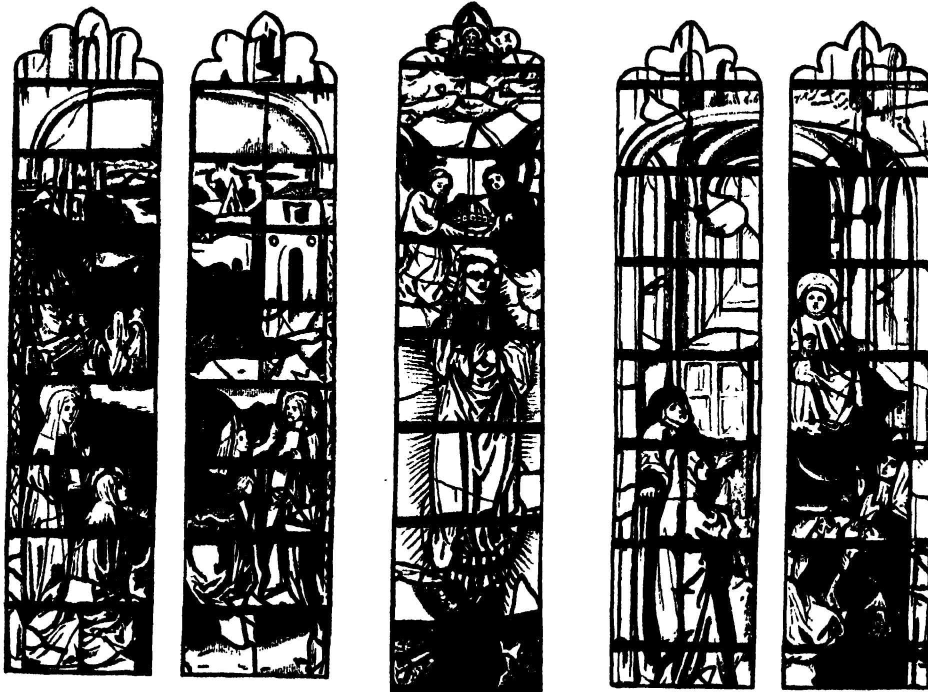
Apostles, twelve prophets were selected, each of whom bore a scroll with a suitable text, and all these had been worked out, as they appear at Fairford, as far back as 1310, which is shown by Queen Mary's Psalter in the British Museum. Thus St. Peter commences the Creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth;" the prophet Jeremiah responds, "Ye shall call upon the Father who made Heaven and Earth." The fourth window in each aisle shows a similar correspondence, for one contains the four Evangelists, the other the four Latin Fathers of the Church, Jerome, Gregory, Ambrose, and Augustine. The clerestory depicts on the south side twelve martyrs and confessors, and on

the north side twelve prominent persecutors; and the little devils in the tracery of these windows are wonderfully quaint. The west window, which is devoted to the Last Judgment, must at one time have been the finest as it is the largest composition in the series, and its lower lights, which contain the original glass, are very characteristic of mediæval ideas. The Archangel Michael, in golden armour, has the scales of judgment in his hand, and is weighing a human soul against a crimson fiend; at the angel's feet the dead arise and the redeemed are admitted into Paradise by St. Peter, who therefore, as thus attending to his special duty, does not appear in the circle of the Apostles round the throne of God in the upper part of the picture. On the other side is shown what a scroll describes as "Judicium dampnatorum," full of weird fancies and lurid scenes which quite outdo the strange conceptions of Wiertz. In the windows north and south of this are its Old Testament parallels, the Judgment of David upon the Amalekite who slew Saul, and the Judgment of Solomon.

It is now necessary to speak of the injuries which the glass has received in the course of its long history. The local tradition is that it was at one time necessary to its security to take it out and bury it. At any rate it must at some time have been removed and replaced by uninstructed persons, who transposed certain of the figures and caused considerable confusion with many of the pieces. When a piece was broken or fell out it was replaced by ordinary white glass. This, however, was preferable to the fate which has befallen the great west window. A memorable hailstorm in 1704 did such damage to the west windows that at an expense of two hundred pounds all the windows were secured with a wire lattice. A modern firm of stained-glass manufacturers some years ago set to work to restore the west window in the worst sense of the word, removing the fragments which remained, and, by putting in a production of their own, invited a comparison it would have been wiser to avoid. Another firm are credited with having altered the tau crosses in the east window to the Latin form, surely an unnecessary proceeding. In the latter half of 1889 and the beginning of 1890 the windows were carefully restored by Messrs. Lavars, Westlake, and Barraud at a cost of seven hundred pounds, to which sum the Queen has contributed. It is satisfactory to put on record the careful and reverent way in which the work necessary to the preservation of these priceless works of art has been carried out. The windows would have fallen to pieces if they had not been releaded, but this has been done in the village under the vigilant supervision of the Vicar, the Rev. F. R. Carbonell. In the process every effort was made to restore misplaced fragments to their right places and make the windows as perfect as possible, but not a scrap of modern work was allowed to be introduced. All that was done was to remove the white glass previously spoken of and replace

it with pieces of smoky brown tint, which, while they clearly indicate how much of the original glass remains, do not offend the eye by a glaring contrast.

The founder of this church was John Tame, a wealthy woolstapler, whose



BITS OF THE EAST WINDOW OF THE LADY AND SOUTH CHAPELS.

trade with the Low Countries probably led him to a knowledge of the beauties of stained glass and to the production of these Fairford windows. Of this there is no record, but the tomb lying midway between the altar of the church and that of the Lady Chapel is his. All honour is due to his name, but the reader will probably take more pleasure in the knowledge that John Keble was born in this parish, where his father lived for many years, and that the glorious Fairford windows had a share in colouring the mind of the sweet singer of the "Christian Year."

HAROLD LEWIS.

ST. MARY'S, OXFORD, AND ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE.

TWO UNIVERSITY CHURCHES.

CHIEFLY from the rapid succession of academical generations, the historic traditions of Oxford bear no proportion to the historic appearance she still presents. Such as there are chiefly relate to great men's lives before they began to be great, or to behave and be treated accordingly; like the stories of Milton's Cambridge birchings, or of Johnson throwing his shoes out of window at Pembroke. But for actual collision with stirring historical event, Oxford incurs it now and then; and did so very signally at the time of the Reformation and Rebellion. And St. Mary's Church—which forms, with the Divinity School, the theological centre of Oxford, though not the ecclesiastical—is perhaps in closer contact with history, and more likely to witness stirring scenes, than any other university or college building. It is, indeed, connected with romance, through poor Amy Robsart, and with romance of singular beauty and inaccuracy; but the last scenes of the lives of Ridley and Latimer, and the final choice and agony of Cranmer six months afterwards, are history of sifted exactness and the deepest tragedy.

We have always—that is to say for nearly fifty years' residence, with much foreign travel—considered St. Mary's among the most beautiful churches in the world of its size; and it is more happily situated than most others of its importance, both as to approach and as to nearer and more distant prospect. It is the centre of the Oxford picturesque; its most aspiring of all spires asserts itself from every point like a gnomon to the whole University, and has always seemed to us to have a cheerfulness and brilliancy of its own in fine weather which does not sink below pensiveness in the darkest Oxford mixture of rain and waters. As a part of any distant view of the city, the Radcliffe dome commands the eye from its greater massiveness, so that Oxford may be numbered among the cities which leave a final impression of a dome and a river, like Rome, London, Florence, or Jerusalem.* We know few better representations than Turner's showery picture from Hincksey meadows, with the wet gleam flying over the beautiful spire.

Some kind of structure, of the nature of a congregation-house and chapel, must have existed from very early times, certainly as early as 1201, on or close to the site of St. Mary's tower and spire. These, beyond all doubt, were built

* The Kedron is seldom in evidence below the Dome of the Rock, but the dominion of the structure over the valley is the point.

about 1300, with Adam de Brome's chapel in the north-west base of the tower.* It is a part of the historical picturesque of the building to bear his name, as almoner of Eleanor of Castile, the true wife of Edward I., who "drew forth the poison with her balmy breath" from his good right arm. Her bossy pomegranates line the pinnacles and panels of the spire with peculiarly good effect; and it might have been better if, for her memory's sake, the Decorated style had always been adhered to.



ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

The chancel was built between 1460 and 1472, the nave about 1488, and the external walls of Eleanor and Adam de Brome were then renewed. This noble interior is long and lofty, with five windows on each side. At the east end the original decorations and stall desks are preserved, as well as the sedilia with canopies and cornices, adorned with the vine leaf and the Tudor flower. The reredos has been half destroyed by a quantity of bad Italian woodwork, of which we can give no certain account, as nothing is said of it or of its expenses by Anthony à Wood. It must be attributed to Laud and Dr. Morgan Owen, we fear, with the gateway and its twisted columns. But for the chancel, its historic associations are grave. This is not the place to speak of the Oxford martyrdoms, or of those of the Roman Catholics of Edward VI.'s or Elizabeth's reign, or of the sad heredity of persecution to death which, in truth, had descended on the Church from the old Imperium of Rome.

* Now fitted for the Bishops' Court, and used a robing-room by the heads of houses.

But here, before the altar, Ridley and Latimer suffered the degradation which preluded the stake; and here, beyond all doubt, Cranmer made final and categorical confession of his faith in the Apostles' Creed and the Old and New Testament; therein to die, since better might not be. The niches of the mangled reredos had then their statues, which doubtless looked down impassively on the transactions below, like heathen gods of the third century on analogous proceedings in a Roman basilica.* The nave of the church was finished in 1488, eight years after the then new Divinity School. It was the great time of the earliest Oxford Perpendicular architecture; many excellent works were going on at the same time, and the Divinity School was delayed because its workmen were removed, we know not how long, to the Royal works at Windsor and Eton under William of Waynflete. For such serious undertakings the University invited contributions, and the Prince of Wales and Charles VIII. of France were among the donors: the thrifty King of England gave forty oaks; and the completed works must have given Oxford a first look of splendour unknown in the ancient days, when fellow-students had huddled *al fresco* under ramparts and in wall towers, or at best, slept three or four to the truckle-bed; read chained books in fireless libraries; and fought the townsmen with swords, bows and arrows.

We remember the rebuilding of the upper part of the spire in 1850, when a second set of pinnacles was added, under loud remonstrance from the common-rooms, who all assumed an intensely accurate sense of architectural proportion for the nonce, if they had it not. Common-room opinion is no more in Oxford, and all we can say of it here is that it was sometimes wrong and sometimes right, and that very much fun has perished with it, which will never be replaced by the suburban tricyclists who now conduct University instruction from ten to four daily. Æsthetic feeling was again roused in 1865 on the subject of the Laudian Porch to the south door. As an adjunct to a Decorated Gothic church, it is certainly as incongruous as any combination of stone and mortar can be. Twisted columns from St. Peter's, a Rococo-Renaissance pediment and fluted concha, with Madonna to match, have always been a trial to Gothic purists. But historical association for once held its own, and the queer structure yet remains to bear the names of Laud and his chaplain, Dr. Morgan Owen. As the Madonna was made an article of accusation by the Parliament against the former, he may be said to have paid for the whole concern in every sense.

A much more ancient building forms a part of the north-east chancel, though separated by a narrow passage within. It was originally used as a Congregation House, as early as 1200; and formed, with what preceded Adam de Brome's chapel, a central prytaneum for University assemblies and archives. An upper

* See Isaac Taylor's "Restoration of Belief," p. 68.

storey of Edward II.'s time points to this; and it must have been a kind of treasury and library, till Duke Humphrey built the long room over the Divinity School, which is now the reading-room of the Bodleian. This St. Mary's chamber or chapel (lately used by unattached students) contains a beautiful vaulting, disguised by the Perpendicular windows in the north. It is no use criticising styles, or declaring our sympathy with the Oxford saying, that St. Mary's east window, also Perpendicular, is like an immense gridiron, only comparable with the celebrated one in Christ Church Kitchen. There is only the more reason for pressing on the good work of completing it in rich colour, which would lessen the effect of the mullion bars. Funds are collecting for this purpose, and, as Mr. Parker pointed out, it is otherwise an important one; because the arms of donors and notables might be collected in the smaller lights above. They are scattered and unnoticed in the building. For instance, only the "rebus" of Walter Lyhert, Le Harte or Le Hert, Provost of Oriel, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, remains on one of the corbels of the chancel; but, left thus by itself, there seems no meaning nor "modus" in his "rebus." It should certainly be collected with other ancient insignia in some great window. The completion of the glass in this church would be a step of real importance in architecture.

There is an account in Froude (vol. vii., 278) of the sad pageant of the funeral of Amy Robsart in the chancel, September, 1560. Half the persons present must have had a vivid remembrance of Cranmer six years before. We have only space to say that though one may desire to err always with Scott, one must draw the line somewhere. And it is certain that Lord Robert Dudley, husband of Amy Robsart, and accomplice in her death, but not Earl of Leicester till after it, was married to her at Shene publicly and in presence of Edward VI., by that monarch's diary, eleven years before; that Cecil also noted it as a marriage of ill-omened passion; that Amy, Lady Dudley, always lived, in reputed ill-health, alone at Cumnor; and was there murdered by persons interested in Dudley's marriage with Elizabeth. There had been a lame and fruitless inquiry, and "the gorgeousness of the ceremonial," says Froude, "was intended to disarm suspicion."

The pulpit of St. Mary's is the last feature which demands our notice, or rather, the last thing we have room to notice; and Scott leads us to it again. It is impossible to say whether, as stated in "Woodstock," General Harrison ever occupied it sword in hand, and with buff-coat, boots and spurs. He cannot have done so on any marked occasion and yet escaped chronicle, as he has done. But he was in Oxford when Cromwell and Fairfax were there, A.D. 1649; and on that occasion they sat in doctor's red robes on the left and right of the Vice-Chancellor in the then Convocation House. They probably did not lay by

sword or spur; and Harrison was presented to them as a Master of Arts, in all probability without putting off his. Further, the General could do just what he liked in St. Mary's, which was closed and under repairs; and he was exactly the man to improve the ceremonial he had just gone through, if he met a few Ironsides desiring a word in season on his way from Convocation.*

There is nothing to be said about the one or two forgotten tombs (one in the altar form with a slab of Purbeck marble and matrix of a brass), or the many forgotten graves in the chancel. Few Oxford men, old or young, would wish for a spick-and-span restoration.† The latter would think the money better spent in exhibitions or examinations; the former would rather wish that the present pensive state of substantial repair should continue; reinforced, perhaps, chiefly by a good rich east window, doing what it can for the faint memory of the donors and builders of five centuries. As George Herbert sings:—

"Only some herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds their crack'd names at length in the church glass."

R. S. Tyrwhitt.

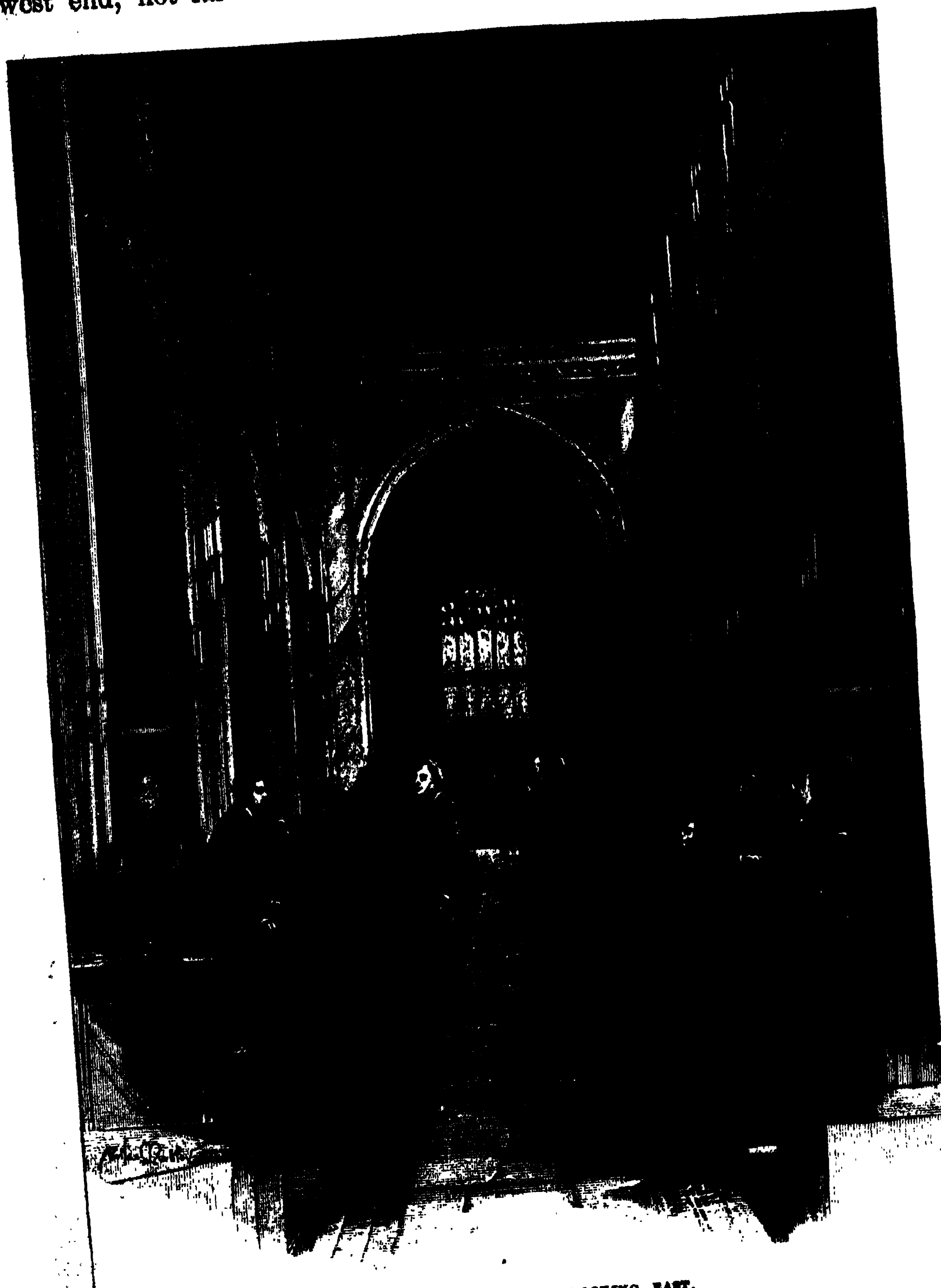
Oxford and Cambridge have a strong general resemblance, but differ much in detail. This is true not only in their internal order, but also in their external aspect. Each is situate in a valley; but at Cambridge this has well-nigh expanded into a plain, while at Oxford the limiting hills shelve down to the outskirts of the town. Each is washed by a river; but the Isis at Oxford, though in a narrower valley, is a broader and a finer stream than the Cam at Cambridge. Considering the situation of the town, the general view of Oxford is remarkably picturesque; no dome like that of the Radcliff, no spire comparable with that of St. Mary's, graces the dull outline of Cambridge. The new tower of St. John's College Chapel is heavy and incongruous; its University church has only a western tower, simple, though not unpleasing in design; but this is of no great height, and is often dwarfed in distant views by the neighbouring mass of King's College Chapel. In short, the church, though we are far from wishing to disparage it, is in many respects inferior to St. Mary's, Oxford, both in its architecture and in its historic associations.

St. Mary's, Cambridge, is the church of a parish, as well as of the University. Its full title is St. Mary's the Great, to distinguish it from another parish and smaller church with the same dedication. As it is close to the market place, and in the centre of the town, it was often called in old documents *Parochia*

* See the admirable account of the visitation of Oxford by the Parliament. Camden Society, by Professor Burrows.

† Written before the recent renovation was begun.—Ed.

Sanctæ Mariæ ad forum. Formerly a hostel with the same dedication stood opposite to the west end, not far from the site of the present Senate House. According



ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.

to the old registers of receipts and payments, and the lists of goods, the church in former times appears to have been exceptionally rich in plate, jewels, robes,

and vestments, and there were several chapels. The old rood screen disappeared in Archbishop Parker's time, and the woodwork of the chancel during the last century, but a richly carved oak chest for the parish deeds has been preserved.

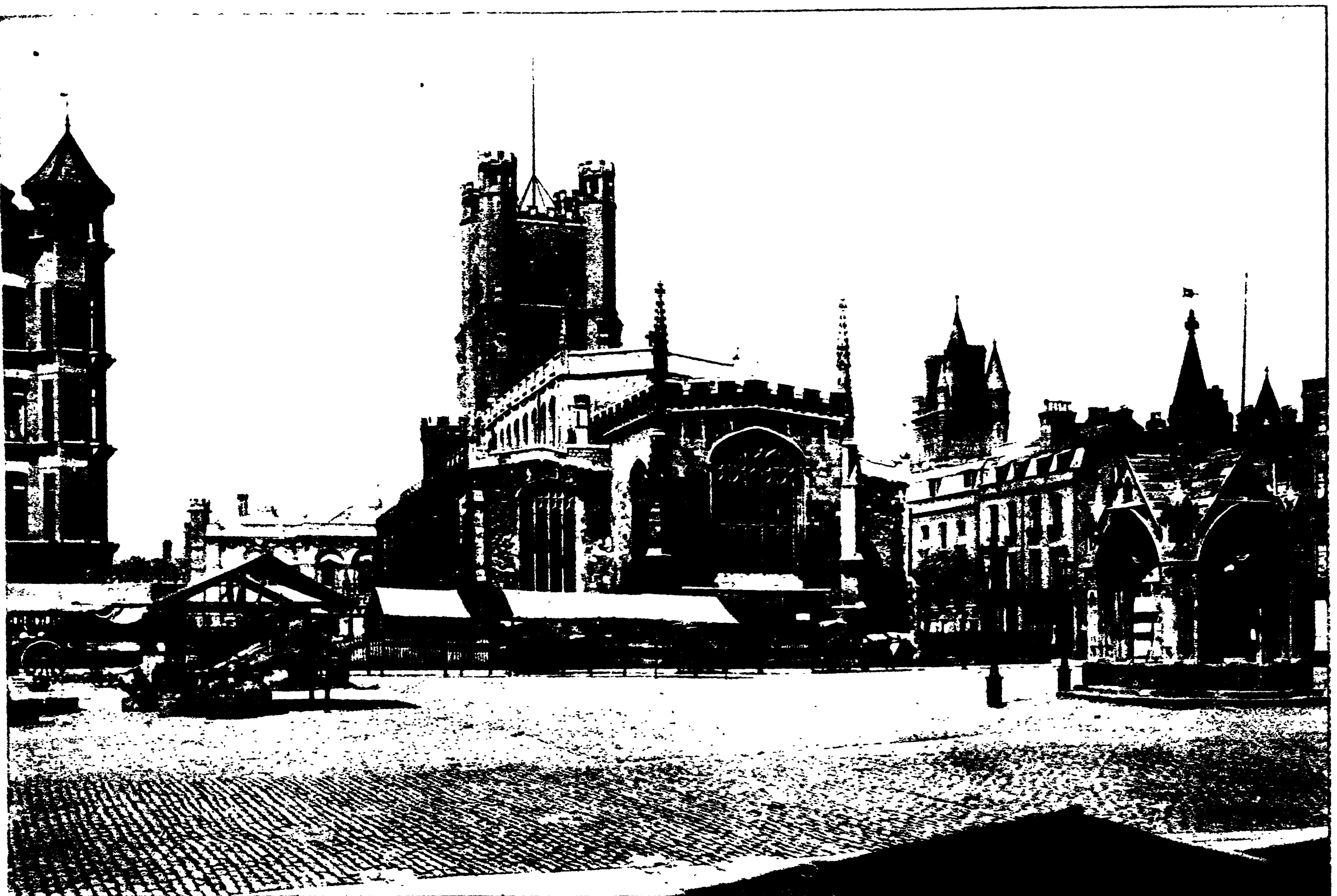
The south porch is a restoration of an older one which was destroyed early in the present century; a vestry east of the present south aisle has disappeared. The monuments in the church have not much interest. An altar-tomb has been taken from the south aisle since the middle of the last century, and the matrices of three or four brasses exist in the nave. But few of the minor details have any special interest, though the peal of ten bells, "perhaps the finest-toned in the Eastern Counties," must not be forgotten. There are few sounds sadder, yet sweeter, than when the stillness of a summer night is broken by a muffled peal, indicating that one of the more eminent resident members of the University has passed to his rest. In connection with the tower it may be mentioned that the famous "Vicar of Bray" was earnest in promoting the building.

At what date a church was first built on this site is not known; but there was already one in the thirteenth century, for it was granted by King John to Thomas de Chimelye in 1205. Near the end of that century, in 1290, it suffered in a fire. The damage was repaired; but this must have been great, for many years elapsed before the work was finished. But in 1478 a rebuilding was begun; some portions, however, of the older structure are incorporated in the present chancel walls. Caius informs us with singular minuteness "that the first stone of the new edifice was laid on the 16th day of May in that year, at forty-five minutes past six o'clock, *post meridiem*."* The work appears to have progressed but slowly, a large part of the expense being defrayed by subscriptions. Services, however, according to the Proctor's books, were carried on as usual, probably in the chancel, and in 1488 John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, preached in St. Mary's *bonum et blandum sermonem*, which lasted from one in the afternoon till past three! What would be said in these days of short sermons?†

By 1519 the body of the church was finished, but it remained with a tower half built for nearly a century; this not being completed till 1608. As a monument in the church records, John Warren, the builder, "with the church his own life finished." St Mary's, as it now stands, is a fine example of a late Perpendicular structure of a type common in the Eastern Counties. It consists of a lofty nave with aisles, separated from the chancel by a rather high and wide arch; the nave arches are also large, and above them is a clerestory. The walls internally are enriched in places by panel-work, so that the church originally must have presented a rather grand interior. At the end of the aisles are chapels; the northern has been restored for use, the southern serves as a vestry.

* Le Keux, Memorials of Cambridge, "Parish of Great St. Mary's."

† Sandars, Notes on St. Mary's Church (Camb. Antiq. Soc.), p. 11.



ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE, FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.

The aisles are prolonged westward, so as to be flush with the outer wall of the tower. The western doorway was rebuilt in 1850, when an insertion of the eighteenth century was removed; the exterior of the chancel was repaired a few years later, and in 1863 the interior of the church was very thoroughly restored, but at the same time was deprived of its distinctive and peculiar features. These, however, dated only from the last century. In 1735 galleries were put up in the two side aisles and across the western end of the church. Then, in 1751, the chancel arch was blocked by the erection of a sort of open chamber, supported on arches, all of wood. Cole thus refers to it: "By the advice and contrivance of my worthy friend, James Burrough . . . the Chancel is quite altered, and the Church appears to much less advantage than it used to look: for the Stalls and a fine screen are taken down in the Chancell, and a Gallery built with an arched top of wainscott, highly ornamented indeed with Mosaic carving, but very absurd in the design." Cole's verdict upon it is just: anything uglier than this extraordinary structure could not well be imagined. Of course, it completely shut out the east window, and only by looking through the arches on which it rested could a view of the communion table be obtained. The Vice-Chancellor occupied a kind of desk in the middle of the front row of seats; on either side sat the heads of houses. From this circumstance the gallery, in University slang, was irreverently styled Golgotha. The arrangement of the floor of the church, which probably dated from the same epoch, was no less peculiar. Beneath the galleries, and projecting a little beyond them, were the usual pews, but within them was an oblong space of considerable size in the middle of the church, sometimes called "the pit." A seat ran round it on the outside of the pews, and benches were placed on its floor. Facing the "Golgotha" gallery, and nearer to the western one, rose a large hexagonal pulpit.* Within this a spiral staircase was ingeniously contrived, so that the preacher, after disappearing through a door at the base, presently rose up in the pulpit like a slow Jack-in-the-box.

Almost all this disappeared at the last restoration. The side galleries were perforce left, because without them there would not have been sufficient room for a large congregation. The western one was taken down, and there is now only a sort of "minstrels' gallery" under the tower arch and in front of the large organ, a restored work of Father Smith. Handsome oak seats were placed on the floor of the church, a new pulpit was erected near the chancel arch, and the chancel itself was fitted with stalls. Since then a reredos has been erected, the gift of the late Bishop of Durham, and the chancel windows filled with modern stained glass. The Vice-Chancellor and Doctors now occupy the chancel stalls

* The woodwork was handsome, and has been reconstructed to form two screens at the end of the aisles.

with some of the front seats in the nave, the other graduates of the University sitting behind the latter, and yet further back are places for some of the undergraduates, the remainder sitting in the galleries. Ladies related to the University graduates are accommodated in the south aisle; the north one belongs to the parishioners.



PORCH OF ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

The present arrangement of the interior much more closely resembles its ancient order than that initiated in the last century, and still remembered by many of the older graduates. The rood screen—once a conspicuous ornament of this church—has not been, and could not well be, restored, but the Doctors have returned to their original position. It must, however, be admitted that the change has not been wholly gain. The older arrangement, ugly and ritually improper as it was, made the church better adapted for the purpose of the University—that is, for listening to a sermon—but unsuited for those of the parish. If the church had belonged exclusively to the University there would have been no reason why, to quote the words of one of the critics, "everything" should not have "betokened that the whole congregation are assembled to hear the preacher," for they came thither for no other purpose. But, inasmuch as it was used by the parish more frequently and for longer times than by the University, it was no doubt better that the latter should yield to the former.

As at St. Mary's, Oxford, many a learned and many an eloquent divine has occupied the pulpit as a preacher before the University, but as another contrast, this church has been witness of no great historical episodes. Perhaps, to some extent, this may be due to its having passed an unusual proportion of its existence under the hands of the builders; perhaps also to the fact that the life of Cambridge has been more placid than that of Oxford. In the past as in the present its work has not been either less important or less useful to the fatherland, but it has never attracted so large a share of popular attention. We find nothing to compare with the historic scenes in St. Mary's, Oxford, during the last days of the Marian martyrs, unless we quote the paltry dishonour of the bones of Bucer, and the idle superstition of the purification of the fabric from its supposed contamination. But for many years the church was at certain times appropriated to a purpose for which its namesake in the other University was speedily exempted. Here acts were kept, and other ceremonies of the *Majora Comitia*

(the great annual ceremony for conferring degrees) performed. This is an account of its condition, given in anticipation of Laud's proposed visitation* in 1636: "St. Mary's Church at every Great Commencement is made a Theater and the Prevaricatours† stage, wherein he acts and setts forth his prophane and scurrilous jests besides diverse other abuses and disorders then suffered in that place. All the year after a parte of it is made a Lumber House for ye Materials of ye Scaffolds, for Bookbinders dry Fats, for aumeric Cupboards, and such like implements which they know not readily where else to put. The west windows are half blinded up with a Cobler's and a Bookbinders Shop. At the east end are Incroachments made by divers Houses, and the Vestry is lately unleaded (they say) with purpose to let it ruine or to pull it down."



ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE.

These unseemly exhibitions were abandoned in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. According to Wordsworth‡ "there were no public 'commencements' between 1714, when Roger Long gave his music speech in St. Mary's Church, and 1730, when John Taylor, M.A., made one in the Senate House on the occasion of the opening of that building." The houses which obstructed the west front have long disappeared, but some of those about the chancel were only destroyed some thirty years ago. The inferior tracery of the aisle windows, inserted in 1766, still remains, but the restoration of the interior of the church is now fairly complete, though it will be greatly improved when the clerestory windows are filled by stained glass. The late energetic vicar, Dr. Luard, more than once urged the Colleges to supply this want. He did not live to see it done, but the work was commenced as a memorial of his twenty-seven years of labour in the parish, and is being continued by gifts which commemorate the names of Dr. Hort, Dr. Cayley, and others.

T. G. BONNEY.

* The present font is a memento of the improvements made at this time.

† The name given to a young graduate, who was annually chosen to recite a comic and often scurrilous speech.

‡ "University Life in the Eighteenth Century."

SWAFFHAM PRIOR AND THE TRIMLEYS.

TWO CHURCHES IN ONE CHURCHYARD.

THE history of the selection of churchyard sites is, in most cases, extremely obscure. Sometimes a halting-place on an ancient road became dignified by an altar or by a humble church, and thus interments gathered round it. At other times a place of British interment drew to itself those of other nationalities in succession. Where men had once buried they continued to bury; and as a consequence, once now and then, you may find in the same churchyard graves of Celts, Romans, and the great mixed race to which we belong, all along the line to the present day. When lords of manors built towers and churches it could not fail but that there were occasional heart-burnings about sites, and thus it came to pass that each manor or each parish would sometimes take possession of a part of the sacred enclosure for its own church. So great were the jealousies of lords about their territorial importance that, even at the time of the Domesday Book, we find parts of the same parish under different hundreds, in order (as it seems) that a lord in some distant hundred, who had a manor away from his home, might bring the men from it to swell his own muster. This may be one of several ways in which conjecture seeks to account for the phenomenon of "two churches in one churchyard."

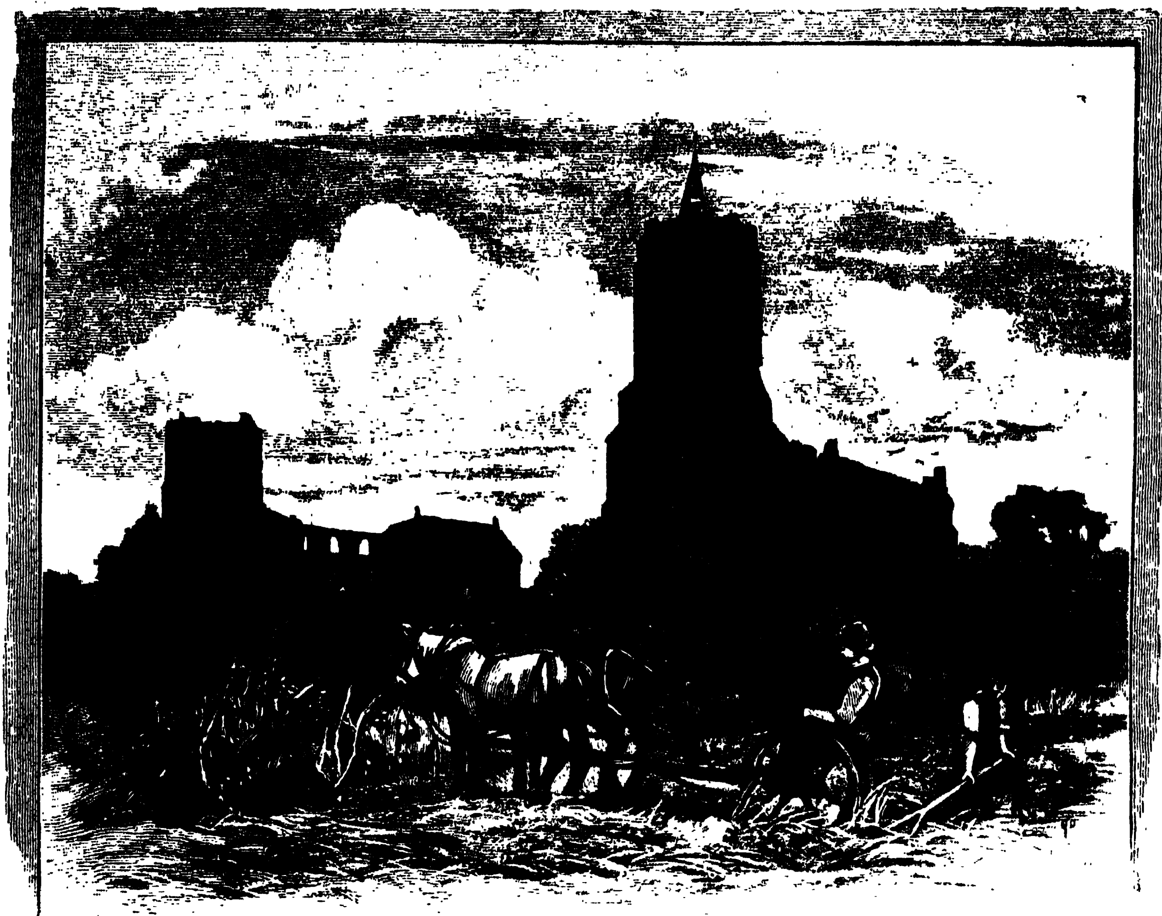
The Eastern Counties of England have a full share of this peculiar arrangement, of which Swaffham Prior and the Trimleys are instances.

The former pair occupies a rather prominent position on the edge of the gentle chalk height which forms the southern border of the "never-ending fen." In the thick Cambridgeshire air the lead-covered lantern of Burwell, the adjacent towers of Swaffham St. Mary and Swaffham St. Cyriac, and their shorter sister, Swaffham Bulbeck, loom out rather larger than they actually are, and give a weird appearance to that which would be otherwise a depressing and monotonous outline.

In earlier days the most important part of Swaffham Prior was the hamlet of Reach, where ends the foss called the "Devil's Ditch," which runs across the open country from the fen at Reach to the thickets at Wood Ditton. Here the Prior of Ramsey had a cell, and here yet remains the ruin of a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin Queen St. Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles. But the "populous city" of Reach is now merged in Swaffham Prior.

Of the two churches here, the towers present the most remarkable features.

St. Cyriac (Quiriacus) is the baptismal name of one Judas, a Jew, living in Jerusalem in the days when the Empress Helena was seeking for the true cross. It is said that for three hundred and twenty-six years there had been a memorial



SWAFFHAM PRIOR.

preserved in his family recording the place where the relic lay hidden, by means of which it was discovered. This circumstance made St. Cyriac almost as well known as St. Helena herself, though dedications to him are very rare. He is related to have suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Julian. The tower of St. Cyriac is square below and octagonal above, each face of the octagon having a belfry window; and up each angle runs a slender buttress, terminating in the tower parapet, which is of the beautiful flush flint and stone work common in the Eastern Counties. The rest of the church is rebuilt in a very tasteless way. St. Mary's tower is square below and octagonal in two stages above, but much earlier, being an excellent example of Transition Norman. The style of architecture seems to have changed whilst the two stages of the octagonal work

were being built; for in the lower stage the windows are semicircular, while above they have the Early English arch, though with Norman mouldings. Above, there is a window in each face of the octagon, below, in the alternate faces. This earlier work has survived the Perpendicular nave and chancel, which, after



ST. MARY'S AND ST. MARTIN'S, TRIMLEY, LOOKING SOUTH.

having been in ruins for many years, were in the course of restoration; but the work is now stopped. The family of Allix, long connected with the parish of Swaffham Prior, is descended from a well-known French Protestant refugee, Pierre Allix, a native of Alençon, a divine of great learning and piety, driven to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Burnet made him Treasurer and Prebendary at Salisbury, by which help he was able to continue his studies without intermission to his death, which took place in 1717.

The external circumstances of the Trimleys are widely different. They are placed on the light soil in the pleasant hundred of Colneis, between the estuaries of the Deben and the Orwell, where Roman remains are found in many places; and the name of Felixstowe records the name of Felix the Burgundian, the Apostle of the East Angles.

In Trimley St. Martin, the sole remains of the Middle Ages are two windows of the Decorated period, and a late Perpendicular doorway in the south wall. The date of these windows agrees fairly with the consolidation of the rectory of Altoneston, or Alteston, with that of Trimley St. Martin in 1362

Davy suggests that the site of that church was near Grimston Hall, a manor held for some time by the family of Caundish or Cavendish. Roger Caundish, by will dated c. 1405, left profits out of the Grimston Manor for building a chapel to the honour of the Holy Trinity, on the left side of the church of St. Martin in Trimley.

The celebrated navigator, Thomas Cavendish, who died in 1592, was lord of this manor. When that learned iconoclast, Mr. William Dowsing, of Laxfield, visited the place, he made the following notes:—"Trembly, August the 21st, 1644, Martin's. There was a fryar with a shaven crown praying to God in these words: *Miserere me* (sic) *Deus*, which we brake down; and twenty-eight cherubims in the church, which we gave order to take down by August 24th." Davy in 1829 noted that "a ditch only now nearly levelled, separates the two churchyards."



ST. MARTIN'S AND ST. MARY'S, TRIMLEY, LOOKING NORTH.

Trimley St. Mary is more attractive. Here also is some Decorated work, the chancel windows being early in that style. The porch and the base of the tower are good specimens of their kind; and on a line of five shields above the tower doorway are the arms of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, and son of Edward I.; and those of the Mowbrays, in whom the earldom was till the reign of Richard III. The monogram M. R. is in another shield, and in another a three-branched lily in a pot. The Earls and Dukes of Norfolk were patrons of Trimley St. Mary till 1545, when the Duke obtained Castle Rising and other possessions from Henry VIII. in exchange for the manors of Walton, Trimley, Falkenham, with the rectories of Walton and Felixstow. Since that time the patronage of Trimley St. Mary has been in the Crown.

In 1644 John Ferror, rector, was deprived by the Long Parliament for observing the rules and orders of the church; refusing the covenant; saying that the king was abased; reproving his people for not kneeling at the Litany, and for putting on their hats in the church; and lastly, for refusing to assist in the rebellion; saying that theft was now called borrowing." He was also imprisoned. The subsequent history of the Trimleys calls for no special notice.

J. J. Raven.

ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON.

A BEACON IN THE FENS.

BOSTON, though in England, is also in Holland, for this name is borne by the division of Lincolnshire of which it is the chief town. So far as scenery goes we might well be in the Netherlands. Since the Witham emerged from the gap in the hills at Lincoln its valley has broadened and broadened till it has now lost itself in the wide East Anglian fen, which banks alone preserve from inroads of the sea. The town stands about four miles from the mouth of the river. It is an old-world place, which, according to Stukeley, may claim to occupy the site of a Roman fort near a ferry over the Witham. But in any case it was a town of importance as long ago as the reign of King John, for it was incorporated in the fifth year of his reign. In the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. it was declared a borough to be governed by a mayor and corporation, who were privileged to hold weekly two markets and annually two fairs, and, during the same, Courts of *Pie Poudre*, at which the men of dusty feet, or the tag-rag and bobtail who on such occasions crowded into a town, might receive summary justice. Yet more: even in the reign of Edward III. it had contributed a quota of sixteen ships to the "Maritime Militia," and in that of Elizabeth the said corporation was empowered to hold a Court of Admiralty; so that in the days of the Tudors and earlier Stuarts Boston, though it had suffered from fire and yet more from flood, was a place of no small consideration, and held its head in Lincolnshire as high as its tower. Besides this structure it had formerly its religious houses, great and small, with friars black and grey and white, and its guilds or colleges, in number three. But they have all disappeared, and the church alone remains.

The name of Boston is a contraction of Botolph's town, which it received in honour of an English saint. What it was called in yet earlier days, if indeed it can lay claim to a greater antiquity, is doubtful. Botolph himself—a saint held in honour by seafaring folk—was one of two brothers of good English birth, who received their education in Belgic Gaul, in which one of them remained as Bishop of Maestricht. Botolph, however, returned to England, and found favour with Ethelmund, an English king, who granted to him a place called Ikanhoe, at which to found a monastery. There he died, at a good old age, in the year 655. But where Ikanhoe really was is a matter of much dispute. Some authorities place it, as would seem natural, at Boston in Lincolnshire; others assert it to have been at Bottlebridge—*i.e.*, Botolph's Bridge—in Huntingdonshire; others again argue that it must have been in or near the

county of Sussex, as Ethelmund was King of the South Saxons. To this, however, it is replied that he ruled over the South Angles. Be this as it may, Botolph's name seems to have been held in much honour in the Eastern Counties, for churches dedicated to him are not infrequent. Incursions of the Danes prevented the good man's bones from resting in peace; one part was carried off to Thorney Abbey, which some three centuries after his death had been dedicated to him and to St. Mary, another to Ely, and yet another portion to Peterborough. This happened in the ninth century, when the monastery was destroyed, after which no mention of Boston is found till later than the Norman Conquest.

It is almost certain that a church must have occupied this site from an early period; one indeed is mentioned in a grant to St. Mary's Abbey at York, which bears date 1090, but of the previous building no trace remains and no account, so far as we know, has been preserved. The present noble structure was begun in the year 1309, and progressed but slowly for nearly a century; the nave and aisles are Late Decorated; the greater part of the tower, the east end, and some of the windows are Perpendicular. According to Stukeley the first stone of the tower was laid in the year 1309 by Dame Margery Tilney, who put five pounds upon it, the same sum being given by John Twesdale, the vicar, and Richard Stevenson, a merchant, these being the largest donations. If money did not come in greater sums than this, the donors would have to be very numerous or the progress might well be slow; for the church, as it now stands, is of exceptional size, and is a grand one even for a region noted for its fine churches. It is sometimes said to be the largest in England without a transept; but in any case it measures two hundred and ninety feet from the western wall of the tower to the eastern wall of the chancel; and ninety-nine feet from the northern wall of one aisle to the southern wall of the other. The height of its tower is about equal to the length of the church, for it rises nearly three hundred feet above the ground. Three hundred and sixty-five steps—one for every day in the year—are said to lead to the summit, which commands, as may be supposed, a vast outlook over the wide plain of the Witham, once a dreary fenland, now drained and tilled, and in early autumn a golden carpet of ripening grain. Dim in the distance rise the wolds, low down on the horizon is the edge of the plateau, through which the Witham has cut its course, beneath the triple towers of Lincoln; but all between is one vast plain with its gleaming lines of dykes, its dotted chains of pollard willows, and its endless patchwork of fields. Eastward, after a very few miles, the level land gives place to the yet more level sea. Far away over the waters of the Wash does "Boston stump," as its tower is popularly called, serve as a landmark to the passing mariner. Some assert that it is

visible forty miles away from shore, though how this should be is a puzzle, for the distance of the horizon line from the summit of the tower cannot exceed some two-and-twenty miles. To lay the foundations of such a structure, in such a region as the fenland, must have been an anxious task for the architect, and no precaution was neglected, for we read that they rest upon a "very deep bed of clay," nine feet below the level of the



ST. BOTOLPH'S, FROM THE WITHAM.

adjacent Witham; that is to say, the masons excavated till they reached the great stratum of clay—a deposit of Jurassic age—some hundreds of feet thick, which underlies the whole district of the Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire fens.

The design of Boston Church is comparatively simple. A western tower, a nave with aisles, and a chancel, the roof of which is rather lower than that of the nave. Besides these there is a south porch, with a "parvise" above and a crypt below, and to the west of this a large chantry chapel is built against the

aisle. This porch and the tower are the most elaborate features in the architecture. The latter is four storeys high, not reckoning the lantern. The basement is solid, plain, and comparatively low, and is pierced on the exterior only by a rather small western door. The next storey is very high, for it extends up to the level of the roof of the nave, and it is lighted by three large and lofty windows; the stage above is pierced by double windows in each side, but in the last one the windows are single. Above this come pinnacles and battlements, from within which rises a light octagonal stone lantern, crowned also with slender pinnacles, and supported by light flying buttresses, the whole forming a structure of singular beauty and grandeur. Perhaps no river in England, of like size to the Witham, flows by such towers. While yet its stream is young, it passes by the noble steeple of Grantham; in maturity it glides beneath the triple towers of Lincoln Cathedral, and here, where its waters begin to mingle with those of the sea, it almost washes the base of the tower of St. Botolph.

The tide ebbs and flows beneath Boston Bridge, a short distance below the church, and the western side of the churchyard—limited on this side, but ample in other directions—runs parallel with the channel of the river. Sea-going ships lie stranded by the wharves, one sign among many that the prosperity of the town has returned. For it has passed through an epoch of decadence. The Witham became choked up with silt, so that in the earlier part of the last century vessels of light draught alone could reach the town, and that only at high tide. But the enclosure and drainage of the fenland in the latter half of the eighteenth century gave an impetus to local traffic; then the port was made accessible by cutting a new channel for the Witham, and it is now linked by railways to the rest of England. Boston, at the present time, has a considerable trade with the North of Europe in hemp, timber, tar, and iron, a new dock, a flourishing fishery, and a linseed-cake company.

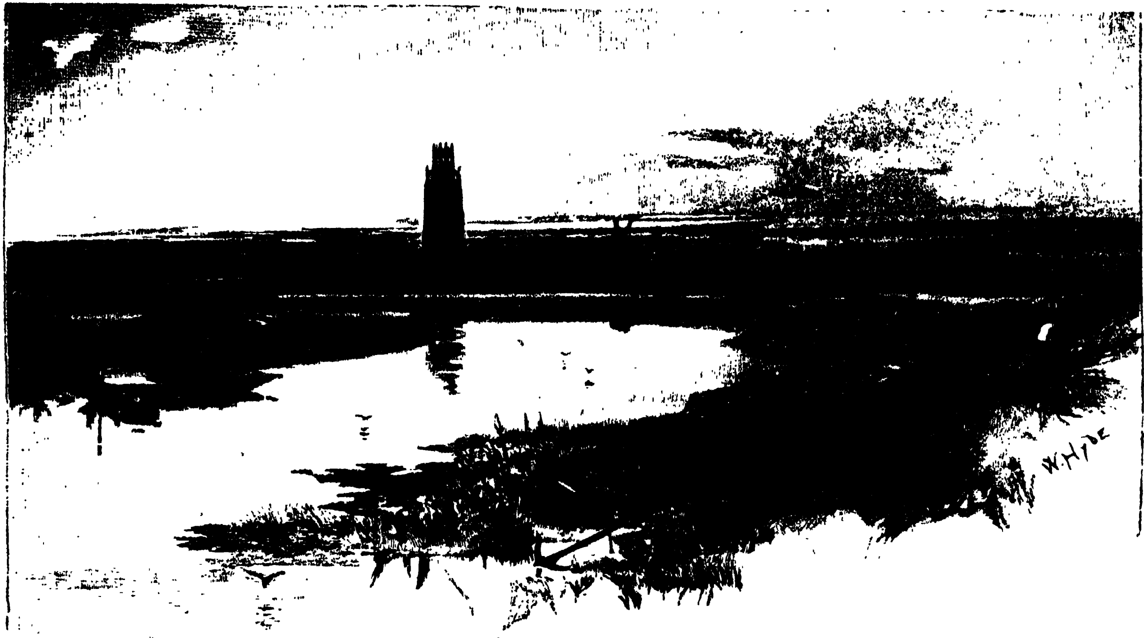
The interior of the church is not less, perhaps is more, impressive than the exterior. As in so many of the churches in the Eastern Counties, the dominant effect is that of height and space. The great nave consists of fourteen bays; the clerestory is comparatively—though not actually—rather low, and the correspondingly lofty aisles are parted from the nave by tall and slender clustered columns. A very high arch unites the lower part of the tower with the church, and the large chancel arch does little to interrupt the prospect from the extreme west to the extreme east. In the earlier part of this century the nave, as we read, was divided by a screen into two unequal portions—that to the west "forming a noble area," while that to the east was "used for the performance of divine worship." Then, as we are informed, the "altar was of oak, in the Corinthian style, which, though beautiful, much disgusts the eye of

taste, as not being in unison with the style of the building." Over it was placed a copy of the famous Antwerp Rubens—the "Taking Down from the Cross." All this was changed when the church was restored about the year 1853.* The screen and classic reredos disappeared with the pews, the latter being replaced by oak seats, but a considerable space at the western end is still unoccupied. The pulpit is a fine piece of woodwork of Elizabethan or early Jacobean age, which has a special interest as having been filled in its time by John Cotton, once vicar, afterwards one of the founders of Boston in the State of Massachusetts. He arrived there in the early autumn of 1633, but the new settlement had already received its name; that, it is said, was chosen—the date on record being September 17, 1630—as a compliment to Mr. Isaac Johnson, a Boston man, who was one of the chief associates with Governor John Winthrop, and was accompanied to the New World by the Lady Arabella, his wife. In graceful recognition of the early connection of the two towns, the good folk of the American Boston contributed liberally to the restoration of the church in which some of their ancestors had worshipped. The stone vaulting of the roof within the tower—an original intention completed at the last restoration—is not the least striking feature of the interior; also the woodwork of the nave roof, said to be of Irish oak, and the old stalls in the chancel with their quaintly carved *misereres*, will repay examination. Few monuments of interest remain, but there are effigies in stone of a knight and a lady, and the church formerly must have been extraordinarily rich in brasses, for in the flooring are many incised slabs from which the metal has been torn away. Most of these, as we learn from Stukeley, had disappeared before his time. Two, however, of considerable interest still remain at the eastern end; one represents a priest, vested in a cope ornamented with embroidered figures; the other a merchant. As his name was Peascod, his garment is profusely adorned with the pods of the pea. But the interior of Boston Church impresses the visitor as a whole rather than in its details; for, except those already named, and an old library in the chamber above the porch, there is little to notice. The church would gain greatly in effect if its windows were filled with richly-coloured glass.† Probably there was no lack of this in olden time, but there is little enough now remaining. Another loss to the church, as a matter of interest but not of ornament, was a great clock bell, which could be heard, it is said, for six or seven miles round. This was "knocked to pieces" in the year 1710, without its destroyers even taking the trouble to preserve a copy of the inscription upon it! Among the more recent additions to the interior of the church is a beautiful oak reredos, the gift of a lady in the town.

* During the incumbency of Canon Blenkin, the late vicar, to whom we have been indebted for information on several points. We have also to thank his successor, the Rev. J. Stephenson.

† Seven windows have been inserted during the last few years.

Two other memories are connected with St. Botolph's: one, that of John Foxe, author of the "Book of Martyrs." He was born in the town, and no doubt often worshipped in this church. But this, probably, would only be in the earlier part of his life, for after his election to a Fellowship at Magdalen College, he spent some time in Oxford, and was also tutor to the children of



DISTANT VIEW OF "BOSTON STUMP."

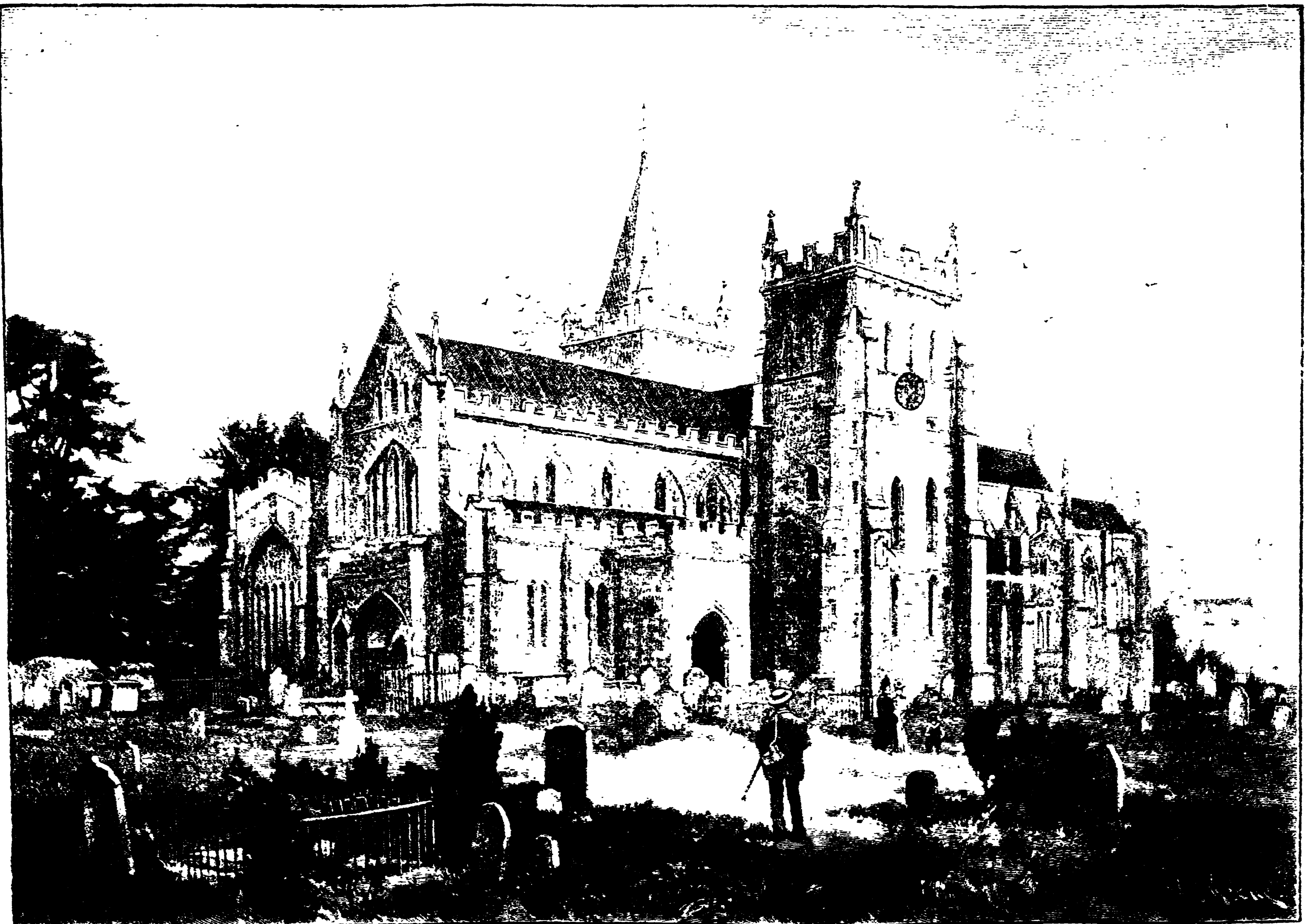
the Earl of Surrey. Then, during the reign of Mary he was in exile, and settled down on his return in the household of the Duke of Norfolk, his former pupil. The other was a worthy of much later date, and noted for literature of a very different kind—Herbert Ingram, the enterprising founder of the *Illustrated London News;* he also was Boston born, and is commemorated by a statue. This stands in the market-place, which lies on the south side of the churchyard, and thus adds to the open spaces which enable the visitor to appreciate the magnitude of St. Botolph's Church. An old house at one corner is worth notice, but in Boston market-place, indeed in Boston town, the church dominates over every other object of interest.

T. G. Bonney.

OTTERY ST. MARY.

A GREAT DEVONSHIRE CHURCH.

THE fine church that crowns the hill up which straggles the little market town of Ottery St. Mary is not, of course, to be compared in spaciousness with such churches as Holy Trinity at Hull, or St. Nicholas at Yarmouth. Relatively, however, to a town with a population of less than three thousand, it has abundant right to be styled a "great" church, as may be inferred from the fact that its seating accommodation is 1,100; that in length it is 163 feet 6 inches, and that the breadth of the choir and its aisles is 40 feet 6 inches, while these measurements take no account of the huge Dorset aisle, which, tacked on to the north aisle of the nave, and extending from the west end to the north transeptal tower, is almost if not quite as broad as the nave itself. Yet the size of the church is the least of its claims to a place in this work. To all who are interested in ecclesiastical architecture it is a building of peculiar interest, since it is not merely marked by some uncommonly fine features—among them a nave of exceptionally graceful proportions, an exquisite reredos, and a handsome screen—but, with the single exception of Exeter Cathedral, it is the only church in this, and so far as the writer knows in any, part of the country with transeptal towers. Nor is it less fortunate in its personal interests, seeing that it has the closest association with member after member of one of the most distinguished families in a county which has reason to be proud of its splendid roll of worthies—a family which has, indeed, produced more names of national eminence in three generations than almost any other that could readily be named. The common ancestor of this gifted stock was the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of the parish and head-master of the Free Grammar School here, who had some note in his day as a Hebrew and Latin scholar, and was yet more remarkable, to those who knew him well, for the amiable eccentricities of his character. His youngest son was the author of "Christabel," and he in turn, as all the world knows, became the father of Hartley and Sara Coleridge, and also of Derwent, his biographer. Another of John Coleridge's sons, James, though not himself of striking ability, became the father of Henry Nelson Coleridge, known to literature as the editor of his uncle's posthumous works, and who married his accomplished cousin Sara; and also of John Taylor Coleridge, who attained to eminence in the law, in which, however, he has been surpassed by his son, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, who succeeded him not only in the occupation of



OTTERY ST. MARY, FROM THE SOUTH WEST.

Heath's Court, but in that pious interest in the Church of St. Mary of which its restoration is an abiding memorial.

The man who heads this long list of famous names was one of the most eccentrically lovable individuals of whom biography has anything to say. A pedant of the purest water, he had the abundant amiability and the lack of humour which seem to be the almost inevitable notes of this variety of human character. Among the achievements of his scholarship was a Latin grammar, in which he quite seriously proposed to simplify the study for beginners by re-christening the ablative case the "quale-quare-quidditive;" while one of his favourite methods of edifying his rustic congregation was to quote to them from the Old Testament Scripture in the original Hebrew, as "the immediate language of the Holy Ghost." The good man's memory, however, was cherished for better reasons than this, and by no one, perhaps, so fondly as by his youngest son, who was wont to liken him to Parson Adams, and who thirty years afterwards could hardly speak of his death without tears. "O that I might so pass away," he once exclaimed, "if like him I were an Israelite without guile. The image of my father, my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father, is a religion to me."

The correspondence in more than one important particular between the church beside the Otter and the cathedral in the valley of the Exe is explained mainly by the circumstance that the greater part of the one is due to that Bishop Grandisson who had so much to do with building the nave of the other. The towers are quite distinct in character from the body of the fabric: they are Early English, and date from about the middle of the thirteenth century, when, according to the records, a church was consecrated here by Bishop Bronescombe. It must have been of considerable size to have had double towers of such massiveness; but when, some five-and-seventy years later, Bishop Grandisson founded here a college of secular priests, he set about enlarging it. Having thus made the structure worthy of its dignity as a collegiate church, and having at his own charge bought the manor from the Chapter of St. Mary at Rouen, to whom it had been granted by the Confessor-King, the Bishop obtained a royal licence from Edward III., and the college was duly established with forty members, and subsisted until Henry VIII. reformed the monasteries out of existence, when the greater part of its revenues was conferred upon Edward, Earl of Hertford, better known to history as the Protector Somerset, local feeling, however, being conciliated by the establishment of the Free Grammar School of which there has already been occasion to speak.

To Bishop Grandisson are ascribed the vaulting of the nave and choir, the clerestory, the Lady Chapel, the reredos, and the altar-screen; and the Dorset

aisle is said to be the only important addition made since.' If so, it would seem that the church must have been a good deal tampered with as it fell into disrepair, for much of the work conforms rather to the Perpendicular than to the Decorated type. Of the Dorset aisle, which was added in the early years of the sixteenth century, it is believed by Cicely, Marchioness of Dorset and Countess of Wiltshire, it is impossible to speak more respectfully than as an irritating excrescence; and one is at a loss to conjecture what reason there could have been for an addition which not only is in the inferior style of the age to which it belongs, but also grievously mars the symmetry of the fabric. Yet those responsible for it no doubt gloried in their work, and even in these days there are some who see in its abnormal dimensions a matter for admiration, and who think the ceiling, with its diffuse fan-tracery and obtrusive pendants, more beautiful than the gracefully reticent vaulting of choir and nave.

On the whole, the exterior view is not so pleasing as the interior. The towers, though admirable in themselves, are, like those of the cathedral church of the diocese, and in much greater degree, disproportionately bulky, while one of them—the northern—is capped, rather than completed, by a low leaden octagonal spire; and it is when looking at the church from some of the outside points of view that one is least appreciative of the work of Cicely, Marchioness of Dorset and Countess of Wiltshire. Both towers are battlemented, with pinnacles at the angles; nave and choir and transept are alike provided with clerestory; and behind the chancel is a Lady Chapel, flanked on either side by a tiny chantry, one dedicated to St. Lawrence, the other to St. Stephen. The nave is divided into five bays, with an aisle on either side, and on the north-west side the Dorset aisle in addition; the choir, too, is of five bays, and this also has an aisle on either side. Over the arches, in both chancel and nave, are niches with ogee canopies, looking in their regularity, and their freedom from all trace of dilapidation, curiously incomplete without the effigies which once they sheltered. The western entrance resembles that of the cathedral in consisting of a central door flanked by a smaller one on each side, though in no other respect; the style here being much later and correspondingly inferior. The east and west windows, and several others, are filled with stained glass, but this is all of it modern; the old glass having, it is said, been destroyed by the Parliamentary forces in 1645, when Fairfax had his head-quarters here for some three weeks. The story, however, seems to have the sanction of no respectable authority; and it is as well to remember that it was to the interest of guardians who had systematically neglected their charge, to shift the blame of dilapidation to other shoulders. The long period of neglect came to an end with the drastic restoration of the interior with which Sir John Coleridge had so much to do. It was not till some years later that the exterior was taken in hand, but it

was not thought necessary to deal with this in the same uncompromising fashion, and the consequence is that it appeals much more successfully to one's sense of antiquity, though not of beauty, than does the interior.

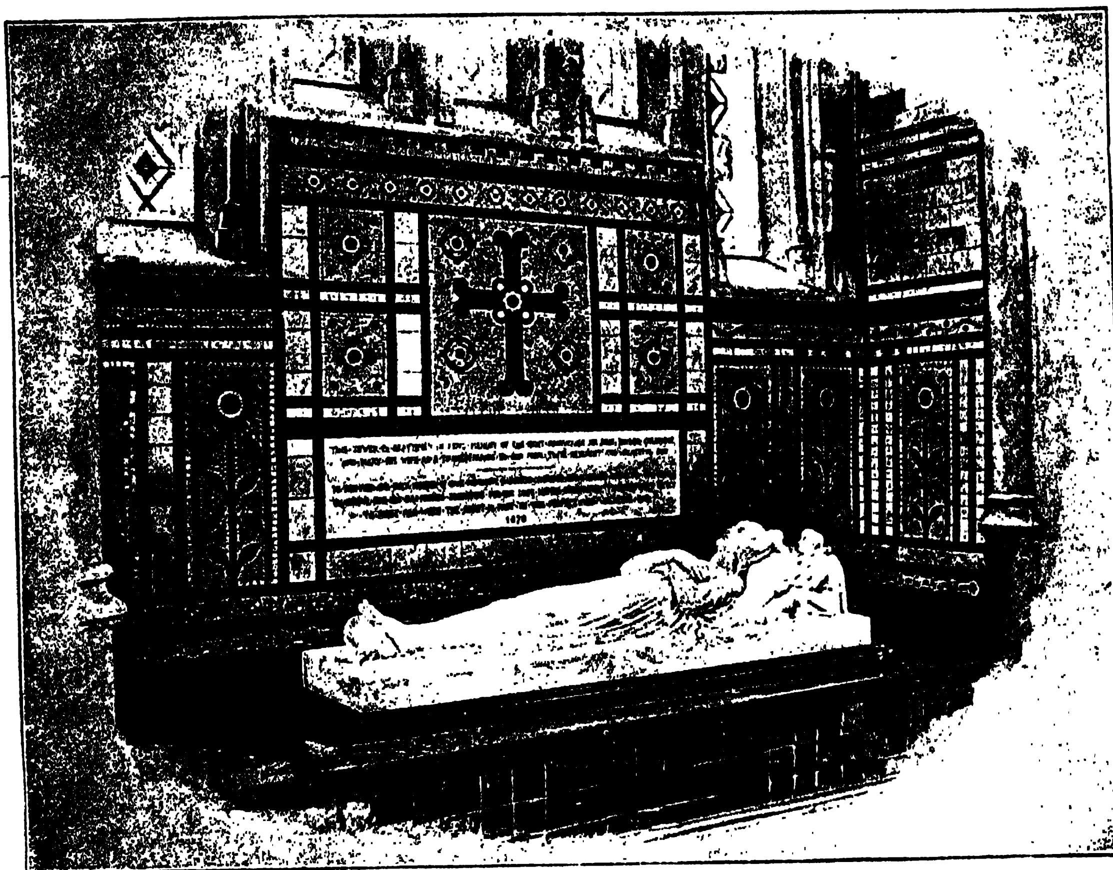
Since Sir John's day little has had to be done to the inside; the south



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

transept, however, where the late Lord Chief Justice had sittings, was beautified by his lordship with mosaic work in "pious memory" of his parents, "as a thank-offering to God from their reverent and grateful son." Beneath the tablet which bears this record is the recumbent marble figure, by Thrupp, of Lord Coleridge's first wife—the head supported by two angels, the feet resting on an otter; this latter feature being a reminiscence of the family crest. "To the

fair memory," runs the inscription, "of Jane Fortescue, Baroness Coleridge, her husband dedicates this marble, thankful for his happiness, sorrowing for his loss, hoping steadfastly, through God's mercy, to meet her when the night is past in the perfect and unending day. 1878." The old family vault is in the church, but there have been no interments in the interior since the restoration, and



MONUMENT TO LADY COLERIDGE.

Lord and Lady Coleridge rest in the vault in the north-west corner of the churchyard, separated only by a wall from the grounds of Heath's Court. In the Dorset aisle is a tablet to John Coke, who, as the story goes, was shot by his brother in 1632, and, until he took offence at the incredulity of a scientific generation, was wont to parade the church at night in protest against the fratricidal deed. But the most interesting memorials of the dead are two corresponding altar-tombs, said to be those of Sir Otho de Grandisson (a relative of the builder-bishop), who died in or about the year 1360, and his wife; the former on the north, the latter on the south side of the nave, both surmounted by an ambitious ogee canopy.

During the dark age of architecture the reredos was not only allowed to fall into decay, but was hidden out of sight; and it must have been treated with a good deal of "vigour and rigour" to have been brought to its present spick-and-span condition. It extends right across the choir, and, except for a vacant space of a few feet at the top, completely separates the chancel from the Lady Chapel. Across the summit is carried, with admirable effect, a line of shields, some of them in colours; among them is Grandisson's own. Nor did the bishop's altar-screen fare better than the reredos. Mutilated to begin with, it was finally subjected to the indignity of being coffined within a wooden framework. It also has been energetically restored; and if scarcely "elegant," it is a handsome feature of the church, though incongruously large for its place in the little Lady Chapel. Here, too, is the gilded lectern which the bishop presented to his college. The quaint creature which enters into the design is no doubt meant to stand for an eagle; but it corresponds rather to the Apostle's definition of an idol, as "nothing in the world," than to any species of the feathered race known to the naturalist. The sedilia, in both chancel and Lady Chapel, are said to resemble those in the cathedral; the misereres in the Lady Chapel have been preserved, while the end seats in the choir are also of this character. Some old wood carving has been worked into the chancel-screen; and in the Dorset aisle may still be seen many of the original bench-ends, in various designs, among them the familiar "Tudor flower." Another remnant of antiquity is the curious old clock, which told to the congregation the phases of the moon as well as the time; the face of it is still on view in the south transept, though it is no longer on active service.

Between the greatest of the Coleridges and the church of St. Mary the connection is not an intimate one, and is practically confined to his childhood. Born in the school-house, his education was begun at Ottery, and, as a matter of course, he worshipped in the building in which his father ministered. But before he had completed his ninth year his father died, and soon afterwards he was entered at Christ's Hospital, whence he passed on to Cambridge, and thence out into the world, to enter upon the conflict in which he received such grievous hurts. Even during his life at Ottery, however, the signs of his greatness were apparent. Almost from his infancy he was given to day-dreaming and to indulgence in more or less abstruse speculation. "I never played," he says, "except by myself, and then only acting over what I had been reading or fancying, or half one, half the other. . . . Alas! I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the little child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child—never had the language of a child." These years of his life were naturally not eventful, in the sense of being marked by important circumstance, though in another sense they were, since it is clear that his



THE CHOIR AND REREDOS, OTTERY ST. MARY CHURCH.

mind, in this most sensitive period of its development, received ineffaceable impressions, from such influences as his father's piety as well as from the aspects of nature. But nothing more striking occurred in the course of it than an incident which he himself has narrated. "I forget," he writes, "whether it was in my fifth or sixth year, but I believe the latter, in consequence of some quarrel between me and my brother, in the first week in October, I ran away from fear of being whipped, and passed the whole night, a night of rain and storm, on the bleak side of a hill on the Otter, and was there found at daybreak, without the power of using my limbs, about six yards from the naked bank of the river." Small as the circumstance may seem, it must have been anything but a trivial experience to so gentle and sensitive a nature.

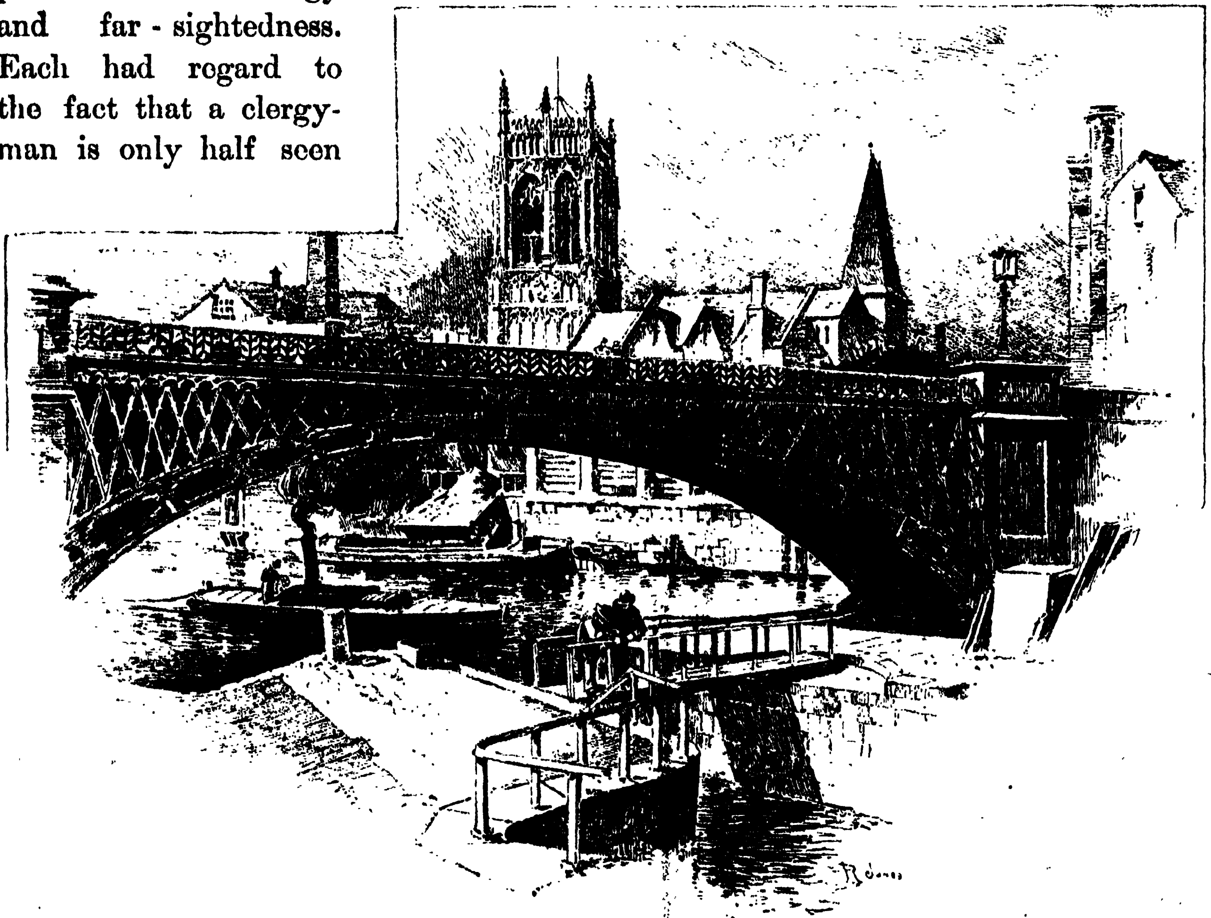
It is disappointing to add that since the house in which he was born and the school in which he sat at his amiable father's feet was demolished, which was done only a few years ago, there exists, neither in church nor churchyard, nor in the town itself, any visible memorial of Ottery St. Mary's most famous son. The memory of Sir John Coleridge is preserved, not merely by the comely aspect of the south transept, but also by a monument in the churchyard, erected by "friends and neighbours," who did well, for if Sir John, outside legal and local circles, is known chiefly by his expostulatory letters to Arnold of Rugby, which give the impression of an entirely respectable but not too liberal mind, the church and town are under the greatest obligation to him. But to all who come on pilgrimage to the place it must be an unwelcome surprise to find absolutely nothing to commemorate the most profusely gifted man in a generation rich in genius—who approved himself a prince of journalists and critics; who might, it is permissible to think, have rivalled Sir William Hamilton as a philosopher, and surpassed Robert Hall as a preacher; who did write "The Ancient Mariner," and half a dozen other of the most magical pieces in the language, and might, perchance, under happier conditions, have won a place in the hierarchy of poets beside Wordsworth and Shelley. If he "sinned his gifts" by not making the most of them, he at any rate was never guilty of perverting them; and if his life was slurred by one lamentable weakness, none the less is it true that his was one of the purest and most profoundly religious natures with which the race has been blessed.

W. W. Hutchings.

LEEDS AND DONCASTER.

MEMORIES OF RECENT LABOUR.

TWO names stand out from the list of English vicars of the present century. These are Walter Farquhar Hook and Charles John Vaughan. At Leeds in the one case, and at Doncaster in the other, Dr. Hook and Dr. Vaughan are more than memories. Their work there as vicars has left lasting proof of their energy and far-sightedness. Each had regard to the fact that a clergyman is only half seen

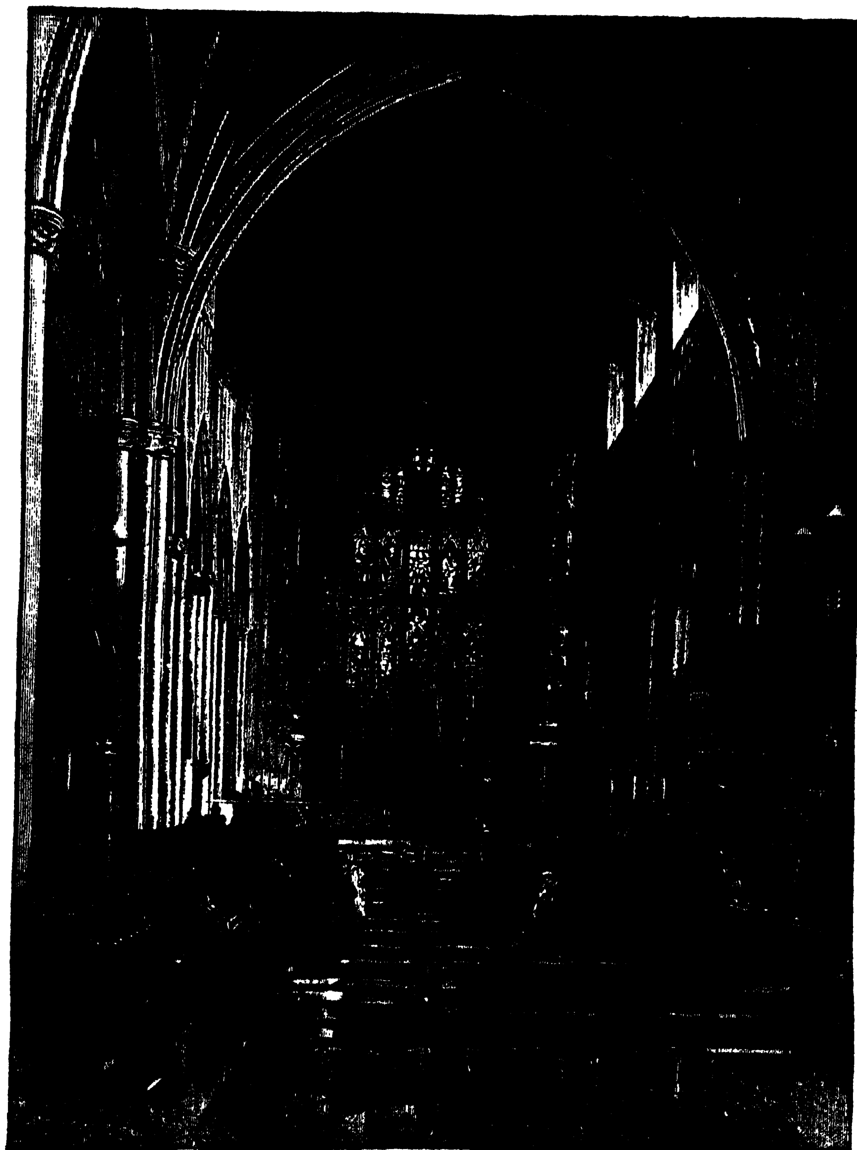


LEEDS, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

in his church, and that there are directions in the ordinary workaday life of a community in which he is as directly called to serve the Master as in any other. Each saw the importance of faithful attention to public duties as he did that of the zealous discharge of Church ordinances.

There was a marked sense of independence as well as strong individuality

in Dr. Hook. He might have had preferment in London in early life, but he declined to put himself forward as a candidate for any better position than that in which for the time being he found himself. And so it came about that



LEEDS: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

when the vacancy at Leeds was mentioned to him—he was then Vicar of Trinity Church, Coventry—and he was asked to allow his name to be put forward for the post, he declined to take any steps to secure the appointment. He even refused to come to Leeds to preach a trial sermon. This made it necessary for certain of the trustees to go to Coventry and hear the preacher who had

been brought under their notice. But if Mr. Hook would do nothing in the matter himself, his friends did their utmost for him. Testimonials as to his fitness and worth were showered in from all quarters, and when the day of election came he obtained the position by sixteen votes out of twenty-three. His institution at Leeds took place on April 4th, 1837. He took his degree of D.D. at Oxford a month after, he being then in his fortieth year. The opposition to his settlement in Leeds was greater than is indicated by the votes at his election. Dissent was strong in the town—so strong that the elected church-wardens were Nonconformists, and, in several cases, Chartists. It was known also that Dr. Hook was friendly with the men who were responsible for the Oxford movement, and this told against him. He was, in fact, openly denounced as a Tractarian. Soon after his settlement a great meeting on the Church Rate question was held in the Cloth Hall Yard. The vicar was present. A violent speech was made against him, especially condemning High Church notions. Dr. Hook followed it up by saying, in his full, resonant voice, "I am glad to have this early opportunity of publicly acting upon a Church principle—a High Church principle—a very High Church principle indeed. I forgive you." And thereupon he turned to his antagonist and shook him warmly by the hand. From that moment Dr. Hook became a popular favourite, and, locally, among Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, he is still spoken of affectionately as "t'owd vicar." For several years, however, he was obliged to deal with wardens who were out of sympathy with the Church, and this was the cause of a good deal of administrative friction. Still his active and kindly manner began to tell in his favour. In addressing the wardens after one election, in which the successful candidates were chiefly Dissenters of the Radical type, he said he should have been better pleased if men belonging to his own denomination had been elected, "but I trust to you, gentlemen," he added, "to act in fairness." "Never fear, vicar," one of them shouted, amidst the applause of his colleagues; "never fear; we like thee, and we won't harm thy Church."

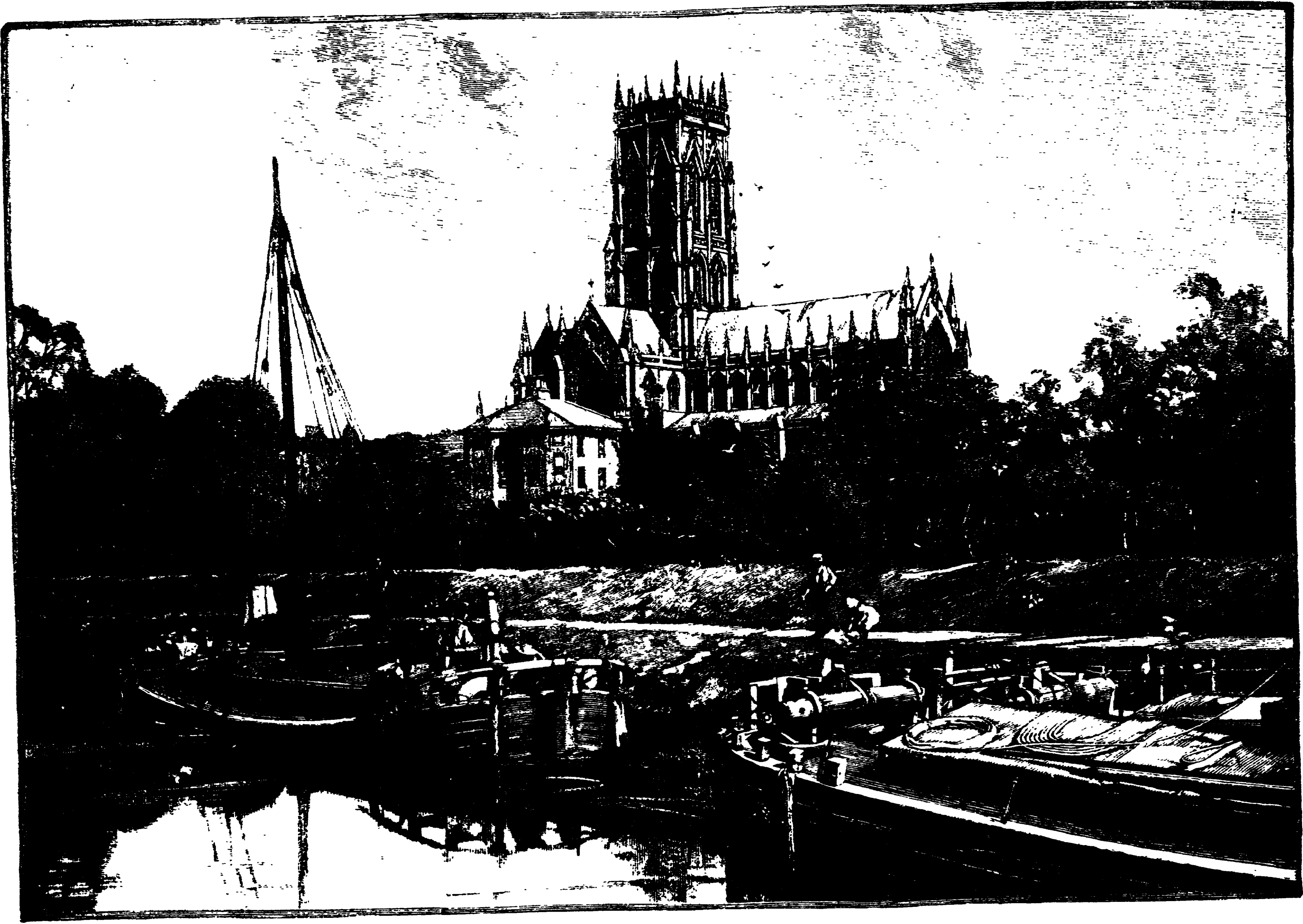
Dr. Hook found the Church in Leeds at an exceedingly low ebb, weak in resources and out of touch with the community. He raised it in popular esteem, and gave to it an impetus in the way of extension and aggressive work that it still retains. The present parish church of Leeds may in the structural sense be called his. Writing to a friend soon after his arrival in Leeds he said, "The parish church is the most horrid hole you ever saw—dirty, and so arranged that it is impossible to perform the Communion Service in the chancel, and, moreover, it is situated in the very worst part of the town, in a very sink of iniquity." Almost from the first he set his mind on a new building. The old church, portions of which were Norman, went back to an uncertain date. It was cruciform, the tower rising in the centre, and here and there were many

interesting features. The building was, however, inadequate to the needs of the congregation that Dr. Hook soon had in attendance on his ministrations, and there does not appear to have been any difficulty either in getting consent to the demolition of the fabric or in receiving subscriptions for a larger place of worship. The old site was chosen for the new church, which, like its predecessor, is dedicated to St. Peter. The cost of reconstruction was close upon £40,000 and was raised by voluntary contributions. A main object in view was to provide a large number of sittings—some three thousand—and the consequence was that the building had to suffer architecturally. Galleries had to be introduced, thus spoiling the effect of the interior, though, fortunately, care has been taken to support the galleries without interfering with the pillars forming the bays. The style adopted is that of the fourteenth century, showing a blending of the Decorated with the Perpendicular. The arrangement gives a clerestoried nave of four bays, with north and south aisles; transepts with tower; chancel of four bays, with tri-lateral apse and clerestory; aisles, eastern vestry, and a chapel on the north side. The principal entrance is through the tower, which is embattled with pinnacles, and rises from the north transept, reaching a length of 140 feet. In the south transept is the organ—a noble instrument—behind a screen of tabernacle work. The chancel is one of the most spacious in the county, and is raised six steps. Leading from it, at the end of the east aisle, is a cenotaph to Dr. Hook, consisting of an altar-tomb of red veined marble, supporting a recumbent effigy in white marble. The tomb was from a design by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. There are other notable memorial features, and much fine stained glass in the church. In the nave are many floor slabs, some of them of considerable antiquity, and retained, therefore, from the former church. When that church was destroyed there were recovered from the tower certain curious fragments which, pieced together, formed an almost perfect cross of the tenth century, and that is supposed from its lettering to commemorate Onlaf the Dane, who became King of Northumbria. Onlaf died about 950, and his "Villa Regia" is said to have been close to Leeds.

Dr. Hook did more than pull down the old parish church of Leeds and erect a more suitable building in its place; he broke up the parish itself, and made what had been one unworkable incumbency into several distinct charges. A busy clergyman, there were times when he preached as many as five sermons in the course of a week. His was a familiar figure also on lecture platforms, and in other public gatherings, and he did much for the social and educational needs of the town. Just before he left Leeds, on his appointment as Dean of Chichester, a great meeting, composed of citizens of all denominations, was held to bid him farewell. On that occasion he received numerous addresses, and along with one from the citizens a casket containing 2,000 guineas. A

casket with £270 was given to Mrs. Hook by the ladies of the town. Other presents came from most unexpected quarters, and one that was valued highly was a pair of boots to the retiring vicar from a poor cobbler, who regretted his inability to send anything else. Dr. Hook appreciated the opportunity for literary work that now came to him, and among other results of the change from Leeds to quieter surroundings was the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." Four other more lucrative Deaneries and a Bishopric were offered to him in succession, but he preferred to remain at Chichester, and there he continued at work until his death on October 20th, 1875. Mention has already been made of the cenotaph to his memory in the parish church he built. Another Leeds memorial to him is All Souls' Church, built at a cost of £20,000, from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott. Of this church a son of Dr. Hook was the first vicar. It is interesting to note that Dr. Hook's five successors in the incumbency have all been preferred to the Episcopal Bench, Dr. Atlay becoming Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Woodford Bishop of Ely, Dr. Gott Bishop of Truro, Dr. Jayne Bishop of Chester, and Dr. Talbot Bishop of Rochester.

The parish church of Doncaster, like that of Leeds, is a modern structure, raised on an old foundation. Doncaster, however, had to build anew, not from choice, but from necessity, its parish church having been destroyed by fire early in 1853. The fire was not an unmixed evil. The result has been the erection of a church worthier of the town than that which was burned down. The old church, at the same time, was possessed of one feature which redeemed a good many faults. This was a magnificent central tower, whose noble and graceful proportions were regarded with just pride by the inhabitants, and were well known to ecclesiologists. Sir Gilbert Scott supplied the designs for the new building, and it is admitted that in the parish church of Doncaster we have one of the best examples of his skill. The church is dedicated to St. George, and is in the Decorated style. Cruciform in plan, it consists of clerestoried nave with aisles; transepts with central tower; and chancel with chapels. The church, which has a general width of 65 feet, is as long as the tower is high, about 170 feet; but although this exceeds the length of the old church, the building is apparently smaller, from the fact that the walls are carried much higher, the nave rising 75 feet. The effect of this internally is very fine, giving a cathedral-like aspect to the building. The south chantry, which is of more elaborate work than the rest of the church, was rebuilt at the sole cost of the representatives of an old Doncaster family, and is used as a baptistery. It contains a handsome font of serpentinous marble. The tower takes up an area of 34 feet, so that it is wide in proportion to its height. The



DONCASTER. FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

east window has eight lights, with wheel tracery in the head. It is one of the largest in the country, being 48 feet high and 22½ feet wide. The wheel has a diameter of 15 feet. The window is filled with glass representing the Passion and the events leading up to it, and is a memorial to the Rev. Dr. Sharpe, who was schoolmaster and curate in Doncaster, and subsequently vicar. The decoration of the chancel, together with the reredos, is "the grateful and loving gift of eighty-eight of those Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who here prepared themselves for Holy Orders under the instruction and guidance of the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster." There is great variety in the stained glass throughout the church, nearly every window showing the work of different artists. The pulpit is a handsome piece of work in marble. Nearly eight feet in diameter, it forms part of a circle, and is enriched with arcading. The organ has few rivals for sweetness of tone, and is said to be the largest church organ in the world. The foundation stone of the church was laid on February 28th, 1854, just a year after the destruction of the old church. The new building was opened for service in October, 1858. There are fifteen hundred sittings.

Dr. Vaughan became Vicar of Doncaster in 1860. He had the year before resigned the mastership of Harrow School, where he had laboured for fifteen years, and had done much to raise the school in popular esteem. He achieved great success as a teacher, and men who studied under Dr. Vaughan at Harrow are as proud of that fact as are the men whose privilege it was to have Dr. Arnold as their guide at Rugby. The teaching power was strong in Dr. Vaughan at Doncaster, and here it took a unique form. He was called in the summer of 1861, as he has frequently been since, to preach before the University of Cambridge. His subject was "The Choice of Professions," and in the course of some remarks he then made on Church work, he said: "Where is the experienced pastor who would not gladly take under his general direction from time to time three or four candidates for Holy Orders? Great joy would it carry to the heart of one parochial clergyman—*for him I can answer*—to receive applications of such a nature, to find that there were men of blameless character, of steady purpose, of open mind, and of true devotion, who were willing to take up their abode in his parish before ordination, to see what he could show them, and to render him such services in his schools and amongst his poor as Church order may permit and mutual convenience arrange." The appeal made in this touching and kindly fashion had an immediate response. A small band of earnest and willing graduates rallied around Dr. Vaughan that very year, and the work—first at Doncaster, then at the Temple, and now at Llandaff—has been continuous. It is in the fullest sense a labour of love with Dr. Vaughan, "the joy of his life," to quote a letter from a vicar who has participated in it. After

leaving Doncaster it became the custom of Dr. Vaughan to hold a triennial gathering of the men who have thus passed under his care, and these gatherings have meant to those privileged to share them "the most delightful of quiet weeks." They have taken place either at Oxford or Cambridge, and have been attended by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred members. At Advent Dr. Vaughan has issued what he calls a "Record" of the informal organisation. In this he gives a short address, the names and positions of members, and a few particulars regarding "those whose work is ended."

In another way than Dr. Hook at Leeds, but quite as effectively, did Dr. Vaughan infuse a needed vigour into Church operations at Doncaster and raise the tone of public life. He did good service for elementary education in the establishment of parish schools, and for instruction of a higher grade by the resuscitation of the Grammar School of the town. To him also is largely owing the Doncaster Infirmary. He entered heartily, in fact, into all public movements for the benefit of the town during his stay in Doncaster, and this, with the teaching he had undertaken and the faithful discharge of his parochial duties, left him but little leisure. He, nevertheless, found time for contributions to literature, and the magazines of the period were frequently enriched by articles from him. But as at Harrow, so at Doncaster: when he had put a new and vigorous life into the place he one day startled the community by resigning his office. In advising the Mayor and Corporation of Doncaster on July 1st, 1869, that he had agreed to accept the Mastership of the Temple, his words were: "It is an office of no emolument, but it opens to me the prospect of some usefulness for the later years of my life." How useful Dr. Vaughan's career has been in the literary sense since this letter was written is well known. He is no longer Master of the Temple, but is still Dean of Llandaff and a Deputy Clerk of the Closet in Ordinary. But he was never a man who sought preferment or honours. He could have been Bishop of Rochester before he went to Doncaster, and a year after going to that town he had the offer of a still greater prize of the Church in the see of Durham. But it was "Nolo episcopari" in the one case as in the other, and it was in keeping with the self-denial and modesty of the man that when a sum was raised in Doncaster, to present a testimonial to him on leaving, he declined to be made the object of any demonstration or to accept any gift. By his desire the money was invested and the interest goes to the purchase of prize books in connection with Doncaster Grammar School.

W. S. CAMERON.

AMESBURY.

AN ANCIENT SANCTUARY.

IF far-stretching, though much curtailed, Salisbury Plain resembles, as in its rolling expanse of downs it truly does, the billowy ocean, the hollow in which Amesbury lies, in the verdant valley of the River Avon, is the type of a quiet haven, protected from the rough winds by natural ramparts, and shadowed by remnants of noble woods. This solitary upland of Wiltshire has resisted, with very fair success, the ruthless encroachments of latter-day civilisation, and the traveller may still ride for hours without meeting any human beings but the taciturn shepherds watching their wandering flocks. But Salisbury Plain is not what it was a quarter of a century ago, as the coursing men will sadly prove to you by descanting upon the growing scarcity of hares. Railways, however, have not yet planted a station very near Stonehenge, and miles upon miles of virgin herbage remain to afford the finest pasturage in the land, far removed from the dust of beaten tracks. All the countryside hereabouts is redolent of the ancient history of this realm. The excursionist from Salisbury has not proceeded far from that delightful city, with its surroundings of fat, green water-meads, before he has Old Sarum on the eminence at his right hand; the commanding position held probably by British warriors before the Romans made it their Sorbiodunum. Upon this site it is supposed that there was a cathedral in the time of King Alfred; but the importance of the place reached the lowest ebb when the old ruins were doomed by the Reform Bill of 1832 no longer to scandalise representative institutions by returning members to Parliament. Further ahead we have Vespasian's Camp, a finely-wooded eminence above Amesbury, where a gallant stand was made against the conquering Romans; and a mile and a half distant is wonderful Stonehenge, most carefully preserved to this day, although the General Committee of the British Association, in 1886, found it necessary to call attention to the danger which some of the stones ran, not from the destroyer Time or even from the vandal "Tripper," but from the insidious burrowing of the humble rabbit.

In this secluded neighbourhood in olden times a pious sanctuary was found in the nunnery, upon whose ground now stands the fine abbey residence occupied by Sir E. Antrobus; and the square-towered church is the central point of many interesting associations of the past. In all the old documents, and in comparatively modern books, Amesbury is written Ambresbury; but that name has long fallen into disuse. The once flourishing market town is now reduced

to the proportions of a considerable village, beautiful in its scenery, peacefully quiet in its daily life. Lysons supposes that it was named after the monk



DISTANT VIEW OF THE CHURCH.

Ambrius, or Ambrasius, who founded a monastery upon the hill, where certain massacred British chieftains were buried in the fifth century; and there are suggestions of other derivations. The House of Nuns, which afterwards gave retreat to many eminent women, was founded in 980, and the romance of it is believed to have begun with its establishment; for the chronicles inform us

that its founder was Elfrida, the Queen of King Edgar, in expiation and atonement for the treacherous murder of her stepson, the unfortunate youth who asked for wine and received a dagger at the gates of Corfe Castle. The religious house, even from the first, was one of high rank, and the church, illustrated upon another page, was the Abbey Church in its most flourishing times. At one period, however, the massive tower was surmounted by a spire 60 feet high, but upon this feature violent hands were laid in the changing fortunes of this house of the Benedictine Order, placed under the patronage of St. Mary and of a long-forgotten Cornish monk, Melorus, or Melarius, whose bones were there laid to rest.

In these days a more charitable view is taken of the inner life of those old monasteries and nunneries than our forefathers cared to encourage; and it may be that the sisterhoods of Amesbury figure in the annals as the victims of scandal. The monastery kept its independence till the reign of Henry II.; but we are bidden to believe that the evil reputation of the nuns penetrated to the Court, even the Abbess resting under the direct accusation of immorality. The royal ire was forthwith raised, and the community was dissolved, the erring Abbess being sent about her business with a pension of ten marks, and the nuns distributed here and there. The Augean stable thus cleansed, the establishment was made a cell, subordinate to the Abbey of Fontevraud, in Anjou. Abbess Johanna de Gennes and a couple of dozen nuns were thereupon imported to restore the sanctity of Elfrida's foundation, and the new departure was signalised by a grand ceremony of induction, with the King and his courtiers as chief spectators. Thenceforth Amesbury increased in splendour, strength, and character, and so became a fashionable retreat for royal and noble ladies. The poet laureate seems to borrow from it the idea of his sanctuary for sinning Guinevere:—

"But she to Almesbury
Fled, all night long, by glimmering waste and weald,
And heard the spirits of the waste and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan."

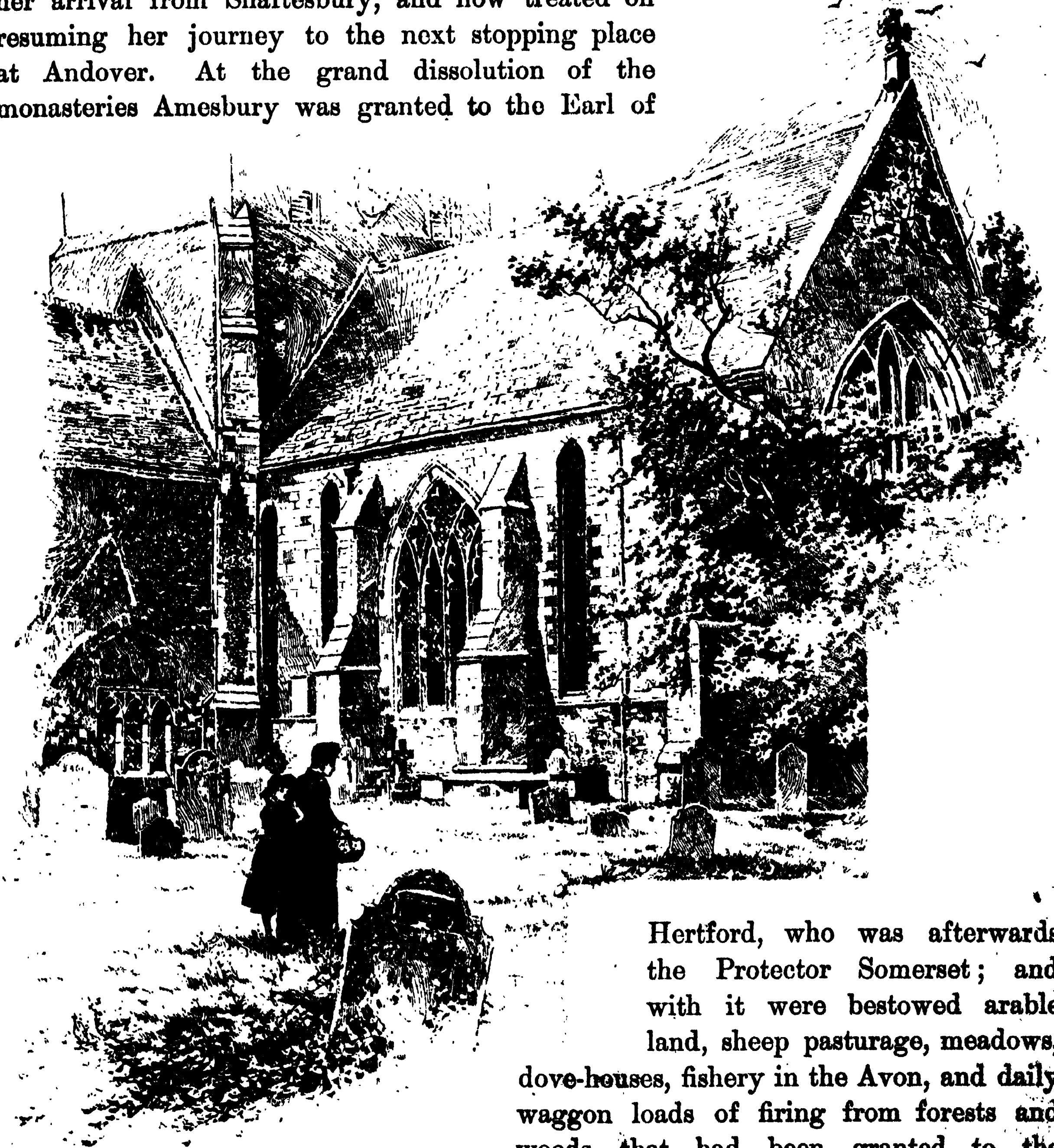
Not much of substantial fact is known as to the causes or incidents of the early romances of Amesbury. One of the earliest dames mentioned in connection with it was Eleanor of Brittany, granddaughter of Henry II., and sister of Prince Arthur. She was one of the nuns of Ambresbury, died a nun, and was buried there in 1240. Forty-seven years later another Eleanor, Queen dowager of Henry III., took the veil, with her worldly dower confirmed to her. History speaks well of this royal recluse, who literally came out of the world, and devoted herself to good works. She was strict in orisons and vigils, and foremost in charitable actions. Out of her dower she devoted large

sums to the poor, distributing every Friday the sum, then considerable, of five pounds in silver. The Queen dowager remained a humble sister under the rule of the Abbess of Fontevraud until her death in 1291 or 1292, and much of her correspondence, written in Norman-French, is preserved. In letters to her son, Edward I., she describes herself as "Eleanor, humble nun of the order of Fontevraud, of the convent of Amesbury," and in one of them it is evident that, even in that cloistered retreat in the Avon valley, some anxious considerations occasionally troubled the breasts of these devoted women. "Sweetest son," wrote Eleanor, "our Abbess of Fontevraud has prayed us that we would entreat the King of Sicily to guard and preserve the franchise of her house, which some people wish to damage." The King, her son, travelled into Wiltshire from Scotland, to take part in the great funeral accorded Eleanor, though her heart was deposited in the Church of the Friars Minor in London.

The next royal princess who became a nun resident at Amesbury was Mary, sixth daughter of Edward I. This lady brought with her into seclusion a train of thirteen noble ladies, and it was said that the step was taken sorely against the will of the King and Queen. Whatever vows were made in those days by grand dames entering nunneries, that of poverty was evidently not absolute; hence, beside the liberal allowance of one hundred pounds a year, the King ordered the Sheriff of Hants to see that forty pounds' worth of oak timber for fuel from Chute and Buckholt Forests were duly delivered for his daughter's use in the nunnery; twenty casks of wine yearly moreover had to be delivered by the bailiff of the port of Southampton. In after years the income of the royal nun was still more increased, and she seems to have acquired considerable power in the convent, one record suggesting that she was even Prioress; but she was often at Court, roamed hither and thither on pilgrimages, and was anything but a prisoner. She was probably a strong-minded woman, since she wrote a practical letter to her brother Edward II., vigorously taking sides with the members of the sisterhood who wished the Prioress to be chosen from themselves, and not imposed upon them from the Continent by the Abbess of Fontevraud. The Princess Mary lived to an active old age, and her half-sister Leonora, ninth daughter of Edward, lived with her, and died at Amesbury in 1311. Amongst the list of Prioresses was Sibilla de Montacute, of the pedigree of the Dukes of Manchester.

The last Prioress or Abbess was Johanna Darrell (1539). Many attempts were made to persuade this dignitary to deliver the monastery into the King's hands, but she was obdurate, declaring that if the King actually commanded her to go from the house she would go, though she begged her bread; and for pension she cared none. But if the Lady Abbess was obstinate the King was relentless, and his final mandate put an end to further resistance. Queen

Katharine of Aragon lodged here (1501) on her progress from Exeter to London after landing in England. A programme is extant full of details as to how and when the Queen was to be received on her arrival from Shaftesbury, and how treated on resuming her journey to the next stopping place at Andover. At the grand dissolution of the monasteries Amesbury was granted to the Earl of



THE CHANCEL, FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.

(From a Photograph by Poulton and Son, Lee.)

Hertford, who was afterwards the Protector Somerset; and with it were bestowed arable land, sheep pasturage, meadows, dove-houses, fishery in the Avon, and daily waggon loads of firing from forests and woods that had been granted to the monastery by Henry II. The tower of the church attached to the monastery was rich in lead sheathing, and it was this which attracted the cupidity of the Crown spoliators, who stripped the church within and without, and destroyed the spire.

Amesbury Church (St. Mary's), however, survived the destruction of the spire, and was thoroughly restored and reopened in 1853. It has already been stated that before the dissolution it was the Abbey Church, and it has since been the parish church, the register dating from 1579 for baptisms, and 1599 for marriages and burials. It is a well-proportioned structure of flint and stone, of cruciform design with the massive square tower at the intersection; and it has a nave of three bays, transepts, and south aisle. In the upper portion of the walls of the nave the remains of Norman windows may be recognised, but the general character of the architecture is Early English. The arches supporting the tower are lofty and boldly spread, and the three arches marking off the south aisle are, in their degree, in harmony with them. Other arches indicate where, in former times, there were chapels on the north and south side of the chancel, and there is now on the east side of the north transept a memorial chapel which is used as a vestry. Before the last restorations the chancel was divided from the body of the church by a handsome screen of carved oak, and at that time the old east and west windows were replaced by the modern substitutes. In the north transept is a double piscina, and there are two in the south aisle, while in the chancel is a stone credence supported by angels.

There are no plans or sketches in existence to enable us to form an idea of the appearance of the monastery, but from its importance, and from the fact that the buildings, precincts, gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, and burying place covered twelve acres of ground, it must have been one of the finest establishments of its day. When it was diverted from its religious uses by the coercive policy of Henry VIII. the receivers of the confiscated property converted the once sacred refuge into a country residence, and the property in time passed into the possession of other families until Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, became owner. He spent large sums of money upon improvements, including a Chinese house and bridge, and fine canals in the gardens. The hospitalities of Amesbury were notable during the *régime* of this Duke of Queensberry, who was loyally assisted by the wit and beauty of the Duchess, a daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. The poet Gay was a welcome visitor here, and the Duchess, taking up his cause against the King and Queen *à propos* of the dispute about the opera of *Polly*, incurred the royal anger, and was forbidden the Court. Gay, indeed, wrote to Swift that to the Duchess he owed his life and fortune; and her Grace in a postscript tells Swift she should like him to come to Amesbury; she will not add that he will be welcome, because she does not know him and may not like him; but if she does not she will soon tell him so. There were many subsequent invitations for Swift to visit Amesbury, but he does not appear to have done so. Amesbury Abbey, with its domain of five thousand acres, was purchased by Sir E. Antrobus in 1824.

WILLIAM SENIOR.

ST. PETER'S MANCROFT, NORWICH.

A FAMOUS CIVIC CHURCH.

ANTIQUARIES are by no means unanimous as to the meaning of the word Mancroft, which is the distinctive name of the parish of which this noble church is the boast and pride. The discussion of a question which has been asked and answered in various ways for generations need not be entered upon here; the less so as it is not one that is likely to be settled once for all, nor does it much interest any but local archæologists. This is certain, that shortly after the Norman conquest Ralph of Wader caused to be built, in the new town recently established as a settlement for the Norman adventurers who had been attracted to Norwich, a church which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. This church appears to have been from the first the most important parish church of the city, and at its first foundation it seems to have been amply endowed. The endowment, however, had hardly been assured to the benefice before an attempt was made to appropriate the resources to other purposes, and when Waldo, one of the Conqueror's chaplains, had been made rector of the parish, and some time afterwards determined to bury himself as a monk in the Abbey of St. Peter, at Gloucester, he surrendered all his worldly goods to the monastery, and desired to include in that surrender his ecclesiastical property also, not excepting the rectory at St. Peter's Church. Hereupon the Abbey attempted to deal with the whole income of the Norwich benefice as if it had been conveyed in perpetuity to the religious house, and the attempt would have succeeded if the Bishop of Norwich for the time being had not interposed and been strong enough to prevent the carrying out of so shameful an act of plunder. Unfortunately the robbery was only deferred for a little while. The Abbey of Gloucester succeeded at last; for in that age the religious houses were very powerful corporations, and to resist their invasions involved almost always a long and expensive litigation—in other words, a protracted war in which the weakest went to the wall.

So goes the story, and there is some truth in it. Some truth and not improbably some fabrication too. Be it as it may, the parish continued for well-nigh three hundred years to have its rectors, and the church continued to be substantially the same church which Earl Ralph had built in the Conqueror's days. The services were evidently carried on with some splendour of ritual; the staff of "chaplains" or assistant clergy appears to have been large, and the annual income accruing from fees, masses, and the like, was so considerable that the

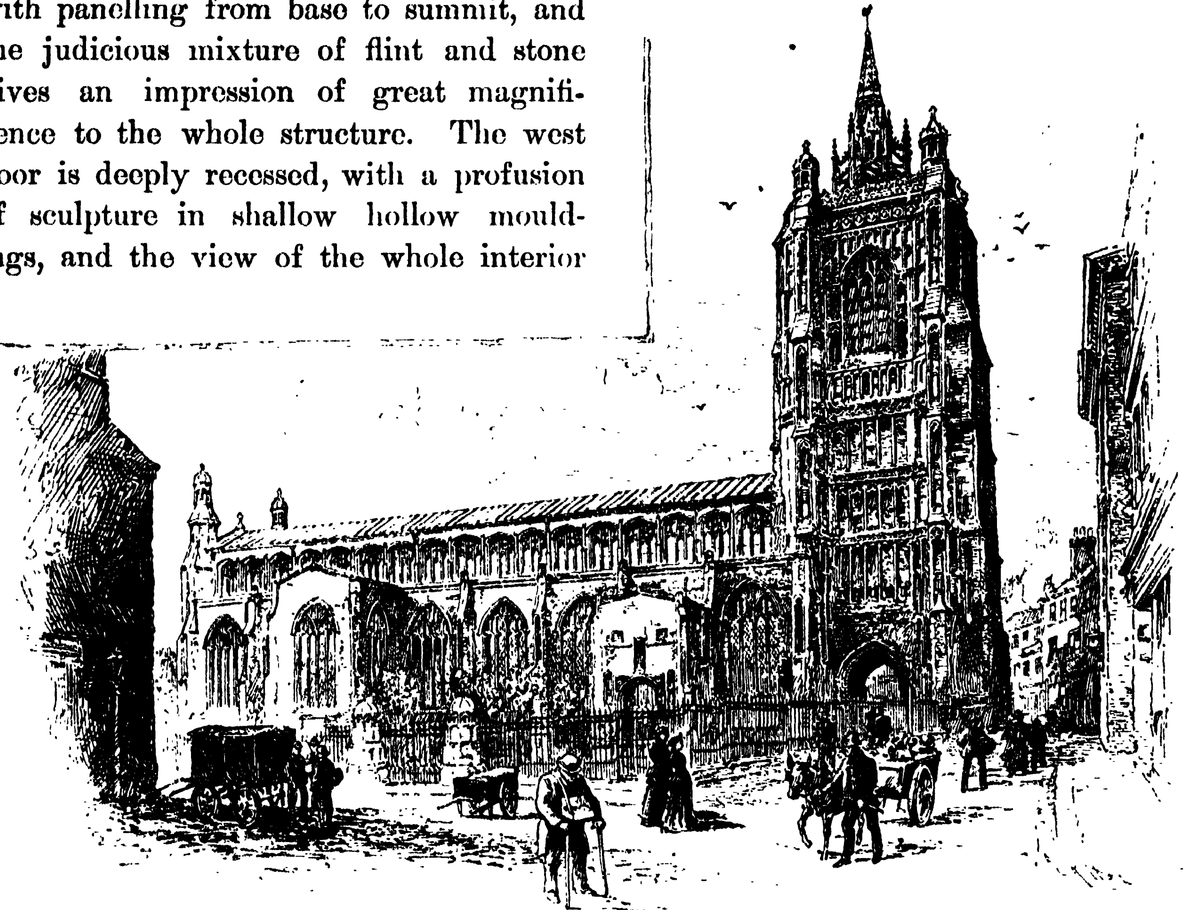
revenue derived from the ancient endowment was once again attacked—this time successfully; and in the year 1389 the tithes, land, and house property were alienated from the benefice and made over to a newly started religious corporation called "The College of St. Mary in the Fields," at Norwich, which it must be remembered was in no sense an educational foundation, but merely an improved kind of monastery with a new name. From that time to this the "Parish Chaplain" or "Minister" of St. Peter's Mancroft has had to live as best he could, and since the Reformation—in consequence of the very serious diminution of his income which that event brought about—he has had to live very poorly indeed, unless he has been fortunate enough to hold other preferment in plurality, or has been blessed with some private resources. It is only recently that a house has been provided for his residence.

The parish of St. Peter, by the increase of the Norwich trade and manufactures, had become during the fourteenth century much more populous than heretofore, and in 1375 the inhabitants determined to increase their churchyard, which was inconveniently and scandalously small. This was effected accordingly. A truly wonderful and terrible little patch of ground to serve for centuries as the burial-place for the largest parish of what in the fourteenth century was the second city in the kingdom. Some years later the inhabitants, grown wealthy and ambitious, bethought them that, having provided for the accommodation of the dead, it was time to think about the living; and there appears to have been much talk about a new and grander church, and vague intentions here and there of which we catch some echoes that come to us like very confused traditions of the past. It looks as if the parishioners were not a little indignant that their revenues had been taken from them, and as if certain angry and violent persons had openly declared that the church might as well be pulled down as be left all bare of maintenance with the funded income of its clergy robbed shamelessly. But whatever may have been said or threatened, nothing was done for half a century after the great theft. At last, however, in 1430, the old Norman church was actually pulled down and a new church, much more spacious and imposing in appearance, was begun.

The work went on for well-nigh twenty-five years, and it was not till 1455 that it was declared to be finished. Being finished, the church was consecrated with the usual ceremonial; and there it is now standing up proudly as one of the stateliest parish churches in East Anglia, and in its salient architectural features presenting the same appearance that it presented four centuries ago.

The style of architecture which prevailed in England at the time when St. Peter's Mancroft was built is that which is known as Perpendicular. Of this work the tower of the church is a splendid example. It is ninety-eight

feet high, and surmounted by four turrets or pinnacles at the angles, and a low timber *flèche* which stands for a spire. This tower is richly covered with panelling from base to summit, and the judicious mixture of flint and stone gives an impression of great magnificence to the whole structure. The west door is deeply recessed, with a profusion of sculpture in shallow hollow mouldings, and the view of the whole interior



ST. PETER'S MANCROFT, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

from this western doorway is extremely fine. In churches of the Perpendicular period we look in vain for "the dim religious light," the massive pillars and mysterious half concealments which appeal so forcibly to the imagination when we visit the churches of a more remote antiquity. Accordingly in St. Peter's Mancroft everything seems to be displayed with a kind of boastful ostentation, as if the architect were inviting us to take our fill of gazing, and were anxious to let in all the light he could upon his work, since there was nothing which he desired to hide. Under the tower, which is at the west end, is a sort of large porch with a groined vaulting and side arches, over which is a western gallery open to the church by a fine tower arch through which the great west window is seen. The usual entrance for the visitor is by the north porch, which has a groined vaulting of stone with panelling and tracery, and a room over it with a good stair turret in the angle. The southern porch is less elaborate.

Standing under the tower arch at the west end, the visitor's first impressions

are generally of a very mixed character, and he is often led to ask if St. Peter's Mancroft, as it lets in the light upon him from its sixty windows—great and small, high and low—was meant to serve as a place of worship originally, or not rather intended as a great hall for civic assemblies where the citizens might meet together to see and be seen. Four hundred years ago the windows were all filled with stained glass, and on walls and roof colour and gilding gave the eye everywhere something to rest on with pleasure. Pictures and shrines and banners, and sculptured forms and costly hangings and ornaments, each with a story or a suggestion, were to be seen wherever one turned. There still exists in the Record Office a complete inventory of the vestments, plate, altar-cloths, books, embroidery, banners, and other furniture which were to be found in the church at the close of the fourteenth century. The list fills three folio pages of very minute writing, and shows that the splendour and pomp of the ritual at St. Peter's in those days must have been such as very few parish churches in England could have vied with. Even after the wholesale pillage and the furious iconoclasm of the sixteenth century had done their worst upon the church two centuries later, and a clean sweep had been made of the precious works of art which once were the pride of the Norwich citizens, we find that as late as 1552 there were nearly nine hundred ounces of plate remaining in the hands of the churchwardens, though there were good reasons for suspecting that this was but a fragment of what ought still to have been in the custody of the responsible functionaries. Now there is only bareness, except where two or three poor modern windows go a little way towards toning down the glare which at our first entering the building is almost painful.

The ground plan of St. Peter's Mancroft is of the simplest character. A parallelogram of 132 feet from east to west by 64 feet from north to south is divided along its whole length by two rows of light and elegant pillars, seven on each side, supporting as many arches, and making the church to consist of a nave and two aisles. The westernmost of these pillars stands at half the distance from the west wall that it does from the next shaft, and so the arch that spans the space between this pillar and the west wall is only half the width of the other seven arches. As has been said, at the west end of this parallelogram stands the tower, and opposite to it, as at the east end, is the chancel, where the architect allowed the smallest possible space for the celebration of the sacred rites, for it measures no more than 18 feet deep by 23 feet wide. As the tower and chancel may be regarded as *annexes* to the great parallelogram on the east and west, so on the north and south, besides the porches already noticed, there is on each side a chapel thrown out; the one called Cosin's Chapel, from the name of the founder, the other dedicated to the Virgin Mary. These chapels project only 11 feet north and south of the line of the church,

and are no more than 15 feet wide, but they serve to justify the description usually given St. Peter's Mancroft, which represents it as being a cruciform church.

The north and south walls of the church are pierced each with eight windows of four lights. The tracery is of course Perpendicular and uniform throughout. The arches which rest upon the pillars dividing the aisles from the nave are 35 feet high from the pavement. They support the clerestory, which rises ten feet above the roofs of the aisles, and is pierced with thirty-four windows, seventeen on each side. The tracery in these is uniform throughout, and they have short transoms on the head. While there is nothing that requires notice in the roofs of the aisles, the roof of the nave, on the other hand, deserves the special attention and admiration of the visitor. It is an extremely fine example of the open timber roofs of the fifteenth century, of which so many specimens may still be found in the county of Norfolk. Over each of the seventeen windows a sort of wooden vaulting like a stone roof is carried, supported upon shafts which are brought down to the bottom of the clerestory windows. The effect of this is that the wall-plate of the roof seems to be hanging in the air and to be held up by the wooden groining which in reality it helps to support. All along the line of the roof are figures of angels carved in oak—sixteen of them at the eastern end with wings extended, the remaining twelve with wings closed behind them. There is no chancel arch; but the ascent to the altar was originally made by seven broad steps, which have been greatly narrowed in modern times. The result of this is that the ancient gradual approach to the sacrarium, which must have presented a very imposing appearance, has been entirely done away with, and the steps are now so steep and narrow as to be actually dangerous. The reredos which has recently been given to the church is of carved oak, and is conspicuous for its ugliness. The original vestry under the east window and behind the altar has two doors, one on each side the altar, and communicates by two staircases with the corner turrets at the east, which are very remarkable, with curious open canopies well worth notice. Under this vestry are two chambers which served as the sacristy of the church. Here the vestments and valuables were kept. In the vestry itself is a curious piece of sculptured alabaster, coloured, consisting of a number of female saints in a group.* In the northern angle at the west end of the nave stands the font, which has apparently been at one time sumptuously sculptured, but is now quite plain. It stands under a very remarkable canopy supported by pillars, forming a baptistery on a raised platform, with room to walk round the font; the upper part of the font, which was removed some years ago, was Elizabethan,

* A representation of it may be found in Cotmorin's "Ancient Sculpture" (Plate 77).

but all the lower part, as well as the font itself, is genuine Perpendicular work. The bench under the windows of the aisles, enriched with panelling and shields, should also be noticed.

All the woodwork now in the church is modern; it is of carved oak, and was introduced to replace the old square pews in 1855. The organ is an unusually fine instrument, and pronounced by experts to be by far the most powerful organ in the city, not excepting that in the cathedral.

But the glory of St. Peter's Mancroft Church is the unrivalled peal of bells, which are unsurpassed for richness of tone and sweetness by any in Britain. They are twelve in number, and were provided at the expense of the inhabitants of the parish—not by a rate, but by a public subscription—and were rung for the first time on 21st June, 1775, after the performance of a "grand Te Deum and Jubilate, with the chorus from the 'Messiah,' and the Coronation Anthem, by a band consisting of about thirty gentlemen, accompanied with the voices of the Cathedral choir, to a genteel and numerous audience." The tenor weighs 41 cwt., and is 62 inches in diameter. The whole peal weighs 183 cwt. 2 qrs. 24 lbs., and the total cost, including the fixing of the bells to the tower, amounted to £1,238 19s. 2½d. In the late John L'Estrange's work on the "Church Bells of Norfolk" there are some interesting memoranda upon the earlier bells which were formerly hung in the belfry; and in the churchwardens' accounts—from which Mr. Walter Rye has published many valuable extracts—some curious entries are to be found which they who are interested in such matters will do well to refer to.*

The monuments in this church are of very little interest and of no merit. They are for the most part in memory of local magnates, and of no great antiquity. The only brass remaining is a poor Elizabethan one of Sir Peter Rede, a resident in Norwich, who died in 1568. Sir Thomas Brown, the famous Norwich physician, lived and died in this parish. Here he wrote his "Religio Medici," his "Vulgar Errors," and other works which will last as long as the English language is read. He was buried in St. Peter's; his portrait hangs in the vestry, and there is a monument to him on the south wall of the chancel which should not be passed over. The list of mural tablets, effigies, and other records of interments in this church, given in Blomefield's "History of Norfolk," is bewildering and not a little saddening when we think of how small a number of them now remain.

The registers of the church date from 1538, and have been well kept from the first; they are in a good state of preservation, and contain some entries which are noticeable, as all parish registers do. In the year of the Great Plague at

* "Norfolk Antiquarian Miscellany," vol. ii., part ii., p. 321.

Norwich (1579) no fewer than two hundred and fifty-four persons were buried in St. Peter's churchyard. How they managed it one finds it difficult to explain.

What may be called the personal history of those connected with this church is singularly void of interest. If we except Archbishop Parker, who was born in St. Saviour's parish, it may safely be said that Norwich has never produced a great man; nor has any one of her own citizens during the whole course of her history ever done any conspicuous act of munificence such as the citizens



ST. PETER'S MANCROFT: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

of London, Bristol, Exeter, and our other ancient towns have exhibited again and again. Among those who by their ministrations have been connected with St. Peter's Church in ancient and modern times there is only one whose name deserves to be mentioned. Thomas Tenison, successively Archdeacon of London, Bishop of Lincoln, and Archbishop of Canterbury, was chosen "Upper Minister" of St. Peter's Church in 1674, at a salary of £100 a year. He appears to have held the appointment barely two years. He had some reputation as a preacher, and was a man of courtly manners; he knew how to make and keep his friends, and he received his reward when he was promoted to the Primacy of the Church of England on the death of Archbishop Tillotson in 1695. Of the other ministers

who preceded and followed him there is not one who can be described as more than worthy, estimable, or respectable. It is a very poor record, but it would have been strange if it had been otherwise.

Even the small maintenance fund which still remained for the support of the officiating clergy of St. Peter's was swept away by a stroke of the pen in the sixteenth century, nor has a single private benefaction been left to supply the want during all the intervening time. The income, chiefly derived from small seat rents, is wholly inadequate for the position. Meanwhile there stands this grand and stately church on which the parishioners have always been ready to spend money for their own glorification, and they are proud of a sacred building which they may emphatically call their own.

A. Jessopp.

ASHFORD.

THE HOME OF THE SMYTHES

ASHFORD is memorable, according to Shakespeare, as the birthplace of that "headstrong man of Kent," John Cade. In recent years it has become an important centre of railway works, but the most striking feature of the old market town is after all its fine church, with the lofty Perpendicular tower which forms so prominent a landmark in the countryside. Go where you will, from the grassy terraces of Eastwell, from the chalk downs where the pilgrims' road winds its way along the hillside towards the shrine of St. Thomas, from the lanes and fields of the pleasant Weald below, that beautiful tower, with its graceful proportions and four tall pinnacles, meets your eyes.

The church itself, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, dates from the reign of Henry III., and was probably erected about the middle of the thirteenth century. It is a fine cruciform building of Early English style, 136 feet in length, and in its broadest part 100 feet wide, and has north and south aisles, transepts, and three chancels. Both its great size and the number and regularity of its massive columns make the interior singularly impressive, and with one exception—the widening of the aisles in 1827—the building has undergone little alteration in modern times. Some parts of the arcades were rebuilt late in the fourteenth century, but the original form of the arches was retained exactly, and the whole church was thoroughly repaired about 1475, by that valiant knight and stout partisan of the White Rose, Sir John Fogge of Repton. He it was who, "to prove the sincerity of his faith in God, his zeal for the common people, and special devotion to the House of York," raised the central tower to its present height, and then, as a further proof of his loyalty to Edward IV., founded a college or choir of priests to pray for himself and his wife Alicia, for the souls of the King's very dear father and brother, Richard Duke of York, and Edmund Earl of Rutland, and of all the faithful people in the county of Kent who had been slain in battle in defence of the King's right. "Hanc ecclesiam renovavit, cum campanili quod funditus ædificavit . . . ad laudem Domini cui laus sit nunc et in ævum," are the words inscribed on the tomb where the good knight, wearing the Yorkist collar of suns and roses, sleeps by the altar of the church which he helped to make one of the finest in Kent.

Sir John Fogge's tilting helmet still hangs on the wall of the Repton Chapel, and the brass of a Countess of Atholl who in the fourteenth century married a gentleman of Ashford, which Weever describes as the "greatest glory and

antiquitie of the church," may also be seen in the chancel, although in a sadly mutilated condition. But the most imposing monuments in Ashford Church are the tombs of the Smythes, who were the lords of the manor in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They stand at the east end of the south transept, in a space formerly railed off as the Strangford aisle, and are splendid specimens of Jacobean work. The oldest and by far the finest of the three is that of Customer Smythe, the founder of the family whose history forms so interesting a page in Kentish annals. The younger son of a Wiltshire yeoman, John Smythe, of Corsham, Thomas Smythe came to London at the age of sixteen to seek his fortune. There he prospered so well that about the year 1553, soon after the accession of Mary, he married the only child of a wealthy Kentish merchant and Lord Mayor, Sir Andrew Judde, the founder of Tonbridge School. At the same time he became collector of the Customs of the Port of London, and when eleven years later the great increase in the value of the Customs caused a change to be made, he obtained the right of farming the Customs of London and the neighbouring ports for the yearly sum of £20,000. This post, which he held for eighteen years, was no doubt a lucrative one, but Queen Elizabeth, careful not to lose a chance of filling her purse, repeatedly exacted larger fines, and in the last years that he held office he paid the Treasury as much as £42,000. On one occasion when a certain Caermarden, whom Camden calls "an understanding and subtil fellow in the mysteries of Customs," supplied her with secret information as to the increasing value of the receipts, several of her chief advisers—Burghley, Leicester, and Walsingham—ventured to remonstrate with their royal mistress for lending ear to so inconsiderable an informer. Upon which Elizabeth rebuked them roundly, saying "that she was Queen of the meanest subjects as well as of the greatest, neither would she stop her ears against them, nor endure that the farmers of the Customs should, like horse-leeches, suck themselves fat upon the goods of the Commonwealth, whilst the poor Treasury waxed lean."

None the less, Customer Smythe enjoyed a large share of Elizabeth's confidence and favour. Twice over she honoured him with visits—once at his house at Deptford, "the stateliest mansion ever seen in those parts;" the second time at Westenhanger, a royal manor near Ashford, which she graciously bestowed upon him. This fine old moated castle, with embattled walls and nine towers, had been adorned and enlarged by Henry VIII., and was now further improved by Customer Smythe, who lived here in great state during the last years of his life, and entertained his neighbours with magnificent hospitality. His sons married Kentish heiresses, his daughters became the wives of substantial citizens. By right of his wife he was already lord of the manor of Ashford, and he lost no opportunity of adding to his extensive estates. He had other sources of wealth

besides the revenues of the Customs, for his active mind was continually engaged in trading and mining speculations. He was the chief contriver in a company for working mines of tin, lead, copper, and silver both in Cornwall and in Cum-



ASHFORD, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

berland, and the introduction of the copper trade into this country is said to be chiefly owing to his exertions.* Full of energy and foresight, careful to amass wealth, but wise and liberal in expending it, a kind husband and loving father, a man too of refined tastes, who counted the most cultivated scholars of the day among his friends, and proved a generous patron of poor authors, Customer Smythe was an excellent type of the London merchant.

Unfortunately, like most of Queen Elizabeth's servants, the Customer lived to experience the fickleness of royal favour. In the last years of his life her demands became more and more exacting, until at length he found himself unable to obey her commands. In a touching letter to his old friend Lord Burghley,

* J. F. Wadmore, "Archæologia Cantiana," vol. xvii.

written on the 16th of October, 1589, he craves him humbly to free him from the heavy burden of her Highness's displeasure, and declares himself unable without utter ruin to enlarge his last offer, even though he holds her Majesty's favour "the true grounds of all comfort upon earth as God's in heaven." But Elizabeth turned a deaf ear to the entreaty of her old servant, suffering as he then was from "a sick boddye, a diseased minde, and tremblinge hand." He was forced to resign the post he had so long held, and a year and a half later he died, on the 7th of June, 1591. In his will he desired "that his body should be buried in the parish church of Ashford, without any of such vain funereal pomp as the world, by customs in times of darkness, hath long used, but rather that all superfluous cost be spared and the same bestowed upon the poor." His wife, Dame Alice, who was sixty years old at the time of his death, survived her husband two years, living in the London house which he had left her, "provided she do not marry again." She was buried with her husband in Ashford Church, and a stately monument was raised to the memory of "the best of fathers and the most beloved of mothers" by the Customer's eldest son, John Smythe, "in memorial of his duty and affection."

The great Customer and his wife rest on a sarcophagus of marble under a richly decorated canopy flanked with Corinthian pillars and obelisks, and crowned with the leopards and lions of the Smythe arms. The effigies of the sleeping pair are finely carved in alabaster. He wears the furred gown of the London merchant, and a tight-fitting cap on his head. The beard is pointed after the fashion of the day, the features are noble and refined. In his hands he holds a book, while Dame Alice's hands are clasped as if in prayer. At her feet lies a tiny child, her little son Andrew, who, born in the first year of her marriage, only lived a few months. On the base of the tomb are small effigies of the six sons and six daughters who lived to grow up; Symon, the youngest, who was slain at the siege of Cadiz in 1597, holding a skull in his hands.

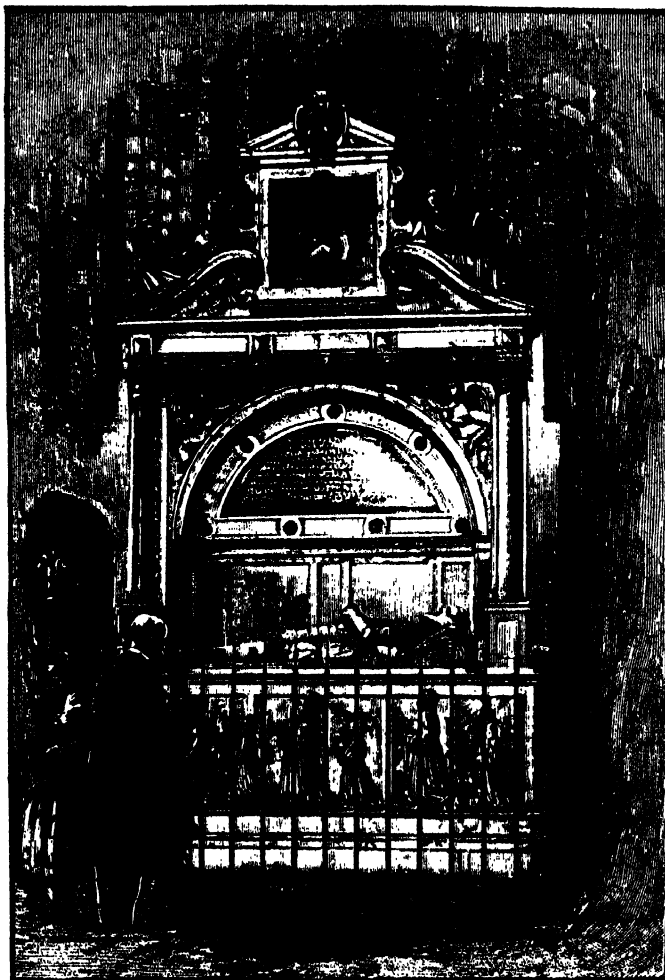
A second monument records the memory of Customer Smythe's eldest son and successor, Sir John, who is represented in armour kneeling at a desk with his wife, wearing a ruff and hoop. All we know of him is that he served as Sheriff in 1600, was knighted at James the First's accession, and died in 1609, leaving an only son Thomas, who, together with Westenhanger, inherited vast estates from his mother, Elizabeth Fineux, of Herne, one of the richest heiresses in Kent. The third monument in the church commemorates Sir Richard Smythe, the Customer's fourth son, who was Privy Councillor, Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Commissioner of Revenue to Prince Charles. "A juste officer in his accomptes, which he perfected with much contentment where he was trusted," is the inscription on the tomb where he lies on a marble cushion, supported by effigies of his three wives and five children, in one of whom we

recognise the little dwarf daughter to whom he left a double portion of land and money. Sir Richard bought Leeds Castle from the St. Legers in 1616, and rebuilt the dwelling-house of that ancient pile on a splendid scale. Unfortunately his fine Jacobean hall, with its handsome mullions and oak panelled rooms, was pulled down early in the present century, and a carved oak mantelpiece is the only trace of his work now to be seen at Leeds.

But the most illustrious of Customer Smythe's sons is not buried at Ashford. This was the third, Thomas, who inherited his father's energy and abilities, and became Governor of the East India Company. He went to Russia as Ambassador in 1614, and the inscription on his monument describes him as "a prime undertaker for the noble design of the discovery of the North-west Passage." In his declining years he retired to Sutton-in-Hone, where he had built himself a palatial residence, and where a noble alabaster effigy, bearing a marked likeness to that of his father at Ashford, adorns his tomb. His widow married Robert, first Earl of Leicester, and his grandson became the second husband of Lady Dorothy Sidney, better known as Waller's Sacharissa. A connection between these two illustrious families already existed, for young Thomas Smythe, of Westenhanger, as soon as he came of age married Lady Barbara Sidney, and in 1628 was made an Irish peer with the title of Lord Strangford. He lived in great splendour on his estates, as his father and grandfather had done before him, but died very suddenly in 1635, at the age of thirty-six. His only son Philip, then a babe of a year old, came to live at Penshurst after his mother's death, under the guardianship of his uncle Lord Leicester. There, when he was barely sixteen, he married his cousin Lady Isabelle Sidney, against the will of her father, who "disliked the union of such near relations," and was probably already aware of his nephew's headstrong disposition. The results justified his worst fears. The young Lord Strangford soon showed the most ungovernable temper, quarrelled with his father-in-law, and the moment he came of age took lodgings in Covent Garden and entered on a course of the wildest extravagance. In vain Algernon Sidney tried to reform his brother-in-law's ways. He only repaid him with the basest ingratitude, and after dissipating the whole of his vast fortune was forced to retire to Westenhanger, where his young wife died soon afterwards of a broken heart. She was buried in Ashford Church. "Maddam Strangford, June 28, 1663," is the brief sad entry which records her burial in the parish registers. Her husband married again, and after obtaining the leave of Parliament to sell his estates, died in 1708, leaving his widow and son so destitute that they were compelled to live abroad and applied for the poor peer's pension to save them from actual starvation.

Only one other Lord Strangford is buried with his fathers at Ashford. This is Percy, the sixth Viscount, who, after serving with distinction as

Ambassador to several foreign courts, bought back his ancestral home at Westenhanger in its then dilapidated condition, and tried nobly to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his house. He filled the large windows of the south transept above his ancestor's tombs with the Smythe coat-of-arms, and his own name is now recorded on a brass close by. But he never lived to rebuild the castle, and his son, the last Lord Strangford, died childless in 1869. The great house of the Smythes is now a picturesque farm, a mere fragment of what it was in olden days. The Norman turret, which bears the name of Rosamond's Tower, has been turned into a hop kiln, the moat is filled up, and grass grows in the quadrangle where St. George and the royal arms of England once looked down from the grand portal. The glory has departed from its walls, and little but the name is left to speak of its past splendours. But the tombs of the Smythes remain to keep alive the memory of the great Customer. They were freshly painted and restored at the close of the last century by Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the great grandson of Sacharissa, and last member of the Sutton branch of his family, which became extinct on his death in 1777.



TOMB OF SIR RICHARD SMYTHE.

JULIA M. ADY.

CHENIES.

GRAVES OF THE RUSSELLS.

THE recent extensions of the Metropolitan Railway from Rickmansworth bring Chenies within quite easy distance for the pilgrim who desires to visit the graves of the historical Russell family. Although the mausoleum is no longer open to all comers, as it was not many years since, and admission is now only granted in response to written applications of a *bonâ fide* character, there seems to be no diminution in the number of strangers who visit the model village of Cheneys, or, as it is more commonly spelt, "Chenies." In truth there are other things besides the marble tombs in the chapel worth seeing on this ridge, which is a spur of the Chiltern Hills. The valley of the Chess is a lovely combination of silver stream, wooded slopes, and stately homes in the midst of deer parks, and Chenies is but an item in its winding course. You may tramp many a weary mile in many an English county before meeting with a village so perfect in its ordering of architecture and conduct as this. There is something of a solemn, half sacerdotal character in the one wayside hostelry which the place possesses, and you open its closed door almost with bated breath —so severe is the repose of the house in which Matthew Arnold, Froude the historian, and many a titled legislator have annually sojourned while enjoying the incomparable trout-fishing which the Duke of Bedford gives to his personal friends. A compact clump of elms upon a trim village green throws endless shade upon a Gothic fountain that is never out of condition, else would it be out of harmony with the school-house, and the picturesque cottages that both receive and impart a distinct character by association with all the surroundings. The gabled windows, the diamond panes in their settings of lead, the half-timbered fronts, and the slender chimneys assort well with the typical cottage gardens, in which fruit, flowers, and vegetables are in due proportion, marking in the old-fashioned way the calendar of the seasons, and where a beehive or a woodstack is not necessarily an element of slovenliness.

You turn aside upon the gravel walk across the village green making for the church to the right, beyond the shrubberies, or to the old manor house which, at the top of the slope, bars the way in that direction. The Plantagenet kings had a castle here, but the present building is understood to be only a wing of the grander manor house built by the first Earl of Bedford. The green quadrangle is cool and quiet as a cloister, and the building is in excellent preservation. Across the field at the back of the manor house there still stands

a battered old oak that may have been there even in the times of the Plantagenets, though it is believed to have been planted by the hand of Elizabeth.



THE CHURCH FROM THE RECTORY GARDEN.

The rare old tree looks of incredible age, and, hollowed though its venerable trunk truly is, it still rears a hale and hearty head of leaves to summer sun and autumn storm.

It is because the casual visitor, intending perhaps to visit the mausoleum only, invariably pauses on the brow to take in all the antique features of the manor house, that we too have halted in the gravelled way before passing into the church. One does not linger long in this sacred building, which, handsomely restored by a late Duke of Bedford, looks very new, and, to the mere sightseer, proportionately uninteresting. But it would not be amiss (on emerging from the silence of the adjoining building, should the reader be fortunate in obtaining the requisite permit) to look at the font, and at the old brasses on the walls, relics of the pre-Reformation era. On the north side, separated from the church by a screen, is the private chapel, the mausoleum giving entrance to the graves of the Russells. The stone tablet over the east window records the name of the founder in the words, "This chapel is built by Anne, Countess of Bedford, wife to John, Earl of Bedford, A.D. 1556." If the face of the effigy on the tomb, which is the earliest monument, is in anywise a portrait, this lady must have

been a woman of a marked and even stern character. Little, however, seems to be known about her. She was the daughter of Sir Guy Sapcote, a Huntingdonshire landowner, and her mother was a Cheney—the Cheney through whom the estate found a name and transfer to the Russells.

The history of the family with which the Lady Anne married is not obscure. The Battle Roll vouches for the Rozels as accompanying William from Normandy. In the early part of the sixteenth century (the Russells being settled in Dorsetshire) the heir was one John Russell, and he, amongst other accomplishments, had brought back from a foreign tour a knowledge of the French language. This helped him to fortune, taken in conjunction with a seasick Archduke and a gale of wind in the Channel; for the Archduke Philip, voyaging to Spain, was so tempest-tossed and sea-sickened that he ordered the vessel to be put into Weymouth. There were reasons for detaining them until the Court had been communicated with, and Sir Thomas Trenchard invited the party to his country house. John Russell was Trenchard's cousin, and his conversational French was a welcome addition to the host's means of entertainment. The King (Henry VII.) invited the Archduke to stay with him, and Russell accompanied him to Windsor, where his praises were so said and sung by the foreigner that His Majesty received him into his household. The young man justified the favour shown him, and made the most of his opportunities. He fought for Henry VIII., he did diplomatic service, he shone in the tournament, and he was knighted after the storming of Morlaix in 1522, where he lost an eye. The sculptor who wrought the effigy in the mausoleum has recalled this loss in the drooping eyelid. The new knight was afterwards sent abroad on important state business, and was present at the Battle of Pavia. Later we find him at Calais with Henry, at the public reception of Anne Boleyn by the French King. As Privy Seal, Sir John Russell with the Duke of Norfolk heard the charges against this ill-fated lady in her disgrace. At the birth of Prince Edward he was made Baron Russell of Cheneys, and afterwards became Earl of Bedford. To the lands and mines of the Abbey of Tavistock, bestowed at the dissolution, were added the lands of Woburn.

No need is there in detail to catalogue all the occasions upon which the vaults beneath the tesselated floor of the mausoleum chapel were opened; and for the history of the most prominent members of this noble house, are there not the common chronicles of the times in which they are conspicuous figures, and, best of all, the chapter on "Cheneys and the House of Russell" in the fourth series of Short Studies by Mr. Froude, wielding the graphic and enthusiastic pen of an admirer? Opinions will no doubt always differ with regard to some of the monuments around the walls; but all must agree that the oldest is, in its beauty, almost beyond criticism. It is at the upper or eastern end. The

recumbent figures of Lady Anne and her husband — hands folded and eyes open—are beautifully sculptured in fine alabaster, the pink veinings of the rich material creating a suggestion of purple over the structure.

This is the middle monument of three at this end of the chapel, and its purity of material brings out with unpleasant force the gaudy reds, whites, and yellows of the adjoining tomb, whose alabaster is daubed with glaring colours. This is the monument of Francis, the Earl who succeeded John, and his Countess Margaret. On the other side of the central monument is another painted tomb, that of the Lady Anne, Countess of Warwick. On the south side of the chapel is the tomb—also painted—of Francis, the wise Earl who fought for the Petition of Right in the House of Lords. Upon the pavement by one of the side walls are the plain stone figures of a knight in armour, and his dame. The principal tomb, perhaps, in the mausoleum is that of Earl William Russell (afterwards Duke) and the Countess (Anne Carr), but it is not the most agreeable or dignified. It was their son who died for the cause of constitutional liberty in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and this historical incident is by far too much

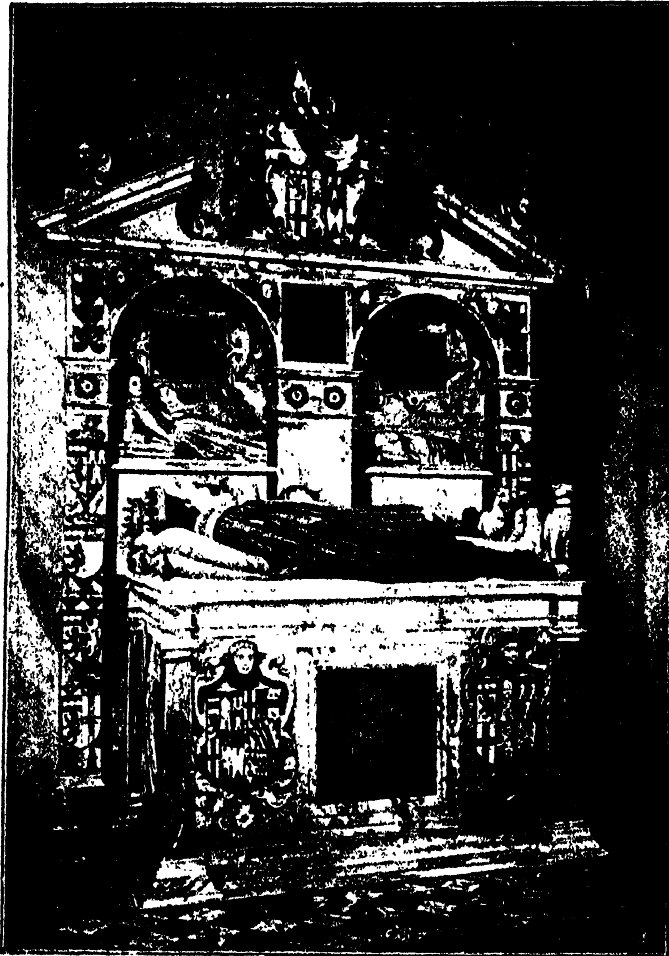


CHENIES: THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.



THE MAUSOLEUM CHAPEL.

represented in the memorial. The parents of the martyr are shown in theatrical attitudes, and in the centre of a row of medallions of their children is that of the unfortunate Lord William, who with his wife lies in the Cheney vault, while their monuments are in the mausoleum.



TOMB OF LORD FRANCIS RUSSELL.

When Mr. Froude wrote his Short Study he referred to "the last Russell for whom the vault at Cheneys has unlocked its marble jaws, the old statesman who filled so large a place for half a century in English public life." This reference was to the Lord John Russell of the first Reform Bill, the Earl Russell of later days, who was buried at Cheneys, where his son, Lord Amberley, with his gifted young wife, had been prematurely laid to rest before him. Among the members of the house of Russell since lowered into the shades are Lord Ampthill, the well-respected English Ambassador at Berlin, and the ninth and tenth Dukes of Bedford.

Here by right should have been placed the Rev. the Honourable Lord Wriothesley Russell, Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Chaplain to the Queen, and Rector of Chenies for fifty-six years. But he chose otherwise. Before he died the churchyard had been closed, and a new burial ground opened at the eastern end of the manor house. There seems to have been some local prejudice against this God's acre, and the death, shortly before his own decease, of a soldier whom he had helped and befriended, suggested to the octogenarian rector that he should be himself buried near him, and so by example remove the prejudice which he deplored. Not, therefore, in the historic vaults of Chenies, but in the humble burial-ground of the parish, the hard-working rector, who was beloved by all the country side, was committed to the earth.

WILLIAM SENIOR.

LOUTH.

A TALL SPIRE IN THE PLAINS.

CONSPICUOUS among the many grand churches which beautify the flat country of the East of England—fitting monuments of the faith of our Forefathers of the Fens—stands that of St. James, at Louth. The little town which contains this one object of interest lies in the far east of Lincolnshire, about eight miles from the sea. Other churches there were here in pre-Reformation times, of which records are preserved but no traces left, and religious life has evidently been active enough in the Viking-descended population, for religious guilds—including one of Corpus Christi—are mentioned in the records of the town. Unfortunately, of their local habitations nothing remains: chantries and bede-houses have alike disappeared. Rather remarkably for the size of the place, Louth formerly possessed two large churches, under the patronage respectively of St. Mary and St. Herefrid, Bishop of Auxerre, the latter rededicated to St. James, probably when it was rebuilt, in the fifteenth century. Of the former, the original parish church, the churchyard still remains, but not a vestige of the building itself appears above ground. As far as can be ascertained, the growth of the town in an opposite direction made it no longer useful, and about 1529 mass was said for the last time, and its "organ, lead, timber, images, worshippers, and ornaments" —including a silver-gilt cross weighing 237 ounces—were removed to St. James's. In the church account-book we twice find two shillings, and once twenty pence, paid for the Holy Ghost appearing in the kirk roof! so it is probable that a little change had become desirable. What could not be utilised in the new church appears to have been publicly sold, and we find the three bells "fetched" £25 11s. 7d., and "our Ladye's Crown" £3! In 1552 the remaining part of the church was used as a school, to which Edward VI. had given a charter the year before; after that it was a "poor man's lodge;" then it was converted into a barn, which was demolished in 1755.

The church of St. James stands more in the town, at one end of the principal street. At first sight it appears to have been wholly built in the fifteenth century, but closer inspection shows this not to have been the case. The first church on this site is thought to have dated from about 1170, but of this there are no visible traces. It was rebuilt about the middle of the thirteenth century, and of this edifice the arches and part of the pillars in the nave were utilised in the work two centuries later, and are still to be seen. The most interesting remains of this second church are the beautifully carved floral arches over the

north and south doorways, though unfortunately they are overshadowed by the later work. These arches are of the same date and style as that over the south doorway at York, and the entrances to the Chapter Houses at York and Southwell. Viewed from the outside, the church appears long and low; the great height of the spire, and the unbroken double row of windows in nave and chancel, no doubt add to this effect. The windows, which are Decorated, are divided by buttresses, each surmounted by a crocketed pinnacle, and a larger one of similar design marks the junction of nave and choir. The great east window, which, by the way, is placed very low in the wall, is Perpendicular, and the tracery forms a very graceful cross. At each side of the window is a buttress, with a niche and richly carved canopy.

The nave and side aisles are battlemented, but on the gable over the east window the battlement is replaced by a balustrade pierced with quatrefoils, and adorned with crockets; the apex is surmounted by a cross wreathed with a crown of thorns. "The tower, in conjunction with its spire, is, however, the crowning feature of the church, and perhaps is unrivalled for beauty of outline and gracefulness of proportion. Grantham and Coventry may vie with it in point of height, and the former has finer detail, while the latter is more highly ornamented. Each, in its way, may be considered the best example of its kind; Louth for beauty of outline, Grantham for beauty of detail, and Coventry for elaborate richness." * The height of the steeple is generally given at 294 feet, of which the octagonal central spire is 147, including the cross at the top. The tower consists of three divisions, the lower one corresponding with the height of the nave, into which it opens by an arch on the eastern face. The west side is occupied by the principal entrance to the church, and above it a window of five lights, and the two others have each two pointed windows. The two upper divisions are alike on all four sides, each side having two deeply recessed pointed windows; those of the top storey have crocketed ogee hood-moulds of bold character. At each corner of the tower are two buttresses, broken at each storey, and parallel to the arches of the upper windows, by crocketed pediments, and diminished in size at each break. They form the base of the four graceful octagonal crocketed pinnacles, 52 feet in height, which rise from the parapet at the top of the tower, and each of which sends a flying buttress to the central spire. The parapet is pierced and embattled, and has three pinnacles on each side about one-third the height of those at the corners, and each resting on a gargoyle. The spire has crockets the whole length of every angle, but, except for one tier of windows near the base, the simple line is unbroken. The finial is modern. There is structural evidence inside the church that the tower originally stood detached.

* "Report of the Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society, 1873." By James Fowler.

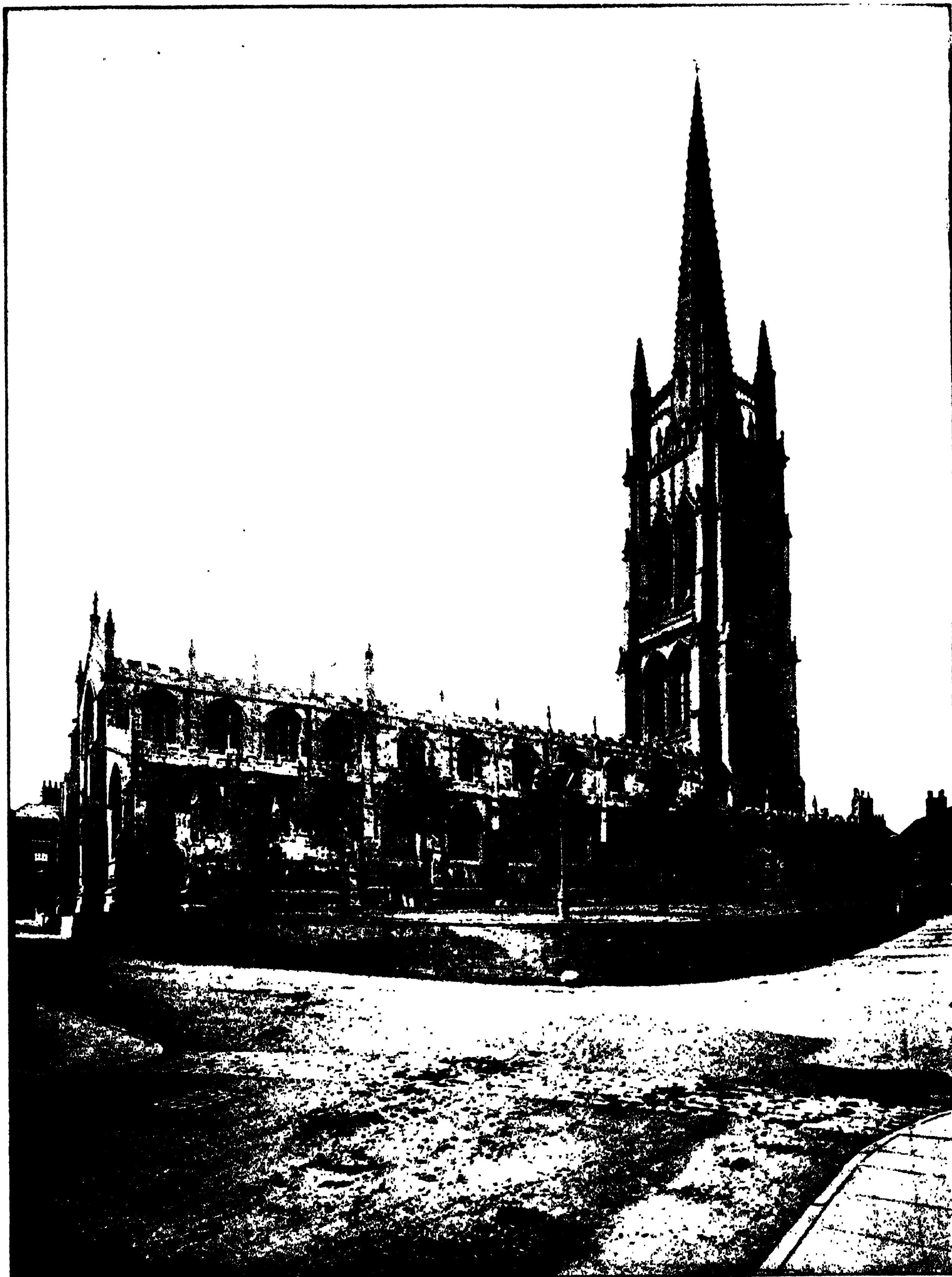


Photo: A. James. Louth.

LOUTH CHURCH, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

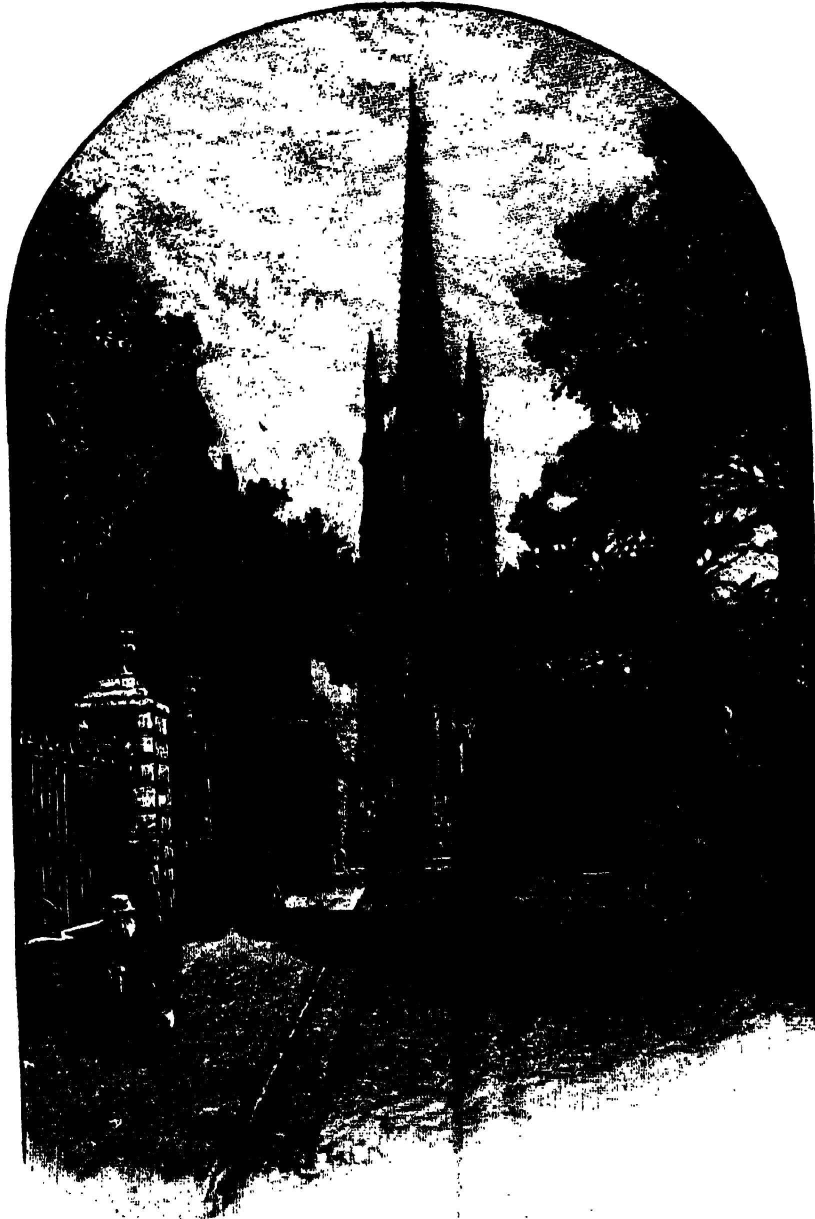
There is reason to believe that the church as it now stands was one hundred years in building. The spire was last finished in 1515, and on the fifteenth Sunday after Holy Trinity, in that year, the weathercock was set up. It has been two or three times partially destroyed by "grete tempeste," but repaired according to the original design.

It is touching to think of the poverty and struggles in the midst of which this lovely steeple was reared. It was built at a time when monkish power, and church zeal in general, were on the wane. The little town of Louth seems to have never been overburdened with this world's goods, and in spite of using up the available stones of the former church, borrowing all round from the guilds little sums of £6 or £7, and actually pawning the chalice, the works were occasionally stopped by want of funds. Of course these small sums meant much more then than now.

Entering by the western door, the whole of the church is seen at once. It consists of a broad nave and choir, and side aisles continued the entire length of the two; there is no transept. The groining of the roof inside the tower is much admired. There is perhaps nothing specially worthy of note in the nave except the spirited carving of the brackets—both those on the pillars and those which support the beams of the roof—and some angels carved in the roof itself. The chancel arch is very wide, the wall above it is perforated by a peculiar little window. The roodloft must have been of unusual size and importance, as there are remains of no less than five doors into it on the southern pillar—three on the face to the nave, and two on that to the choir. The pulpit and reredos are modern; the former is well carved by a local hand. There are sedilia (restored) on the south wall, and on the east end of the aisle is a rather curious quatrefoil panel. A short distance down the aisle, on a bracket, is a small but beautiful figure of St. James, and near it were some traces of mural painting. The choir is Decorated and Perpendicular; it has some particularly well-carved bosses, some of crowned angels, others grotesque. In the adjoining vestry are two oak chests: on one are carved the heads of Henry VII. and his Queen; the other, which is older, has slits in the top for the reception of money; it is strongly bound with iron, and firmly fastened to a solid block of oak, so that it might defy the most energetic thief.

Although this church was under the patronage of St. James, we find no record of any shrine or relic of the saint, and considering that his bones, after their long wanderings, had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and were safely stored away at Compostella, it is scarcely likely that even a fragment would have been procurable. Possibly it was to supply this deficiency and provide a fitting object to receive the offerings of the faithful, that an equestrian statue of St. George was set up in the church. Its situation cannot now be ascertained, but

mention is more than once made in the church books of the expense of gilding it, and it must have been of unusual size and magnificence. It is rather amusing to hear this very dubious saint referred to by a usually reverent Louth authority of



LOUTH: THE TOWER AND SPIRE.

more recent date, as "that notorious wretch St. George, whom superstition has canonised and history accursed." Times change!

About a mile and a half east of Louth stands all that remains of the once thriving and well endowed monastery of Louth Park, and that is little indeed. The walls of the chancel, and some scraps of the west front of the church,

constitute the whole ruin, surrounded by long ranges of grassy mounds. In 1873 the present owner* had these mounds opened out and thoroughly explored, and the plan of the church, and the position of cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, &c., were satisfactorily settled. It is much to be regretted that the pilfering propensities of the natives, among whom the love of quarrying from ecclesiastical buildings seems to have become hereditary, should have rendered it necessary for these very interesting remains to be almost immediately re-covered. In the course of the explorations several skeletons came to light, and, among them, one thought to be that of Richard of Dunham, his Abbot who, about 1246, built the chapter-house, dormitory, and eastern side of the cloister. The body was in a stone coffin, along with some cinders, or perhaps charcoal, for disinfecting purposes. And there was another skeleton found, for the repose of whose soul no requiem had gone up to Heaven, no tolling bell had disturbed the air, no tear had ever moistened the earth. Crouched in a corner of the little prison, this erring monk or lay brother must have been left to settle his last account alone. Perhaps forgotten when the monks fled, perhaps intentionally abandoned, perhaps after sending up unheard cries for help, while pillage was going on above and around, he at last sank into silence, till the day when judge and prisoner, monk and robber of churches, shall be brought face to face, at "the time of the restitution of all things."

The abbey at Louth Park was a Cistercian house, dedicated, as all Cistercian houses were, to the Blessed Virgin. It was founded in 1139, by Alexander, the energetic and warlike Bishop of Lincoln. Two years previously he had induced a little colony of monks from Fountains to settle at Haverholm, but they did not like the situation, and begged to be removed. The spot then selected by Bishop Alexander was in his own park at Louth, and it occupies one of the highest sites in the neighbourhood. This accounts for what in the case of a Cistercian monastery is a unique situation. The love of the Order for a valley and a stream is well known. This was one of the first religious houses in Lincolnshire, and its endowment in lands, mostly in that county, must have been fairly extensive, but the monks do not seem to have had any talent for improving their property, for at the dissolution in 1535 its revenue had sunk from £246 9s. 3d. to £169 5s. 6½d. gross income, while the net income was only £147. George Walker was the last Abbot. It is said that the monks threw the abbey treasures into the fish-pond. In 1537 the site of the abbey with its buildings was granted to Thomas, Lord Borough, for his life, and two years later to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as a reward for the assistance he rendered in quelling the "Pilgrimage of Grace."

Louth claims to be the place at which this insurrection took its rise.

* W. Allison, Esq., an enthusiastic archæologist.

On the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, 1536, it was rumoured in Louth that the church was to be plundered the next day. Only a few days previously the little nunnery of Legburn had been suppressed, and the townsfolk naturally feared for their many treasures in vestry and roodloft, and a guard was set to watch during the night. At nine o'clock on the Monday morning Mr. Heneage, one of the King's Commissioners, entered Louth, accompanied by but one servant, for his companion the Chancellor had been taken ill and left behind. As he rode up the street the alarm bell rang, and the people rushed out with arms in their hands. Heneage enquired as to the cause of the tumult, but the crowd, brooking no delay, "rigorously" conducted him to the church, and there he offered to repair to the King and ascertain whether there was any truth in the reports that had got abroad. Before he was allowed to depart he was compelled to swear to be true to God, the King, and the Commons. The oath was then passed round, and everyone in Louth, even strangers, took it with due solemnity. While this was going forward the Registrar of the Diocese arrived; he had accompanied the Commissioner, but had loitered behind him. He was immediately dragged to the Market Cross. His books were torn leaf from leaf and then burnt, and it was with difficulty that he escaped with his life. The example set at Louth was followed during the next two days at Caistor and Horncastle, where other Commissioners were at work. Melton, a Louth shoemaker, and a tailor, called "Great James," led an irregular army towards Lincoln, Dr. Mackarell, Abbot of Barlings, supplied provisions, and so the torch was lighted. It blazed away bravely for awhile in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, but no general was forthcoming for the poor untrained bands, and finally they were dispersed by the Duke of Suffolk in a bloodless victory at Lincoln, and the effort came to an end. Forty-six of the ringleaders, including Thomas Kendall, the Vicar of Louth, and Dr. Mackarell, the Abbot of Barlings, were put to death, three of them at Lincoln, twelve at Tyburn, and the rest at Horncastle and Louth, where the executions were deferred until the people were assembled on market day.

CONSTANCE ANDERSON.

ST. CLEMENT DANES'.

THE CHURCH OF THE GREAT LEXICOGRAPHER.

THERE is a narrow part in the Strand much reviled by those who would improve this thoroughfare of London. As if to protect it from disturbance, it is guarded at either end by a church. Situated a short distance west of Temple Bar—once the chief entrance to the City from the Palace and Abbey of Westminster—this strait in the street very likely indicates the existence of an old "foregate," built about the roads which were converging from the country towards the entrance of the walls. In such a quarter the main outline of the road would be stereotyped at an early period, and enlargement would be more difficult than in that part of the way by the riverside, which was for long bordered by the villas of the nobility, and in the days of the second Edward was still so much in the open country as to be overgrown with thickets and bushes.* The western of these churches is dedicated to St. Mary, and bears the distinctive name of St. Mary-le-Strand; the eastern is St. Clement Danes'. Both are of grey Portland stone, both have a general resemblance in design and architecture. St. Mary's, however, is the smaller, but the more beautiful; St. Clement's is the plainer, but historically the more interesting. It is also the older, for it was built in the year 1682, while St. Mary's was the first of the fifty churches erected by order in the reign of Queen Anne. Gibbs was the architect of the latter, which is externally an ornate and well-proportioned structure, the merits of which cannot be denied, even by those who, like the writer, are not admirers of the style. St. Clement's is plainer and simpler in its outline, but in its external design, and still more in its internal arrangements, bears traces of a master hand; and Wren, in fact, exercised a superintendence over the work, though Pearce was the architect. There was a church on this site at an early date, but that was replaced by the present one in 1682. The older building appears to have been of little note, except that, owing to its proximity to Exeter House, it was the burial-place of more than one bishop of that diocese. The dedication is to St. Clement, one of the first Bishops of Rome, and author of an Epistle to the Corinthians; but why his name and that of this church are connected with the Danes no one seems to know. One tradition, recorded by Mr. Hare,† relates the following story:—The body of Harold, illegitimate son of Canute, who reigned for a time after the death of his father, was ejected from a grave in the Abbey Church at Westminster by his successor, the rightfully born Hardicanute, and thrown into the Thames. There the

* Hare's "Walks in London," vol. i., p. 6.

† "Walks in London." vol. i.



ST. CLEMENT DANES', FROM THE EAST.

corpse floated until it was picked up by a fisherman, who gave it Christian burial at this spot. Another authority states that "When Alfred expelled the remnant of the Danish nation, in 886, those who had married English wives were still permitted to live here."

A well, too, there was, which bore St. Clement's name, and was once held in high repute on account of its health-giving virtues, of which the name still lingers in Holywell Street;* and the waters, it is said, supply the old Roman bath, which still remains, hidden away among houses, east of Somerset House. A second bath at this locality is said to have been constructed by the ill-fated Earl of

* The well was ultimately covered over and fitted with a pump. It is not clear from the histories whether the "Holywell" indicated a different spring from St. Clement's well; but in Maitland's "History of London," p. 1336, the author appears to speak of them as separate.

Essex, when he dwelt in Essex House, in the immediate neighbourhood. The spring is chalybeate, but must now be rich also in organic matter. The street is no longer one that would tempt the "schollers and youths of the citi on summer evenings when they walk forth to take the aire," and it enjoyed but recently a reputation for the sale of literature not to be commended *virginibus puerisque*. St. Clement's Inn, which is close at hand, was originally founded for the accommodation of the sick folk who came to be healed of their diseases at the saint's well. It then became one of the Inns of Court, and, we are told, Justice Shallow "was once of Clement's Inn." Later it appertained to the Inner Temple, and is now thrown into the shade by the grand buildings of the New Courts of Justice; but its little garden court, with its trees and shrubs, still brightens a district not generally attractive.

The church does not need a long description. The plan is a rectangle, with an apsidal termination at the east, from which a small apse projects, and a western steeple, of the peculiar complicated character in which the architects of that epoch rejoiced, so that one is left in doubt as to how much should be called tower and how much spire, for the latter consists of three octagonal stages, ornamented with columns, of which the highest is crowned by a small cupola. This, apparently, was added in 1719. The exterior of the body of the church, as has been said, is rather plain, but well proportioned. As at St. Mary's, the walls of the aisle are carried up to the full height of the church, the clerestory windows are in the outer walls, and the church resembles a building of two storeys, a design rare, if not unknown, in a Gothic building. A rather unusual amount of space seems to be appropriated to the approaches to the ground floor and to the galleries of the church, for on either side of the projecting tower are wings, extending as far as the side walls of the aisles, but terminating at a lower level, and covered with hemispherical domes. Formerly there was a semicircular south porch, supported by columns, also with a domed roof; but this has disappeared, perhaps with the curtailment of the churchyard.

The interior seems to bear traces of the hand of Wren. It needs but a glance to perceive that the architect intended the congregation, as far as possible, to hear and see. Galleries there are, as a matter of course, and these are even carried partly round the eastern end, only terminating in a line with the ends of the curve of the smaller apse, a peculiar but by no means ineffective arrangement, as it gives depth to the latter. But in this church the architect does not construct his galleries in an apologetic and half-hearted way; he accepts them as a matter of fact. They neither encumber nor divide the shafts of the arches by which the nave roof is supported, but rest upon square piers, and the Corinthian columns which carry the arches appear to rise from them as from a massive entablature, and thus have the effect of a graceful upper

colonnade, resting upon a lower and more strongly-constructed corridor. The nave is covered by a barrel vault, with rich decorations of moulded plaster, or, as some say, of wood. The roofs of the aisles are vaulted in compartments. The piers are panelled, the galleries and pews are made of dark oak, with little ornamentation. There is, however, a more elaborate, though a very heavy classic reredos, over which comes a painfully ugly stained-glass window; and there is a pulpit, for which alone the church deserves a visit. It is a masterpiece of rich and graceful work, worthy of the epoch which produced so much wood-carving of the highest excellence. Of course, it would be pain and grief to the eyes of a mediævalist; but for all that, it is beautiful of its kind.

There are no monuments of importance in St. Clement Danes' Church, and it has not been the scene of any important historical episodes, though from a marriage in this church came the wealth of the Grosvenors. The one interest is its connection with a name great in the annals of English literature. In the front pew of the north gallery, where the seats begin to curve round towards the apse, is a brass plate, bearing an inscription which states that "In this pew and beside this pillar for many years attended Divine service Dr. Samuel Johnson."

On his life, his character, his personal appearance, there is no need to dwell; these are recorded in the pages of Boswell, which have been enriched by the loving labours of subsequent editors down to the present day:—"Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame, and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus' dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his night disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank, are all as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood."*

From the same source we learn the aspect of his character which links his memory with St. Clement Danes'. In an age when religion too often went no further than a certain external propriety and decorous conformity, Johnson was a man of deep and earnest convictions. In a society which was not too moral his character was unblemished. We may, with Macaulay, feel sometimes tempted

* Macaulay's Essay on Croker's Edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

to smile at the peculiar aspect in which these convictions were occasionally manifested. Yet Johnson's religious prejudices and littleness were part and parcel of the nature of the man, himself so made up of peculiar and sometimes contradictory tendencies. But of the sincerity of his piety there can be no question. Here in his place in St. Clement's Church he might have been heard again and again repeating the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy; and here he returned public thanks for a recovery from dangerous illness. We are told, indeed, by his biographers, that his devotions were not confined to these walls. "He seemed to struggle almost incessantly with some mental evil, and often, by the expression of his countenance and the motion of his lips, appeared to be offering up some ejaculation to Heaven to remove it. But in Lent, or near the approach of any great festival, he would generally retire from the company to a corner of the room, but most commonly behind a window curtain, to pray, and with such energy, and in so loud a whisper that every word was heard distinctly, particularly the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, with which he constantly concluded his devotion." This, in some, might have been ostentation, in others even hypocrisy, but Johnson's whole life was a witness that with him it was not so. It was the outcome of the peculiar nature of the man, which made him impulsive under emotion and prone to consider little what others might think. He felt more keenly than do most men the dread of death. Realising more fully than his less scrupulous friends the perfection of the Divine, the frailty of human nature, knowing his own infirmities and shortcomings in his progress through the warfare of life, he shrank from the passage through the dark river lest there should be for him no welcome on the further shore. Yet there was peace at the last. When he was told that the end was surely near, the clouds appeared to be lifted from his soul, and the last hours were calm and hopeful. On learning from his physician that he could not recover except by a miracle, he replied, "Then I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."



ST. CLEMENT DANES': DR. JOHNSON'S PEW.

So in perfect composure, and in possession of his faculties, he quietly breathed his last.

With one other reference to the church from the pages of Boswell we may



ST. CLEMENT DANES': THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.

fitly close this notice. "On Friday, April 13 (1781), being Good Friday, I went to St. Clement's Church with him as usual. There I saw again his old fellow-collegian, Edwards, to whom I said, 'I think, sir, Dr. Johnson and you meet only at church.' 'Sir,' said he, 'it is the best place we can meet in, except Heaven, and I hope we shall meet there too.'"

T. G. Bonney.



THE CHANCEL, WITH ALTAR-TOMB AND BRASSES.

COBHAM.

A SERIES OF ANCIENT BRASSES.

THE collegiate church of St. Mary Magdalene, flanked on the south by the picturesque quadrangle of Cobham College, stands on a gentle eminence overlooking, on one side, the village, and on the other a wide stretch of country, pleasantly undulated, and in due season aglow with the bravery of hops and the greenery of foliage. With its long line of roof and massive battlemented tower it looks comely enough from afar, nor is there anything to disappoint a closer view. It has of course been restored—the chancel in quite recent years—but under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, and with a less vigorous hand than is often the case. The tower and western end are of Kentish rag; in the rest of the building there is a considerable admixture of flint. For the most part the style is Late Decorated and Perpendicular, but the chancel is Early English, though of a somewhat uncommon type, for which subsequent alteration may perhaps account. The plan is unusually simple, consisting of chancel, nave with clerestory—divided from aisles of equal dimensions by five arches supported by somewhat slender circular piers—north porch, and western tower, terminating in a salient bell-turret. The

porch has a groined ceiling, and, after the manner of Perpendicular porches, is surmounted by a parvise; the lowest stage of the tower, partitioned off from the aisles on either side—on the south by a handsome ancient oak screen, so as to enclose a space for the purposes of a vestry—virtually forms a western porch, except that there is no inner door. The roof throughout is obtuse almost to flatness; in the nave it is panelled, in the chancel it rests on four somewhat ungainly beams.

Relatively to the church, the chancel is singularly spacious, being, in fact, not only unusually lofty, but somewhat broader than the nave. It is lighted by five narrow, deeply recessed lancet windows on the north and on the south, and by three similar windows, unconnected by any drip-stone, on the east. There is little stained glass to be seen, nor is that little ancient; but one of the windows in the south aisle, commemorating the son of a former vicar, who died in 1846, has an agreeable effect; and another, in the south wall of the chancel, is the creditable work of a local lady. The chancel is furnished with three graceful canopied sedilia, in the Decorated style. Nearer the altar-rail is a canopied piscina; on the other side of the sedilia is a double piscina, divided by a central column supporting elegant foliated arches. Long hidden away behind the other piscina, and only brought to light when the chancel was under restoration, it was most judiciously left in the fragmentary state in which it was found, nothing being done but to clean and piece together what was left of it. Equally interesting discoveries were those of a staircase in the south wall of the chancel, and of a mural ambry, or chamber for the reception of the holy vessels, a little to the west of the sedilia—now, unhappily, walled up. Other curious features of the church are a "Saracen's head," one of the crests of the Brookes, suspended, together with some ancient helmets, from the north wall of the chancel, and two old stone coffin slabs with carved crosses, in these later days rescued from the limbo of the tower to which a less curious age had consigned them, and deposited on the chancel floor. The reredos, which extends right across the chancel, is modern, but is in the happiest harmony with its surroundings, both in style and in size; and in this respect, as well as in its freedom from objections of an ecclesiastical kind, can afford to be put into comparison with far more ambitious work of this description. The octagonal font, in the tower porch, is surely too bald and clumsy to be more than comparatively old.

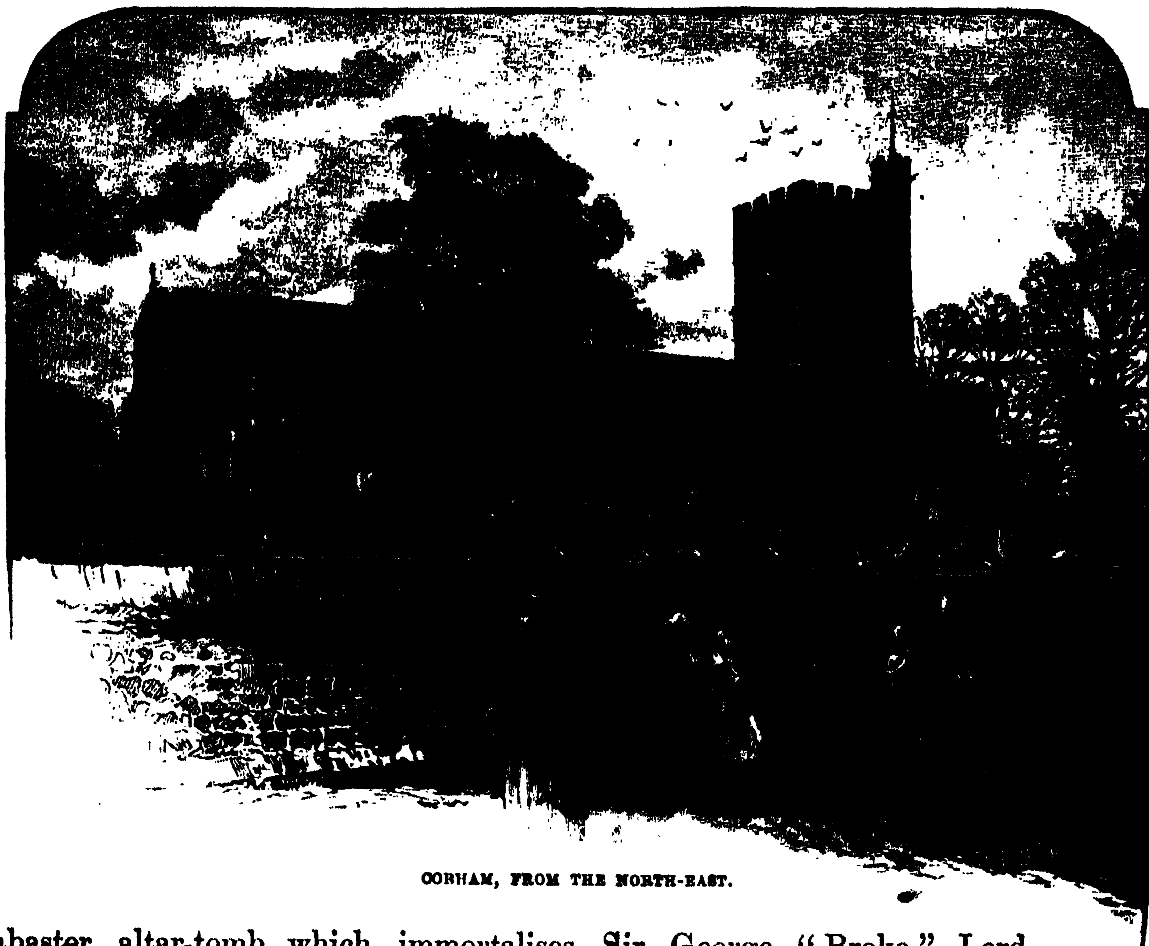
The main interest of the church, however, lies in its association with the lords of Cobham Hall, and in features derived from that association. The present hall, which stands in a magnificent demesne seven miles in circumference, is mostly Elizabethan, with additions by Inigo Jones; but venerable as it is, it very inadequately represents the antiquity of the historic house whose name it

bears. For Cobham gave the title of baron, by writ of summons to Parliament, to the family of this name during nearly the whole of the fourteenth century: until, in fact, with the decease of John de Cobham, in 1409, the male line ended. His large estates were inherited by Joan de la Pole, his grand-daughter, who, although she was five times led to the altar—once by the ill-fated Sir John Oldcastle, the Lollard knight who in St. Paul's Cathedral roundly declared that "the Pope, the Bishops, and the friars constituted the head, the members, and the tail of Anti-Christ"—presented none of her husbands with a son, or at any rate with a son who survived her. Her daughter and namesake, who inherited after her, went quite another way, for to her husband, Sir Thomas Brooke, of Somersetshire, she bore ten sons, and the Brookes continued to be lords of Cobham until the attainder of Henry of that ilk, in the first year of James I., when the estates were confiscated. They were conferred upon Lodowick Stewart, Duke of Lennox, and early in the eighteenth century passed by marriage to the first of the Earls of Darnley, to whom they have ever since belonged.

More than one of the original lords of Cobham held high office in the State, yet the best known member of the family was that Eleanor Cobham, Shakespeare's "presumptuous dame," who was first the mistress and then the wife of Humphry Duke of Gloucester, and who in 1441 was arraigned on a charge of treason and witchcraft, and, it having been proved to the satisfaction of her judges that she had ordered an image of Henry VI. to be made of wax and then gradually melted before the fire—"it being expected that the king's life would waste away as the image was acted upon by the heat"—was compelled to do public penance in the streets of London and imprisoned for life. Of her there is no trace in Cobham Church; she is generally believed to have died in Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man, though this is now disputed. Most of the other Cobhams, however, had honourable burial in the chancel here, and, together with the Brookes and several of the early masters of Cobham College, including William Tanner, the first master (*ob.* 1418), are commemorated by one of the finest sets of brasses anywhere to be seen. Altogether the brasses number twenty-four, and of these thirteen relate to the Cobhams and Brookes. One of the earliest is that of Joan de Cobham, which carries us back to the year 1320; another shows us what manner of man was Sir John de Cobham, who founded Cobham College, built Rochester Bridge, and virtually rebuilt this church, of which he holds in his hands a model. Probably, however, the brasses are more trustworthy as illustrations of armour and costume than as counterfeit presentments of individuals, for between several of the faces there is a resemblance too close to be explained even by direct descent. In every instance the face and figure can easily be traced, nor is it difficult to decipher the inscription running round the border. It was not always so, for the brasses

suffered grievously from long years of neglect, until some thirty years ago they were judiciously cleaned and repaired by Captain Brooke, a Suffolk gentleman who was able to trace his descent from the family which once reigned at Cobham Hall.

The choicest feature of the chancel has yet to be noticed in the glorious



COBHAM, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

alabaster altar-tomb which immortalises Sir George "Broke," Lord Cobham, Governor of Calais, who died in 1558, and his wife. It is as remarkable for its loveliness as are the earlier brasses for their antiquity. The two chief figures (the faces, by the way, have an individuality and a verisimilitude which leave little doubt that they have the value of portraits) recline upon a black slab supported by graceful fluted columns of the classical type, and in each of the compartments thus formed kneels one of their children, represented, though in miniature, as having attained to man's and woman's estate. On the east and west appear the daughters—Mary and Catherine on the one side, Elizabeth and Anne on the other; on the north side are Edwarde, Thomas, Edward, Thomas, and Henry, balanced by William, George, John, Henry, and Edmunde on the south—making in all fifteen; but it will be noticed that some of the names are

duplicated, and allowing for this the number of the children is reduced to eleven. The memorial represents the filial piety of the eldest son, William, and could not therefore have taken a more appropriate form. On the east and west are blazoned the family crests, in all the splendour of their tinctures, and the armour of several of the kneeling figures is similarly decorated, greatly to the enrich-



COBHAM COLLEGE.

ment of the tomb. An antiquary, writing towards the end of the last century, laments that it was then "miserably shattered and defaced," a large "beam or timber" having fallen on it many years before from the roof of the chancel; but these and other wrongs of time have been skilfully repaired, and now the memorial appeals with equal success to one's sense of beauty and of antiquity.

The College of Cobham, adjacent to the church on the south side, is a quadrangular building, constructed, like the church, mostly of Kentish stone, eked out with flint, and is inhabited by some twenty families from various parishes in the neighbourhood, each of them being in the further enjoyment of what has been curiously called a "stipend" of thirty-two shillings a month. At the south-east angle is a spacious hall, with a daïs at one end and a screen at the entrance; this was repaired by the Earl of Darnley in 1875. Although of very respectable

antiquity, dating from the early years of the seventeenth century, the present is not the original college, which was founded some two hundred years before by that John de Cobham who rebuilt the church and was the last of his name, as a chantry for a master and six chaplains, who were "to pray for the souls of him, his ancestors and successors." This also was a quadrangular building, and that it almost formed an integral part of the church may be seen from the ivy-clad fragment of the north cloister which abuts upon the chancel, as well as from the stopped-up doorway in the south wall of the nave, by which direct communication between the two structures was established.

Shortly after the Dissolution, when the college was valued at £128 10s. 9½d. per annum, the site and possessions were by royal permission sold to the George Brooke, Lord Cobham, whose altar-tomb adorns the church. It was not, however, his generosity, but that of his son William, the builder of his tomb, which revived the institution in its present eleemosynary form. For the purposes of "the New College of Cobham," as it was to be called, he bequeathed "all those edifices, ruined buildings, soil and ground, with appurtenances, which some time belonged to the late suppressed college," together with "one hundred thousand of such bricks as should be within his park or about his house at Cobham Hall, and forty tons of timber, to be taken from any of his lands within the county of Kent, his park at Cobham and Coolinge alone excepted." In due time the college got itself built and occupied, and at first everything went well. But it is the way of chimneys to smoke unless they are occasionally swept; and it is not surprising to find, on the authority of the antiquary from whom quotation has before been made, that as time went on the charity was badly administered, and so grossly perverted that at last it became an almost intolerable nuisance to the neighbourhood. "Mean, dependent, day-labouring persons," says he, with a fine sense of superiority, were appointed to the control of it, "by which means the practice was to put into the college the most abusive, wicked, vile, and obnoxious persons, in order to free the parishes from the trouble and disgrace of them, to the great discredit of the college and perverting the intent of the donor, who designed it only for the poor and godly." Presently the new broom so badly wanted was found in the person of Dr. Thorpe, who was placed at the head of affairs towards the middle of the last century, and since then the inmates of these picturesque and venerable walls have been as free from reproach as persons ought to be whose lives are passed in the shadow of a church.

W. W. HUTCHINGS.

SELBY.

A GREAT YORKSHIRE ABBEY.

TWENTY minutes south from York on the Great Northern Railway, the usual clatter of a railway station, a few minutes' walk along a quay and through a not very interesting town, and we find ourselves gazing at the church of Selby's famous abbey.

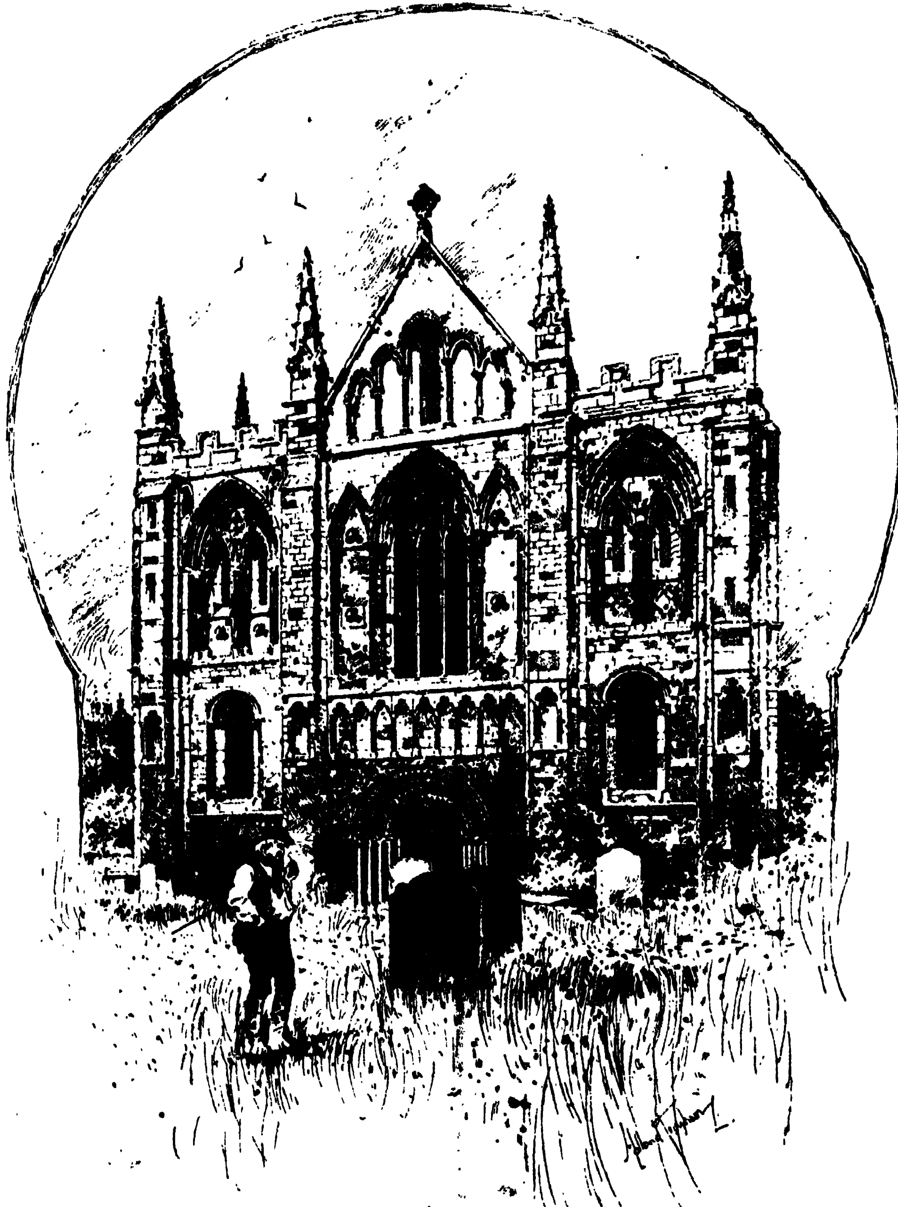
Besides the church (the only abbey church in Yorkshire left entire) nothing now remains of this once great establishment but the barn, which, by the way, is worth a visit, though now used half as a brewhouse and half as a stable. The fine gateway was pulled down in 1792. The church consists, as those belonging to monasteries usually do, of choir, transepts, and nave. A porch (covering a fine Norman doorway) on the north of the nave, and a small side-chapel to the south of the choir, are the only additions to the simple cruciform structure. This last is often called the chapter-house, but was in fact the sacristy of the monastery, the chapter-house, of which the foundations have been discovered, being to the south of the south transept; the chamber over the sacristy is the old scriptorium.

The transepts are remarkably small, and the south one has entirely disappeared, having been destroyed by the fall of the upper part of the central tower in the year 1690. The lower part of the tower remains, with its Norman windows; but the top storey, which fell, was rebuilt according to the taste of the last century, and is the one thing in the outside of the church that fails to give pleasure. The open parapet which runs below the roof of the choir and choir aisles is much admired, as are also the pinnacles placed at each corner. There is a buttress on each side of the east window and two at right angles at each corner of the east end, and each is surmounted by a crocketed pinnacle. The effect is somewhat marred by a small window in the gable, the stiff little pattern of whose traceries is out of harmony with the bold lines of the larger one below.

The west front consists of a centre and two side divisions, separated by buttresses, and corresponding in breadth with the nave and aisles. The principal entrance is in the centre—a very beautiful Norman doorway of five receding orders—above which is a graceful arcade of nine cusped arches, and over this a large Perpendicular window surrounded by Early English moulding. Each side division contains a pointed arch, which again encloses two smaller pointed arches. It was plainly the original intention for this façade to be flanked with

towers, but this was probably never carried out, and the buttresses are merely surmounted with pinnacles of a simpler design than those at the east end of the church.

To give any idea of the beauty of the interior, words utterly fail. Entering



THE WEST FRONT.

by the west door the visitor is at once sensible of the solemn grandeur of the nave. So perfect and harmonious is the effect that it takes some time for one to realise it is by no means all of one style. It is, in fact, a complete lesson in the gradual change from Norman, through Transitional, to perfect Early

English in the clerestory. Some clustered pillars in the north triforium are peculiar and much admired. The font, a very early Norman one, has a richly carved wooden canopy. The ceiling is of the time of Henry VII., and has some good carved bosses. It shows, among other designs, the three swans—the arms of the abbey. Passing eastward under the Norman arches of the tower, the glorious choir bursts into view. It is in the Middle Gothic or Decorated style; and, indeed, in its joyous bounding traceries, even verges into the Flamboyant. In the recent restoration lovely carved stones have been rescued from obscurity, and put together again; and in this way the screen, dividing the altar from the Lady Chapel, is now made perfect. There are four good sedilia on the south side of the sanctuary, and some curious vestment-cupboards opposite to them. On boss and canopy and doorway there is an abundancy of beautiful and grotesque carving. Perhaps most striking of all are the brackets above the capitals, the figures on which at first sight appear to be those of spirits in pain. The position of the hands seems to indicate great internal agony, but the jocund faces belie this interpretation, and they are said to be comic portraits of the monks. With the "Purgatorio" in one's mind, two with their faces very close together suggest Paolo and Francesca; but, of course, if we are to accept the latter explanation, this theory would be quite inadmissible! In strong contrast to these active figures in the choir is the very beautiful and spiritual face of a nun, almost Egyptian in its calm, which adorns the capital of a pillar in the north transept.

That the town clustered round the monastery, rather than that the church was built for the town, is evident; and one wonders what could have induced the monks to select this site, this "home of seals;" for, excepting nearness to the river, there are no natural advantages. Tradition explains it in this way:—Benedict, a young monk in the monastery at Auxerre, saw in a vision the patron of that place, St. Germain, who commanded him, "like Abraham of old, to leave his own country and go to a land that he would show him (Gen. xii. 1); telling him, further, that there was a place in England called Selby, situated on the Ouse, near the city of York, that was ordained for his praise. The saint promised Benedict his protection, comfort, and counsel; and, in addition, the gift of the finger preserved on the altar. Benedict was ordered to open his arm between the shoulder-blade and elbow, and insert the finger for its safe custody, which he should be miraculously enabled to do without feeling any pain."

He took no notice of this vision, till it had been repeated three times; but he then made it known to his brethren, and asked leave of his Superior to depart. It was refused, and all tried to persuade him to remain, but without effect; so one night he took possession of the finger, and escaped to the coast. Having reached England in safety, he inquired his way to Salisbury, supposing

that to be the place meant; but, finding it was not so, awaited further directions from the saint, which in due time were bestowed. The word Selby was distinctly pronounced, and the place shown in a vision. He resumed his journey, and arrived at Lynn, in Norfolk, and there embarked in a vessel bound for York, which had been waiting a fortnight for a favourable wind. Directly he and the finger were on board, the wind changed, and they were able to sail, and safely reached the Ouse. At the first sight of Selby he knew it to be the place shown in the vision, and he and his little band of followers landed, and set up their cross by the northern stream.

Those were dark days in the North. The greater part of Yorkshire had been ravaged by the Danes, the churches burnt, the monasteries destroyed, and the light of Christianity, which had burned so brightly under St. Aidan and the Culdees, was flickering very low. We read that "the country people never heard the name of a monk, and were frightened at their very habit." It is therefore not surprising that when Hugh, Norman Sheriff of Yorkshire, was passing down the Ouse in a boat, and saw so unusual a sight as the cross on the bank, he should land to interview the owner. He found him in prayer before his precious relic—the finger of St. Germain! The little band of "Pilgrim Fathers" then dwelt in a hut of wood and moss, sheltered by an "oak of vast size." But Hugh gave them his own tent as a shelter for the "gloriosus digitus," and sent carpenters to help in the building of a chapel.

We next find that "when, in accordance with the custom of the times, William determined to found monasteries, he selected two places, viz., Battle, in Sussex, in commemoration of the great victory of Hastings; and Selby, most probably in celebration of his conquests in the North. Both Simeon of Durham and Leland state that the abbey at Selby was founded in 1069; and on the visit of William in the following year, accompanied by his wife Matilda, his fourth and youngest son, Henry Beauclerk, afterwards Henry I., is said to have been born." A "Painted Chamber" in the abbot's house was long known as Matilda's room; though, unfortunately, a date on one of the beams proved it to have been only built in Abbot Deeping's time, viz., early in the sixteenth century.

Benedict was abbot for twenty-seven years. The church and monastic buildings were still of wood, and it was not till the reign of his successor, Abbot Hugh, that the present lordly church was begun on a site rather further from the river. The place of the humbler building is still called Church Hill, and the remains of many burials have been found there; but, of course, not a vestige of the church remains. Meanwhile the newly founded house grew and prospered. Dugdale gives a stupendous list of its possessions in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire, and of its privileges at home. Among the latter was that of "soc," or "soke"—the monopoly of flour-grinding in Selby—



SELBY ABBEY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

which continued till quite recent years, when it was decided by law that the introduction of flour ground elsewhere could not be prevented. Part of the old "soke" mill is still standing.

William appears to have been wishful to make Selby equal with York, for it was a mitred abbey, and they were the only two north of the Trent. The possession of a mitre at that time bestowed a seat in Parliament; but, strange as it may seem to us now, this was then regarded more as a burden than an honour, and many instances are recorded in which exemption was claimed.

The list of the possessions of Selby Abbey was happily preserved when many other valuable papers were destroyed by the blowing up of the Round Tower at the corner of Marygate, York (1644). Roger Dodsworth, the York historian, had just made a copy of them. The earliest record of the Abbey of Selby is found in a chronicle, entitled "The History of the Monastery of Selby, which was founded in England, in honour of St. Germain, the Bishop of Auxerre, in the year 1069," written by a young monk of the abbey in the time of Abbot Gilbert, A.D. 1174. The monk writes "that of the many and great miracles wrought at this time, the memory of but few has been preserved;" but to our nineteenth-century eyes they seem *many*, and of a decidedly utilitarian type. For instance, when a large band of Saxon robbers attacked the church with a view to plunder, the hand of the leader, Syva, stuck to the wall as he was attempting to lift the door off its hinges; and there he had to stay till found by the monks in the morning; and on another and similar occasion, when a Norman robber put a lever under the door to prise it open, he suddenly fell back, "struck by St. Germain"! He then swelled in all his limbs, his skin being inflated till it almost burst; he became of hideous blackness, both his eyes were forced from their sockets, and after three days he died. But miracles of a more genial sort were also performed. The cure of a raging maniac is recorded by the application of the napkin of St. Germain and a relic of St. Agatha; and the son of Viscount Hugh was cured of fits by the touch of the finger, in token whereof Hugh gave two lights to the church to be burned after his death. In the time of the fourth abbot, Durannus (1127—1137), the church was miraculously preserved from a surrounding flood, and another time from fire, for the flames swept past it when the town around was burning.

The Abbot Benedict had in his youth hesitated between a military life and a monastic one, and the warlike spirit never entirely forsook him; for quite in his old age he challenged Stephen, the Abbot of York, to single combat, because he, by the king's orders, was going to take Benedict into custody in consequence of his too ferocious punishment of two monks who had robbed the monastery. He seized a shepherd's staff and cried, "Let us see who is the stronger." Stephen smiled, mounted his horse, and returned home. He is not the only instance of

a very militant Selby churchman. Helias Paganellus, sixth abbot, was more than half a soldier; and held his own bravely in the stormy reign of Stephen. In 1320, again, the Scots had ravaged the greater part of Yorkshire, and made a raid on York itself. Archbishop Melton hastily collected an army of ten thousand men, mostly ecclesiastics, put himself and the Bishop of Ely at its head, and started in pursuit. They overtook the enemy at Myton-on-Swale on October 12th, 1320. The Scots had laid an ambuscade, and the "Church Party" were completely routed. About 4,000 of them fell, including 2,000 drowned in the Ouse, and 200 ecclesiastics. The latter lay on the field in full canonicals, and the battle has ever since been called the "Chapter of Myton." The Archbishop of York had a narrow escape, and the Lord Mayor (Nicholas Fleming) was killed; but the Abbot of Selby had provided himself with a "swifte horse," and escaped.

It is written of Abbot Benedict that "like as Jacob loved Leah and Rachel, he attended to both secular and spiritual affairs in the Church;" and the spirit appears to have clung to his establishment. For the monks of Selby were eminently practical as opposed to contemplative; and we find the second abbot, Hugh, working with his own hands at building the church, and receiving his wages at the end of the week along with the other workers. To this active spirit may no doubt be attributed the remarkable worldly success of so many who were here educated. The name of not one scholar is recorded, for even that of the young chronicler is lost. But we find Nicholas de Seleby, in the thirteenth century, three times Mayor of York and the first Member of Parliament elected for that city. Several others there were who were distinguished in civil affairs, but perhaps the most eminent of them was Ralph de Selby, a great favourite with both the Fourth and Fifth Henrys, who, in addition to holding a number of high ecclesiastical offices, became Baron of the Exchequer.

The last abbot was Robert Selby or Rodgers, who appears to have been a man of considerable tact, for though surrounded by the most active supporters of the insurrection called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and no doubt sympathising with it, he contrived not to be embroiled in it. This was in 1536. The next year a Royal Commission was sent to investigate, but nothing much can have been discovered, for the abbot took his seat in Parliament two years later, secured good pensions for himself and twenty-three monks, and when, in the general dissolution, resistance was no longer possible, got comfortably across to France, taking with him "all the valuables and muniments which he could safely convey." The abbey was finally surrendered to the King on December 6th, 1539, and remained in his hands till August 26th, 1541, when the abbey itself and a large part of the surrounding property were granted "to Sir Ralph Sadler, Kt., in consideration of the sum of £736 paid down, and a yearly rent of

£3 10s. 8d., and subject, doubtless, to the payment of the pensions allowed to the abbot and monks." Sir Ralph, however, parted with his new possession the same year to Leonard Beckwith, and it passed, usually by purchase, to the families of Shrewsbury, Walmsley, and Petre, and lastly to Lord Londesborough, the present owner.

The monks have passed away with their joys and their sorrows, and we profit by what their hands made. We may treat with contempt or ridicule their



GENERAL VIEW OF SELBY.

grinning caricatures of each other in the flesh, or representations of post-mortem discomfort. But may we not also think with shame how very few of the shoddy churches of the nineteenth century can possibly, after four hundred years, be in existence at all? And are we not bound to acknowledge that, in spite of the "High Art" twaddled about by "æsthetes," and the real progress made in what is undoubtedly good and beautiful, the "Dark Ages" before the Reformation were, architecturally speaking, "the good old times"?

It should be added that within the last few years the whole of the choir, which was sadly out of repair, has been restored at a cost of some £10,000, raised by contributions from all parts of the country. The east window, so long filled with broken white glass, is now beautiful with the exquisite fourteenth-century glass, and is one of the finest specimens of a Jesse window to be found in the country. It is hoped that ere long the work of rebuilding the tower and the south transept may be undertaken. When this has been done, Selby will be able to boast that it has the only complete monastic church in Yorkshire.

CONSTANCE ANDERSON.



DISTANT VIEW OF BRIXWORTH CHURCH.

BRIXWORTH AND BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

A CENTURY AFTER AUGUSTINE.

As has been already stated in this work, the remnants of churches erected during the period which elapsed between the mission of Augustine and the coming of the Norman are more numerous than perhaps might be expected. In many cases nothing more than a tower or some fragments of wall, built into a structure of later date, are left to indicate the style of a period which was almost as long as from the Conquest to the Reformation; but in some few cases the church remains in sufficient preservation to enable us to form a fairly accurate idea of its plan and elevation. Among the latter may be numbered Brixworth in Northamptonshire and Bradford-on-Avon in Wiltshire. Each belongs to the earliest of the three groups into which the pre-Norman ecclesiastical buildings have been divided; each may claim to have seen nearly twelve centuries. Brixworth is slightly the older and the less well preserved, but it has been used continuously for worship. Bradford is perhaps younger by a quarter of a century, is in a more perfect condition, but only recently has been rescued from neglect and practically disinterred.

Brixworth is a village about six miles north of Northampton, standing in a

pleasant and rolling upland district which shelves down to a tributary of the Nen. The slopes are mostly occupied by pasture; trees are common and well grown; ironstone, worked here and there, forms the cap of the plateau. Brixworth is situated on the higher ground; the church, dedicated to All Saints, and the parsonage stand at its upper end. At a distance there is little to distinguish the former from an ordinary village church in the Midlands. We see a nave without aisles, a chancel, and a tower crowned by a rather light octagonal spire with corner pinnacles, but on a second glance we note a peculiarity at each end of the building. The chancel terminates in an apse, and from the west front of the tower projects a rude heavy turret, which ends beneath the belfry windows. Yet closer inspection shows that in the walls masonry is present, which indicates that if the building be not in part of Roman age, it is constructed of Roman material and is influenced by a Roman design. Four arches of considerable size, formed of double rows of Roman brick, are built up in the side walls of the nave. Remnants of clerestory windows, small but similar in style, are to be seen in the wall above; fragments of the same kind of work can be found in the chancel and elsewhere. Some have thought this building a Roman basilica which was afterwards converted into a church, but apart from other difficulties the nearly square chancel, which intervenes between the nave and the apse, seems to indicate that the building was originally constructed for Christian worship. Indeed, it is surprising to meet with Roman material at all, for though a few Roman coins and Roman urns have been discovered at Brixworth, and there are some traces of entrenchments about 300 yards north-west of the church, there is no direct evidence that it was ever a station of any importance. Still, it is clear that either here or elsewhere within reach there must have been a rather large and well-constructed Roman structure, whether it were temple, basilica, or villa, which served as a quarry when first a church was built in this extreme corner of the once great forest of Rockingham.

It appears from certain evidence* that a church was built here about the year 680 and attached to the Abbey of Medeshamstede—even then an important one, but in later times better known as the "Golden Burg of Peter." Afterwards, in the thirteenth century, it was transferred to Salisbury Cathedral, and till quite recently was held by the chancellor as his prebend. The original church consisted of a nave about 60 feet long and 30 wide, with aisles of which the foundations have been discovered, and east of each was a small, nearly square chapel. The aisles were divided from the nave by rectangular piers or portions of wall, which supported semicircular arches. The wall above was pierced by small clerestory windows of like form, which are inserted over the middle of the piers. The division of the nave and chancel was marked by a large

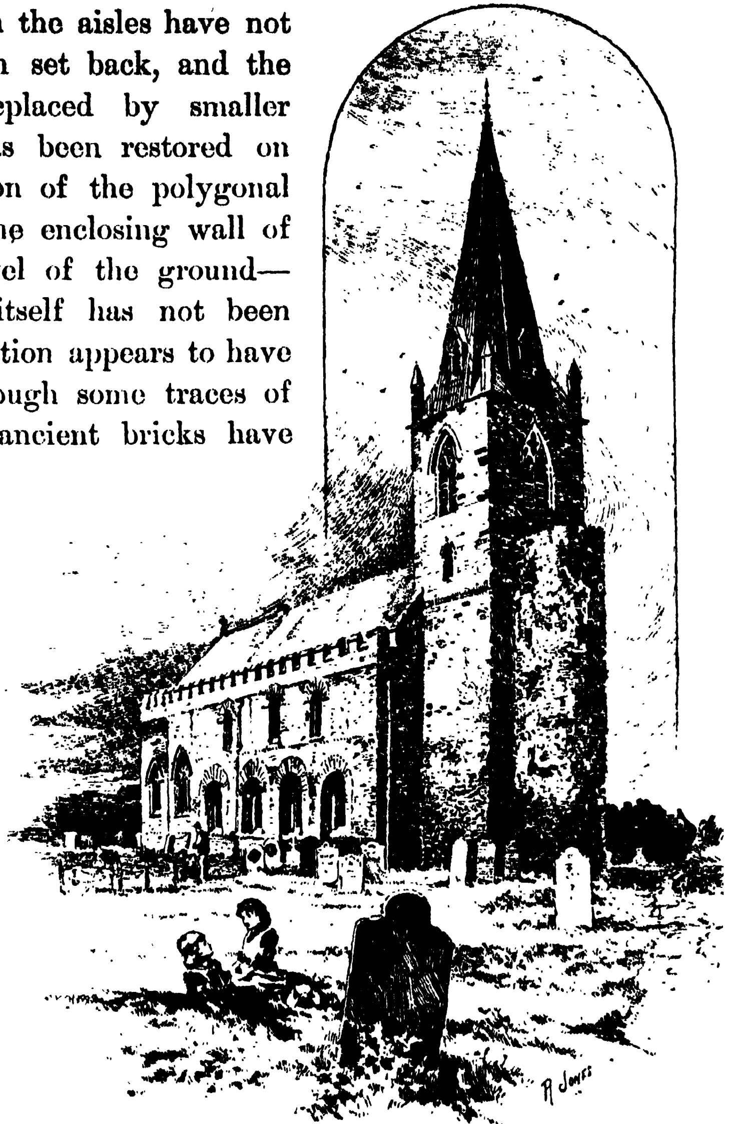
* G. A. Poole, Assoc. Architect. Societies' Reports, 1850, p. 127.

originally tripartite arch which in later times was greatly altered; the latter communicated with the eastern chapels, but was without aisles or clerestory, and from it a much smaller arch led into the apse or "sanctuary." This appears to have been rather elongated and was externally polygonal. It rose above substructures, the plan of which was peculiar. On either side of the above-named arch, in the eastern wall of the chancel, are narrow doors, from which formerly was a descent to a subterranean ambulatory, external to the wall of the apse, which at the eastern end opened into a kind of passage or elongated chamber running westward beneath the floor of the apse, an arrangement resembling that which, according to Eadmar, existed in the old cathedral of Canterbury, as it also did in the original church of St. Peter at Rome. The nave had a moderate-sized western door, above which was a triplet of small windows, which still may be seen, though they were damaged at a very early date by the insertion of a window giving borrowed light to a chamber in the tower. The lowest part of this is of the same date as the church. There are traces of some kind of flanking buildings, and Sir G. G. Scott was of opinion that the tower is not quite so old as the church, and rests upon the walls of a "narthex" or portico, which probably once extended along the whole breadth of the façade. This was a common feature in some of the earliest churches, as may be seen, though rarely, at Rome and at Ravenna in buildings which do not differ much in date from that at Brixworth. Subsequently part of this portico was incorporated into a western tower; but the change was made at a very early period, for the tower is certainly older than the Norman Conquest, the masonry being rude and the window just mentioned having baluster shafts, like those at Earls Barton, characteristic of pre-Norman work. To the same date may be referred the singular western turret, which by being built against the original west door cuts off all access to the tower from the outside.* The intent of this change may have been to adapt the tower for defensive purposes. In Norman times a southern porch was added or rebuilt. This was afterwards taken down and set back in the wall. Many changes were subsequently made. The aisles were pulled down and the interspaces of the arches filled in, perhaps rather before the middle of the fourteenth century. Decorated and Perpendicular windows were inserted here and there rather promiscuously, and a side chapel was built on the south. The upper portion of the tower and an octagonal spire were added during the former period, and the apse was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VI.

In the year 1866 a very thorough restoration was undertaken. "The church has been cleared of all obscuring plaster. The arches and their piers have been

* The relations of this part of the building are, however, very perplexing; all that seems clear is that the tower was not part of the original design, and was adapted afterwards (prior to the Conquest) if it was not originally built for defensive purposes.

thoroughly disclosed, and, although the aisles have not been restored, the walls have been set back, and the intruded windows have been replaced by smaller round-headed ones. The apse has been restored on the old foundations, since a portion of the polygonal wall was discovered in place. The enclosing wall of the ambulatory"—beneath the level of the ground—"is traced, but the ambulatory itself has not been rebuilt." On the whole the restoration appears to have been well and carefully done, though some traces of Roman mortar adhering to the ancient bricks have been concealed by new pointing. In the interior of the church there is little to attract notice besides the remains of the ancient masonry except that a roughly carved eagle was found during the restoration, which had been built into the jamb of the southern door. A hole drilled into the block was possibly made, as suggested in Murray's Guide, originally to hold a standard. A crossed-legged effigy in a small Early English chantry on the south side of the chancel commemorates Sir John de Verdun, once lord of the manor. Early in the present century, on taking down a bracket in the south aisle, a wooden box was disclosed, containing part of a human larynx and a strip of parchment or paper, which fell to dust immediately. Probably this was a relic, doubtless very precious in its day, but, like many museum specimens, it had lost its label, and with that most of its value.*



BRIXWORTH, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

The second church to claim our attention stands in a very distant part of the country, and is remarkably different from that at Brixworth in situation, in material, and in design. In the valley of the Avon, some nine miles from Bath, is the old-fashioned town of Bradford—the Broad Ford—noted in its day,

* I am indebted to the Rev. J. F. Halford, Vicar of Brixworth, for kind replies to inquiries.

like its northern namesake, for the manufactory of woollen cloth. The river has cut deep into the limestone upland; it has carved out a winding valley, of which the steeply sloping sides are green with grass or shady with copses. They lead up to gently undulating downs, where the cream-coloured rock here and there gleams out amid the herbage; they lead down either to the water's edge or to some strip of meadow which is soon fringed by willows and reeds, and washed by the sliding stream. On such a slope the town is built. It stretches along the river margin, it climbs the long slope to the upland, it spans the Avon by a picturesque old bridge which joins it with a little suburb on the left bank. The parish church with its spire and shady churchyard lies in the lower part of the town, from which a large garden with trees worthy of a park covers part of the slope, "cutting"—but how pleasantly!—"a monstrous cantle out." The houses, built of stone which changes with advancing years from yellow to grey, are of a quaint old-fashioned type, and group picturesquely on the steeply sloping site.

The little church of St. Lawrence, which is the chief attraction to Bradford-on-Avon, stands to the north-east of the parish church, and is parted from the graveyard by a narrow street. Its discovery is one of the most remarkable episodes in English archæology. Some forty years ago its existence was unsuspected, its name forgotten; it had disappeared from sight as completely and for a longer time than the regalia of Scotland, and yet, like those, might have been found at any moment. Possibly now and then a mason more observant than his fellows may have remarked in repairing the walls of a certain block of buildings that there was "some queer work built into them, the likes of which he did not remember to have seen anywhere else." The church, in short, was completely masked by commonplace and more recent buildings. It was divided by a floor, and a part of it was used as a free school. But in the year 1857 the vicar of the parish, the Rev. W. H. Jones,* had promised to prepare a paper for the Wiltshire Archæological Society on the antiquities of Bradford, and for the purpose of a general survey walked up to a commanding position called Tory Hill, on which stands a chapel dedicated to St. Mary. His eye was caught by a peculiar arrangement of the roof in one part of this group of buildings. This, he felt convinced, indicated an early date and an ecclesiastical purpose. Further investigation strengthened this opinion; experts visited the place, and after such scrutiny as was then possible came to the conclusion that the structure was probably much older than the Norman Conquest. There was already a suspicion that the church which St. Aldhelm was known to have founded had stood near this spot, for stone coffins had been unearthed close by, and two sculptured figures of angels, obviously very ancient, had been discovered in making some repairs in the interior of the school-house. History then came

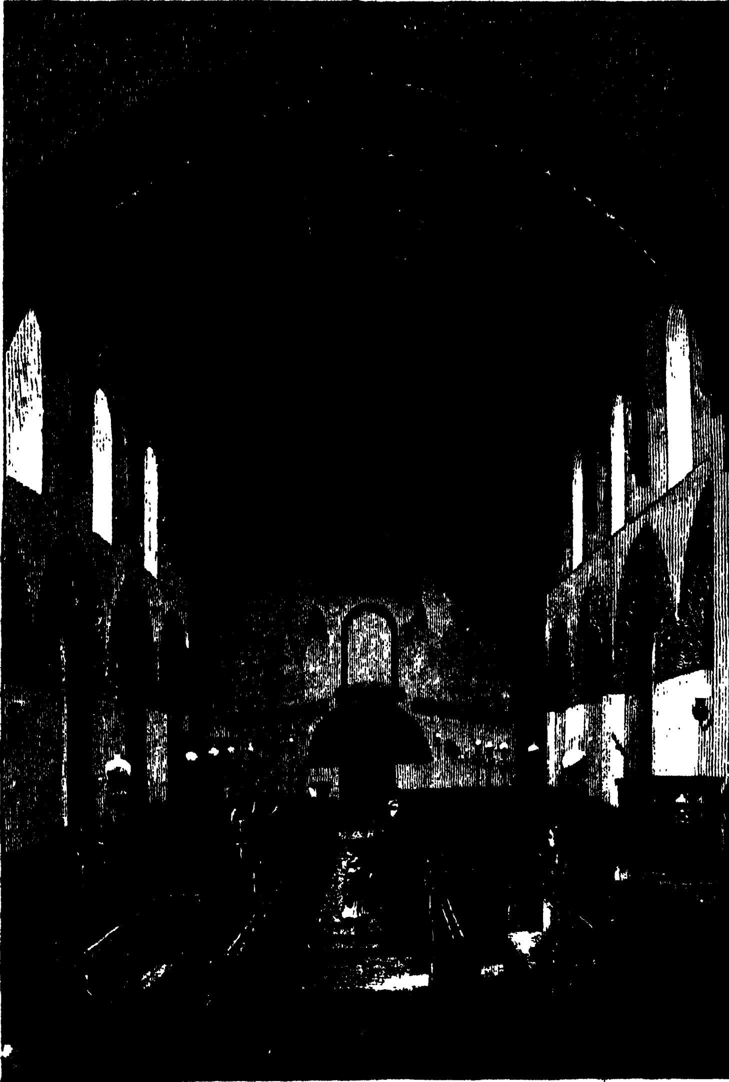
* Journal of the Archæological Association, 1875, p. 143.

to the aid of the archæologist. William of Malmesbury, early in the twelfth century, speaking of Bradford, writes, "There is at the present day on that site at Bradford a little church which Aldhelm is stated to have built in honour of the most blessed Laurentius." The place was the scene of a victory gained by Cenwealth, Aldhelm's uncle, over the revolted Britons. This occurred in the year 652, and the foundation of a monastery, to which no doubt the "ecclesiola" was attached, is known to have been in or about the year 705. To acquire possession of the fabric, to disinter it from encumbering masonry, and to restore it as far as was necessary, was a more tedious and difficult process than might have been expected; but thanks largely to the energy of Canon Jones, this was at last accomplished, and the church can now be readily examined, and, with one exception, is in a state of preservation surprisingly good. The structure evidently is not the work of a Norman architect. The masonry, the ornamentation, present such marked differences that this seems impossible. Hence, since it cannot be much later, we are justified in regarding it as distinctly earlier than the Conquest. As it also differs in these respects from the later "Saxon" buildings, an early rather than a late date in the pre-Norman era seems probable. This being so, we need not hesitate to identify this little church with the *ecclesiola* built by Aldhelm, so that its date can be fixed with greater precision than that of any other building which was erected during the two or three centuries after the landing of Augustine.

A word in passing may be said of Aldhelm, the founder. A member of the royal family of Wessex, he studied first under Maildulf, an Irishman, at the place now called Malmesbury, and afterwards under Theodore of Canterbury, being learned, according to his biographers, in Hebrew as well as in Greek. He received the tonsure, and on the death of Maildulf was appointed Abbot of Malmesbury. Here he did much to spread the knowledge of Christianity in the south-west of England, founding monasteries at Frome and Bradford, and co-operating with King Ina in the restoration of Glastonbury. On the subdivision of Wessex, in the year 705, he was appointed bishop of the western portion, and he died four years after his consecration. He was zealous in the work of education, and aided in the establishment of numerous monastic schools in Wessex, and "was the first Englishman who cultivated classical learning with any success, and the first of whom any literary remains are preserved."

The "ecclesiola" consists of a nave, a chancel on a distinctly lower level, and a north porch smaller than the chancel, but large in comparison with the building as a whole. A corresponding structure has existed on the south side, but of this unfortunately only the foundation remains. In early churches we commonly find a porch in this position, but as there is undoubtedly one on the north, it has been suggested that the structure may have been a priest's chamber.

The church is constructed of well-squared blocks of limestone, of rather large size. The lower stage consists of plain masonry, relieved only by a few very shallow pilasters. The upper stage of the chancel is wrought into an arcade composed of extremely plain semicircular arches, which are, as it were, chiselled out of the masonry. At the east end their piers are slightly fluted or grooved; elsewhere they are plain. This arcading is carried along the walls of the nave, but here it supports a third stage, which, however, is only a blank wall. The ornamented stage also continues along the porch, but as its walls are lower than those of the chancel, the arches are cut off, and the arcade thereby is replaced by a kind of panelling. In the east gable of the nave are some shallow pilasters, the meaning of which it is not easy to ascertain. The masonry is good throughout; the design is very simple, but the work is well executed, as if it had been done by a man who was familiar with good models.



BRIXWORTH, LOOKING WEST.

On entering the building three characteristics at once strike us—its smallness, its height,* and its darkness. The west windows are modern, and are believed to be insertions; there are two, and apparently only two, belonging to the original building, both small and not widely splayed, one in the nave and the other in the

* According to that very useful little book, "Architecture in Relation to our Parish Churches," by the Rev. H. H. Bishop, the dimensions, on the authority of Canon Jones, are as follows:—The nave is 24 feet 2 inches by 13 feet 2 inches and 25 feet 5 inches high; the chancel 13 feet 2 inches by 10 feet and 18 feet 4 inches high; the porch 9 feet 11 inches by 10 feet 5 inches and 15 feet 6 inches high.

chancel. This seems to indicate that glass was either unknown or very rare, for the building, except perhaps on a brilliant summer day, must have required artificial light. The chancel arch is narrow but high,* so that the priest within



BRADFORD-ON-AVON, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

must have been invisible to most of the congregation. Indeed, the whole plan of Bradford and some other of these early churches indicates, to quote the words of Mr. G. G. Scott, that "there was an influence at work in the ecclesiastical development of the Saxon period other than that which is distinctly Italian and Roman. I have myself little doubt that this was derived from the tradition of the British Church." From the "Roman Fashion," as it is called by some contemporary writers, this peculiar English type differs chiefly in the following respects: in the former the general plan of a basilica is followed; the altar occupying the apse, and being the most conspicuous object in the church. In the latter the east end is often square, as here at Bradford, at Dover Castle, and at Repton, and the west wall of the chancel to some extent seems to play the part of the Iconostasis in a Greek church. There are also transepts or transeptal buildings, lower in level than the nave, as at Dover, and perhaps we may say also in the present instance, a practice which afterwards became common. Then, as at the former

* About 3 feet by 10 feet.

church, there might be a central tower, or one at the west end, as became the common practice, especially in village churches, instances of which are quoted in a former paper. Except the last, all these arrangements are obviously incompatible with the basilica type. The only other feature which calls for notice in the interior of St. Lawrence, except that the level of the chancel floor is a few inches below that of the nave, is that the rudely sculptured figures of angels already mentioned are built into the wall over the arch. Though probably pre-Norman, it may be doubted whether they belong to Aldhelm's time. One or two ancient sculptured stones found during the works are placed against the western wall of the nave.



DOORWAY, BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

The parish church of Bradford-on-Avon, though by no means in the first class of such structures, is not without interest. The greater part is Decorated in style, with Perpendicular additions and alterations, but it incorporates some remnants of an earlier Norman structure. It contains two or three monuments worth notice, but we must not linger over these or the other antiquities of Bradford; such as the restored chapel—in the Perpendicular style—on Tory Hill; the mediæval bridge, which is still, as it was in Aubrey's days, "strong and handsome," and on which may yet be seen the building which was once "a chapel for mass;" nor on the many picturesque houses in the town, chief among which is the Duke's or Kingston House, a fine ornate Jacobean structure which takes its name from the Dukes of Kingston, to whom it once belonged. In short, there is more to see in Bradford than in most towns of the same size, but in the *Ecclesiola* it possesses a building of unique interest.

T. G. BONNEY.



VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

WIMBORNE MINSTER.

A SAXON FOUNDATION.

WIMBORNE MINSTER gives to Dorsetshire the distinction of possessing one of the oldest ecclesiastical establishments in England whose history can be traced back with any degree of certainty. From the Harleian MSS. and sundry monkish chronicles, including the *Annales de Derleye*, we learn that the nunnery from which the present foundation originated was built and endowed by Cuthberga, daughter of Kenred and sister of Ina, kings of the West Saxons in the earliest years of the eighth century, different authorities assigning to it various dates between 705 and 720. The earliest is probably the right one, for Regner in his Tracts alludes to an epistle thus dated from St. Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, taken out of the register of Malmesbury, and including in his list of congregations possessing the liberty of election the monastery of "Winburnia," presided over by the sister of the King. Cuthberga herself married Egfred, or as he is quite as frequently called in early records, Osric King of Northumbria, from whom she obtained a divorce as soon as possible, and went to the Convent of Barking. Her sister Quinberga was a co-foundress with her of the institution at Wimborne, and the two princesses were both buried there. On their deaths both were canonised as saints, though Cuthberga seems to have been the more famous of the two, and the 31st of August was set apart to her memory. In the ancient "Use" of Sarum a special office was assigned to her as "a virgin, but not a martyr."

Of this ancient building, however, no traces are believed to exist, and it is not even thought that the present noble minster stands upon its site. Under Saxon rule it was probably the most important church foundation of the district,

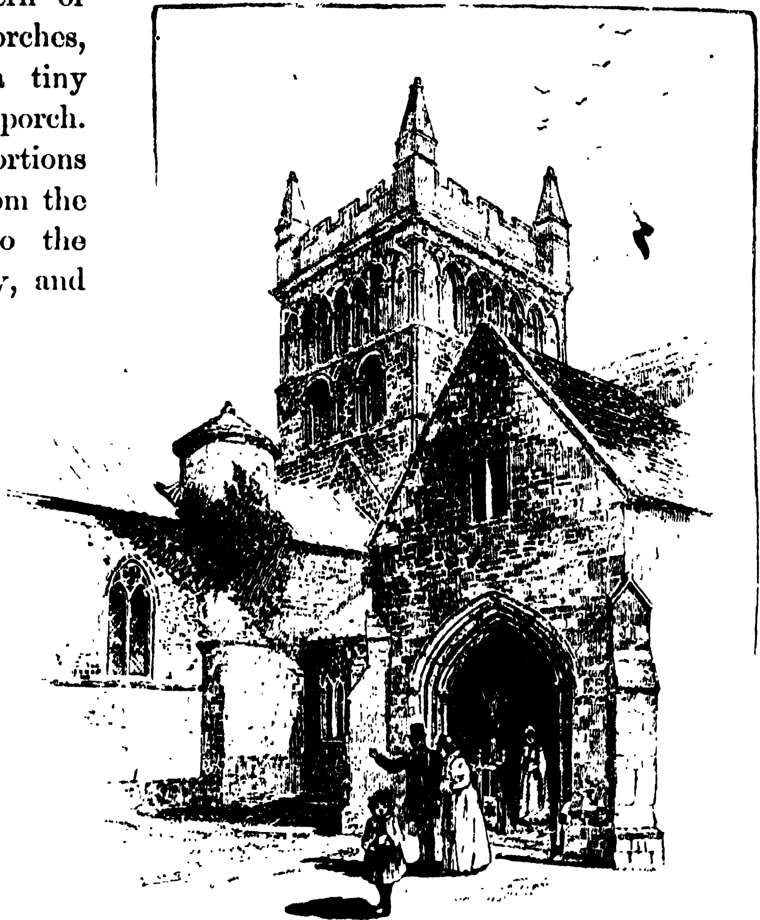


THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST.

judging from the fact that the body of Ethelred I., brother of Alfred, was brought here for interment after his death in an encounter with the Danes, on some spot near, though local historians are divided as to its exact position. William of Malmesbury states that Alfred fortified Shaftesbury in 880, and Hutchins, the erudite historian of Dorset, infers that it is likely he would have enriched and beautified the establishment to his beloved brother's memory. However, there are very early chronicles which indicate that the foundation as a nunnery was either swept away by the invading Danes, or dissolved, for Edward the Confessor converted it into a Collegiate Church and Royal Free Chapel, with a house of secular canons attached, and then it is that we lose all records of the original institution, to meet fresh ones in the architecture of the standing walls.

Speaking generally and broadly, Wimborne Minster belongs to the long architectural period between Later Norman and Perpendicular. In shape it is cruciform, and consists of a central lantern tower, nave and choir, with aisles,

transepts without aisles, western or bell tower, north and south porches, crypt, vestry, library, and a tiny priest's room over the north porch. The dates of these various portions can be accurately assigned from the early part of the twelfth to the middle of the fifteenth century, and the central tower is the oldest part, forming indeed the nucleus to which all else was subsequently added. This stands upon four semicircular arches, and all the other Norman piers which remain save these have pointed arches. Mr. C. H. Mayo, a local antiquary of great authority, speaks thus:—"The masonry is good, neither fine jointed nor very coarse. There is very little sculpture, the capitals being extremely plain except in the side arches of the choir, where they are rather rudely carved. These data, as we have no authentic record of the foundation of the church, would lead us to place it early in the twelfth century. The use of pointed arches abutting as these do on undoubtedly early solid piers, is not common; they must be as early specimens as are to be found anywhere of this form of arch." The original church when complete was probably about half the size of the present one, from the very careful estimates which Mr. Mayo was able to form during the restoration, commenced about 1855 and completed in 1857.


THE IVY TOWER.

This tower is divided into four storeys, the piers of the arches having pairs of shafts, and on these rest first a dark triforium or gallery in the wall, then a clerestory with two windows, and a belfry storey shut away from the rest, and which can only be seen from outside. The triforium is the most interesting stage, having two broad and slightly pointed arches on each of the four sides, sparely adorned with carvings of grotesque heads and rude foliage. The gallery path is nowhere more than 4 feet 6 inches in breadth. This massive tower

was originally surmounted by a tall spire of equal height, according to legend, with that of Salisbury, but this is only traditional. It fell in 1600, being finally blown down by a great gale, though the churchwarden's books for more than half-a-century previously contained entries regarding its patchwork repairs.

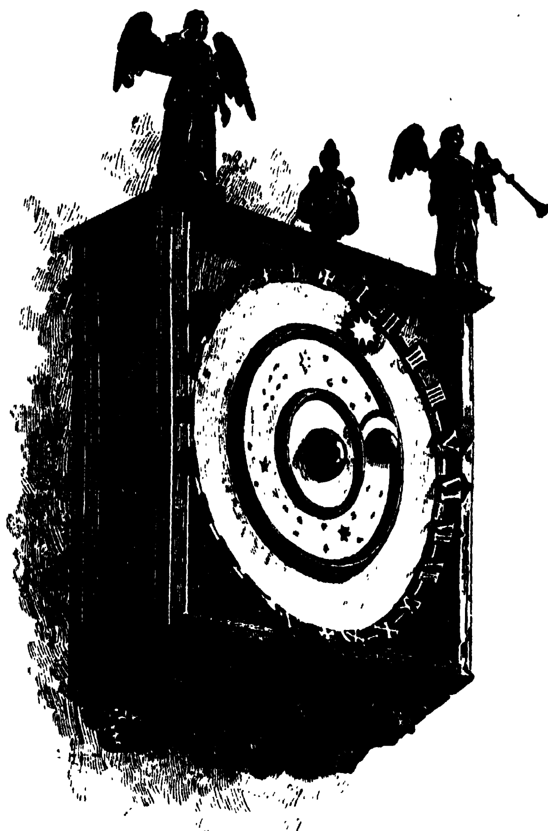
The next stage of Norman masonry occurs in the nave, the first three bays towards the western end being Later Norman. In all, there are six pier arches here, and on the first three, which are pointed, is chevron ornamentation. This marks the length of the original Norman edifice, and the end arches are presumably of the Decorated period, which commenced early in the fourteenth century; but they cannot lay claim to being considered architecturally the equals to those to which they are joined, and are but poor examples. Above them is a Perpendicular clerestory, which is thought from technical indications to have been built at the same time as the bell tower, or between 1448 and 1464. The aisles again belong to the Decorated order, and have no west windows. Those along the sides, five in number, have two graceful lights. The building material used here is Purbeck marble varied with red-brown sandstone; the two uniting to form a pleasing colour effect.

In the choir and its aisles we encounter Early English work. Wimborne Minster derives its strongly impressive aspect from its almost unique choir and presbytery, which are raised above the nave by some fifteen steps, seven of which lead up to the altar. This gives an imposing grandeur to the east end of the building, which rivals and even surpasses many of our cathedrals. The choir, therefore, is raised several feet above the aisles, which run the full length of the building, and are divided from it by a screen of masonry, solid save for a tall lancet window on either side, and a very richly moulded pier arch. The east window is a very fine specimen of Early English design, consisting of a tall triplet of lancets, the middle one being the highest. In the thin wall in which they are set separate openings are pierced, that above in the centre light being a quatrefoil, and those of the sides two sexfoil. Finely worked dog-tooth ornament appears on the middle light, and the rest of the mouldings are plain. The south choir aisle has a large five-light window at the east end, and its general character is Late Decorated. The north one resembles it, save in being a foot or so less in breadth, and that it has three windows of two lights each, besides its east one, instead of two with three lights. The crypt below the presbytery is vaulted, and supported on two pairs of columns. Early English and Decorated features are repeated here; and it is lighted by four windows, one of which remained for five centuries uncompleted, and was only finished in 1856. The north transept is longer than the south, and the additional length goes by the name of Brembre's Chantry. Its founder

was one of the canons, who died in 1361, and, it is believed, was buried here. The south transept has an altar recess, and both incorporate a trace or two of Norman origin, though they are predominantly Early Decorated. The western or bell tower is the latest addition to the building, and appears to have been commenced about 1450, for the purpose of receiving the bells. It is connected with the nave by a lofty Perpendicular arch, and contains a peal of eight bells, of which the dates of the first six are 1629, 1686, 1686, 1600 (with the inscription "Sound out the Bells, in God Rejoice"), 1798, and 1528 (recast in 1629). Fixed to the south wall of this tower is a remarkable old orrery, on the Ptolemaic system. The earth is fixed in the centre, and the sun, moon, and stars revolve round it in their several places. A rod from the clock gives motion to its works, and it shows the relative positions of sun and moon, the daily age of the moon during the lunar month, and its daily distance from the sun. The invention is assigned to Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, and its date is approximately 1320, prior therefore to Copernicus' discovery of the true solar system in 1543. It still goes with perfect regularity. Wimborne too is proud of its clock upon this tower, which has a soldier sentinel to mark time's flight upon a pair of bells.

The history of the minster, subsequent to the hazy distances after its foundation and Norman re-building, does not take long to tell. Ecclesiastically it ranked as a deanery in the gift of the Crown, and we have a complete list of those who held this office between 1224 and 1547, when it was dissolved. Many of them were worthy men, but the most famous occupant of the deanery was Reginald Pole, the son of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, who was born in 1500, and was only seventeen when he came to this post, He is not, however, buried in Wimborne, but at Canterbury, close to the site of Thomas A'Beckett's shrine. Another benefactress of the church was that great and good patroness of learning, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the "Lady Margaret" of Cambridge Collegiate foundations, and mother of Henry VII. She endowed the original "Seminary," which, under Elizabeth, became a Grammar School, and she conferred other advantages upon the town, in memory of her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. She left some magnificent vestments to the church, and the 9th of July, until after the Reformation, was observed as an anniversary of her memory with a special Office and High Mass. On the abolition of the deanery the foundation became a Royal Peculiar and Exempt Jurisdiction, under the ministrations of three "Priest Vicars," elected by the Corporation. These served for a month in turn, and the Corporation had the power to appoint one of them — termed the "Official"—to hold courts and grant licences, and who, by virtue of this dignity, held his own visitations. Some of the oldest inhabitants still living

can remember how the court used to be held in the north aisle, the official sitting at a desk, and having the other two priest vicars on either hand, while at a long table were the churchwardens and sidesmen, the vestry clerks and apparitors. But these anomalous livings were swept aside by an Act of Parliament some half a century ago, and though Wimborne was thus ministered to until 1876, it may now be regarded as a living held under the usual conditions, and under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Salisbury.



ORRERY IN BELL TOWER.

The monuments in Wimborne Minster are of great interest, and first and foremost among them comes the brass let into the pavement of the presbytery to Ethelred I. It represents a crowned figure of three-quarter length, clad in kingly robes of ermine, holding a sceptre. The inscription runs thus:—

> In hoc loco qviescit corpvs S^{ti}
> Ethelredi Regis West Saxonum martyris
> Qva^{no} D^{ni} 873-23 die Aprilis per manus
> Dacorvm Paganorvm OCCVBVIT—

and below it is a shield with a cross. Both Leland and Camden record the inscription, and the theory is that it is a copy of a much older one. The view is justified by the fact that a piece of a second brass plate was found between the leaves of one of the old books in the library, and it is inferred that the original was secreted for safety during the civil wars. Experts pronounce the effigy and shield to belong to the fourteenth century. In this connection a strange coincidence may be noticed, which seems to have escaped the attention of the numerous antiquarian writers who have discussed and described the building. The minster now shares with only two or three other churches in England—among them is one in or near Coventry, and another at Much Wenlock—the distinction of possessing no altar rails. These as a mere modern excrescence were removed in 1852, and now three fine old oak benches are placed before the table at which the communicants kneel. The late sexton, whose memory carried him back almost to Waterloo, and who was devoted to the old church and its traditions, could recall the time when there were ten of them, and they were placed upon the steps. The clerk, on the occasions of a celebration of the Sacrament, used to take his place at the

lectern, and to say in a loud voice, "All who are prepared to receive the Holy Communion draw near." All who did so came to the chancel and remained kneeling at the benches or the choir-stalls, until the sacred elements were



THE LIBRARY.

brought to each one. This custom was discontinued with the abolition of the rails, and only three are now in use. But week-days and services alike these remain. The rails formerly were covered with "fair linen cloths," which, through all the days of strife and struggle, of conquests and crusades, in the Wars of the Roses, through the Reformation and martyrs' deaths, through the overthrow of the monarchy, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and all the later pages of our history, have retained their old Saxon name of "The Houseling Linen." * And over the memorial to this gentle Saxon Prince the linen thus named in his own day is actually standing.

To come back, however, to the monuments. There is a very ancient one, unnamed, to a Knight Crusader, and under the pier arch, on the north side of

* The word "housel" for sacrament is pronounced obsolete in Johnson, though we recall Shakespeare's use of it in *Hamlet*, where the ghost says:—

> "Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
> Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,
> Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
> Unhouseled, unanointed, unaneled."

the presbytery, is one of Purbeck marble to Gertrude Courtenay, Countess of Devonshire. Her husband, the last Earl of Devonshire, was beheaded, with Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and others, for conspiracy, in 1538, and she also was sentenced to death, but was pardoned. The tomb was foolishly opened at the close of the last century, and the body appeared so perfect that an idiotic effort was made to seat it upright, when it tumbled to fragments, while the brass shields and other interesting features of the tomb were lost or stolen. Under the opposite side is the large square monument to John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and his wife, the parents of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, upon which their effigies are finely carved in alabaster. As a work of art, however, the finest monument in the minster is the one in pure Italian Renaissance to Sir Edmund Uvedale, who died in 1606, and whose widow, as an inscription states, erected it "In dolefull dutie." It consists of a solid base, on which the worthy old knight is depicted as a soldier rising from sleep to obey the last trumpet call.

Close beside the organ, under an arch, is a massive coffin, or rather sarcophagus of slate, emblazoned with many coats of arms, and a date thus written, 1 6 9 3, or the years respectively 1691 and 1703; this contains the bones of a highly eccentric individual, named Anthony Ettricke, who directed in his will that he was to be interred in a consecrated spot, but neither in the church nor in the churchyard, a problem solved by the selection of a niche in the wall. The explanation of the two dates is thus given in Hutchins' veracious County History: "This Anthony Ettricke was bred to the law, and towards the latter end of his life grew very humoursome, phlegmatic, and credulous, of an impulse of spirit insomuch, that having once (as I have been credibly informed) a share in a ship and cargo, and receiving advice that the same was safely delivered in Portland Road, he was so far persuaded that the same ship would be lost before she could reach the port of London, to which she was consigned, that he sold his share therein, though at a very considerable discount. He had, however, the good fortune to be a great gainer in the end, for (agreeably to forebodings) the ship was lost in her passage. Whether these or other accidents in life gave him occasion, I cannot say, but he afterwards remained fully persuaded that he should die in the year 1691, and accordingly procured this tomb to be made, and had that date cut thereon as may be plainly seen, the same being altered to 1703, in which year he died and was buried. In the year 1692 he obtained a licence from the Rev. William Watkinson, official of Wimborne, for erecting this tomb, and for such liberty gave to the church for ever a rent of 20 shillings from a farm." When the Duke of Monmouth was captured after Sedgmoor on Horton Heath, about six miles from Wimborne, he was brought before this curious man as chief magistrate,



Photo: Frith & Co., Reigate.

WIMBORNE MINSTER, FROM THE NORTH-EAST

and by him was sent to Ringwood for further examination, before being tried at Whitehall. Two of Defoe's daughters are buried in the north aisle. The oldest—Henrietta—married an officer of excise named John Boston, who was quartered in Wimborne; she died May 5, 1760. Her unmarried sister, Hannah, had evidently been staying with her, and just a year previously had been laid here to rest. There is a strong division of opinion as to whether or not Wimborne may claim Matthew Prior as a native. In the firm belief that it can do so, Mr. Weld Taylor and some other admirers of the poet have placed a brass to his memory in the western tower.

The library is situated over the vestry, and is approached through a small doorway under one of the Norman arches of the south aisle. It may be regarded as a forerunner of our modern free libraries, for the collection of books which it contains was given by the Rev. William Stone in 1686, "for the free use of the townspeople of Wimborne." Its oldest possession is a manuscript of 1343, containing instructions for those having the care of souls, and entitled *Regimen Animarum.* It is neatly written on vellum with some pleasing initial letters, and has at the end a formula of absolution for the patient scribe. Nearly all the two hundred and fifty books in this library are fastened by about three feet of iron chain, on which is a stout ring running upon an iron rod. This enabled readers to consult the works at the desks provided, but not to carry them away. Among the most valuable works are a copy of the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Spanish Inquisition of 1601 and a sadly mutilated, but skilfully repaired, copy of the first edition of Raleigh's "History of the World" (1614). The organ contains some of the stops which were in the one built by Hayward of Bath in 1664 at a cost of £180, though it is often attributed to "Father Smith." Since then it has been much enlarged and improved; it now has three manuals, a "great," "choir," and "swell," with forty-two stops, and is one of the finest instruments in the south-west.

One word in commendation of the admirable care with which the building, now wholly restored, is kept. No one who visits it can fail to remark the decency and order of all its fittings and surroundings. Wimborne itself is a quiet country town, and but for this noble legacy from the dim past would enjoy little claim to notice. It is pleasant to record, therefore, that its inhabitants are worthily mindful of their valuable heritage, and guard with affectionate reverence the walls that are hallowed by so many prayers and historic associations.

MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.

HALIFAX AND BRADFORD.

AMONG SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

"BLACK but comely." The lovers of the mother church in Halifax have applied to her these ever-attractive words, touchingly originated, so many centuries ago, in a half-pleading self-defence, by the Egyptian Princess brought to live far away from her "own country and her father's house" among the fairer "daughters of Jerusalem." And the appropriation is by no means inapt, for the venerable pile does stand alone in a marked degree, a bit out of another age, surviving amid the wheely whirl of the modern manufacturing town. In the daylight, and surrounded by the active life of the place, it is not easy to picture Halifax other than as the abode of business; but when dark clouds are on the hills, and at night when the moon gleams fitfully, the mind may form some idea of how weird were these hills and valleys of the waste West Riding when haunted by the wolf and the wild boar, and when monks and hermits retired hither for solitude and prayer. There was a hermitage here in very early times, but no record appears of any religious house. William de Warren, who died in 1138, gave the church, and a considerable grant of lands in the manor, to the monastery of St. Pancrace at Lewes; and probably the spiritual wants of the inhabitants were ministered to by the monks of that community, for, in 1273, when it was made into a vicarage, one of them, Ingolard Turbard, was chosen for the first vicar, and they continued to present to it till the Reformation.

The church, venerable and ivy-grown, is on the outside almost entirely Perpendicular. It consists of nave, choir and aisles, and two side chapels, but no transepts. The nave and aisles are battlemented, with the battlement broken at intervals by pinnacles. There is a handsome tower at the west end, having in its front a door with pointed arch, and a large Perpendicular window; above this is a long plain space, and then two windows on each side of the tower, the whole finished by a parapet and unusually handsome pinnacles. It contains a fine peal of bells, many of which have rhyming inscriptions. Entering the church, the visitor with even a moderate eye for "old stones" will at once become aware that, in spite of the wonderful uniformity achieved outside, it is a church with an interesting architectural history. A large piece of wall in the north aisle is lovingly shown as a genuine Saxon fragment, and the dimensions of the first little church can be guessed. The tower must have originally stood at the south-west corner, instead of at the middle

of the west end; the strong buttresses here are plainly intended to support something heavy, and one of them has drip-mouldings, which would not, of course, have been originally put inside the church; there is also a staircase



HALIFAX, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

which in the present arrangement leads to nothing. It is rather puzzling to find the chancel arch placed two bays down the nave; and this has occasioned a good deal of discussion, but the general opinion seems to be that it belonged to a former church, which was lengthened and remodelled in the course of the fifteenth century. The choir was naturally moved eastward, and the rood-loft was re-erected in the new position. There are traces, indeed, both of this and of the older rood-loft, and, in the case of the later one, the staircase is still intact. There is a very beautiful carved wood screen, partly ancient, and the carving on the misereres and in other parts of the choir is original and particularly good. Under this part of the church are two large rooms, for which the rise of the chancel steps and the dip of the ground give space. They are used as vestry and library, and are reached by a staircase from each side of the altar. Near to these stairs is the interesting monument of Doctor John Favour, Vicar

of Halifax, who died in 1623. The Doctor is represented in an attitude of preaching. He has been described by one eulogist as "a good Divine, a good Physician, and a good Lawyer." What a tower of strength for both body and soul!

The two side chapels, that of Rokeby on the north and of Holdsworth on the south, almost produce the effect of transepts, though the latter is much the larger. The bowl of the font is Norman, with a fine Perpendicular canopy. Near it is the quaint figure of an old man, which holds the poor-box. It represents "Old Tristram," in his life-time a professional beggar in Halifax. At the west end of the south aisle stands what is to some the most interesting monument in the church. It is in memory of Robert Ferrar, a native of Halifax, last Prior of Nostel, subsequently Protestant Bishop of St. David's, and finally burnt for heresy in 1555. In the vestry is a document bearing Ferrar's signature.

Among the testamentary records the following appear:—

"July 12, 1402, John del Burgh, of Halifax, made his will, and left his soul to God Almighty, St. Mary, and all Saints, and ordered his body to be buried in the Parish Church of Halifax."

"November 21, 1437, Henry Savyle, of Halifax, Esq., soul and bodye as above."

Surely this latter entry is an unusual specimen of condensation.

As it is now, this church contains a remarkable amount of what is interesting and beautiful, but, while giving due credit for the energetic way in which everything has been "cleaned up," it would be cowardly not to make a protest against the merciless chopping and removal of what, to many minds, is of the greatest value and interest. The monument to Doctor Favour has been removed from its original situation on a pillar to the south wall. Archbishop Rokeby left his heart to be buried in the chapel that bears his name, and this was accordingly done, and a monument with a heart carved in stone erected over it. The monument has disappeared, and it is said that the heart has again and again been dug up to be looked at! A stone near the altar, described by both Watson and Crabtree as having a carved cross on it, along with the arms of the Laceys, and the rather peculiar adornment of a sword in lead sunk into the stone, was, after some inquiry, found to have been removed and broken up. Space forbids us to bring forward more instances of the vandalisms that have been perpetrated here. Many of them, we regret to say, were committed during the last "restoration," in 1879, when the original beam along the top of the screen was removed—a proceeding which one would rather not characterise. Such desecration in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is astounding, but Halifax always had a partiality for quick extermination!

Everyone is familiar with the clause of the Beggars' Litany, "From Hell,

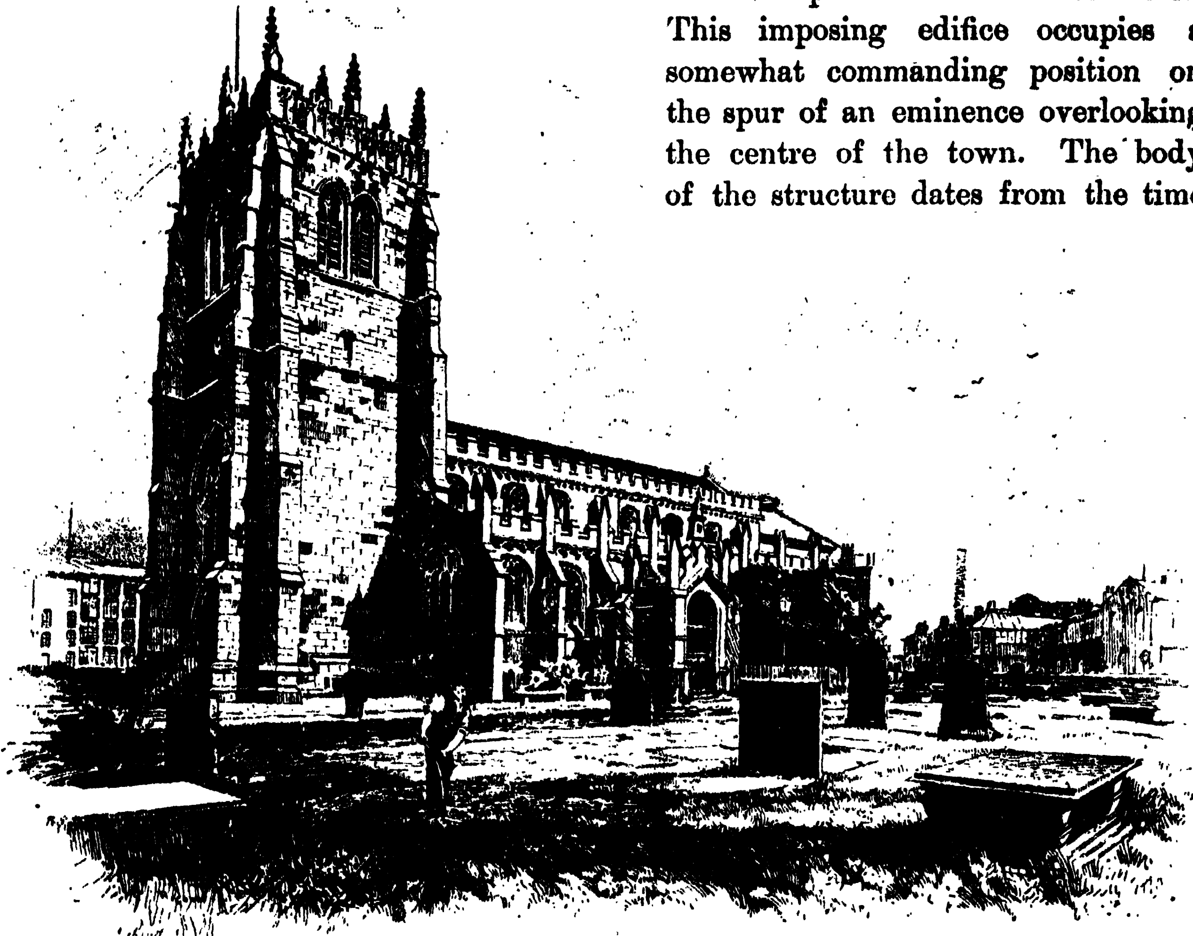
Hull, and Halifax, good Lord, deliver us." This association of the two Yorkshire towns with the infernal regions is explained by the fact that at a very early date they "enjoyed" what was then called "the privilege of a gallows;" but, not content with this, Halifax set up a more expeditious machine of its own, generally spoken of as the "Halifax Gibbet." It was in fact the earliest form of the guillotine, from which those in Edinburgh and Paris were copied. It consisted of two upright pieces of timber, joined at the top by a transverse beam; within this was a square block of wood, which was moved up and down in a groove by a cord, and into this block the axe was fixed. The end of the cord was fastened by a peg, and in the case of an execution for the theft of a horse, cow, or any living creature, that creature was tied to the peg and then driven away, so that the occasion of the crime became its avenger, for of course the axe immediately fell. Any theft of more than thirteen pence halfpenny was punishable in this way, provided it was committed within the "Liberty of the Forest of Hardwick," and that the thing stolen was on the back or in the hand of the thief at the time of arrest. Executions were not usually immediate, but always on Saturday, the great market day, for the sake of example; and the culprit was exposed in the stocks along with the stolen goods for three market days previously. At the final scene the poor wretch was solaced on the scaffold by the ministrations of a priest and the music of bagpipes.

The name of Halifax has been said to mean either "Holy Face," "Holy Ways," or "Holy Hair." As regards the first, the church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was one of the many which claimed the honour of possessing the real head and face of that saint. The second is probably the true meaning, in allusion to the four roads by which the town is entered, by which pilgrims would come, and which would be very likely to be called "Holy Ways." But local tradition clings to the third meaning, and explains it thus. A certain monk was enamoured of a fair maiden, and as his advances met with no response, he "proved the ardour of his affection" by cutting off her head and putting it in a yew tree! Gradually the unimpressionable maiden came to be regarded as a saint, and the faithful flocked to the tree; twigs and boughs were taken away for relics, till nothing remained but the head on a pole. The little fibres within the bark were thought to be her hairs. Many were the pilgrimages made to the shrine of this mediæval Daphne, and the name of the village, which before was Horton, was changed to Halig-fax or "Holy Hair." Historians assign no date to this remarkable event.

CONSTANCE ANDERSON.

Bradford town, some seven miles from Halifax, has little to boast of on the score of antiquity. It is stone-built, and in regard to banks, stuff warehouses, and commercial structures generally, few towns in England possess more

handsome buildings. Since the incorporation of the borough in 1847, the central portions of the town have been almost entirely rebuilt, and, as at Halifax, there is but one venerable structure left—the parish church of St. Peter. This imposing edifice occupies a somewhat commanding position on the spur of an eminence overlooking the centre of the town. The body of the structure dates from the time



BRADFORD, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

of Henry VI., although there are evidences of an earlier church, probably standing on the same site. The church has a massive appearance, and comprises nave, with north and south aisles, deeply recessed chancel, and a dignified tower—not unlike that of Halifax Church—probably completed not earlier than the beginning of the sixteenth century. One of the chief architectural ornaments of the town, it is built of massive blocks of native stone, and heavily buttressed; and its solidity is such as to sanction the thought that, accident apart, it may be an object of admiration five hundred years hence, as it is to-day. During the Civil Wars the town of Bradford sustained two sieges at the hands of the Royalist forces, and in order to protect the tower from their artillery, sheets of wool were hung round it on three of its sides, with apparently good results, inasmuch as a number

of iron cannon-balls have been found embedded at the base of the tower, while but little effect was produced on the masonry.

The nave and chancel are together 148 feet in length, and the tower is nearly as wide as the nave, with which it is connected by a lofty arch. There are also north and south aisles, and two chapels opening upon the chancel, one of them appropriated as an organ-chamber, and the other as the clergy vestry. The general effect of the interior is imposing, but it is distinctly marred by the presence of ugly and incommodious galleries in the north and south aisles, erected at the close of last century, when the parish church was the only Anglican edifice in Bradford. During the year 1833 the south aisle was refronted, and in a manner by no means in harmony with the style that prevails on the north side of the church.



BRADFORD: THE CHOIR.

A quarter of a century ago the old church was surrounded by a number of the vilest buildings in the town, but during the remodelling of the centre of Bradford, which has taken place since that period, a complete clearance has been made of these obnoxious surroundings, and an ample open space has been set apart by the Corporation immediately in front of the church, called "Forster Square," after the most illustrious of Bradford's former members, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, the founder of the School Board system.

The situation of Bradford, at the confluence of three extensive valleys, surrounded by numerous eminences, some of them rising to about a thousand feet above sea level, was at one time really beautiful. The town is the centre of a vast industrial population. In addition to its own quota of some 230,000 inhabitants, there are places around, within a radius of eight miles, which in the aggregate bring up the total to about a million persons. Inasmuch as these places are, without exception, all engaged in, or dependent on, the staple industry of which Bradford is the chief seat, the town may fairly be styled the Metropolis of the Worsted Industry. To this position it attained by slow degrees until the first quarter of the present century was passed: then it went on by leaps and bounds, until at the present time it is computed that within the borough boundaries (leaving out of account such vast manufacturing piles as those at Queensbury, Saltaire, and Shipley) there are about 450 factories, giving employment to many thousands of workpeople, men, women, and children. In addition to the worsted industry, Bradford possesses in Manningham Mills (founded by Lord Masham) the largest silk and velvet manufactory in Europe. Within the past half-century it has also become the provincial centre of the English and colonial wool trade.

W. CUDWORTH.



ALL SAINTS', DERBY.

"THE PRIDE OF DERBY TOWN."

WILLIAM HUTTON, the shrewdly quaint writer of the last century whose literary labours were rewarded by fire during the disgraceful Birmingham riots of 1791, tersely describes, in his archaic history of Derby, All Saints', or All Hallows, as it is still called by old inhabitants. He observes: "The stranger who wanders through Derby in quest of objects of remark will find some defects and more beauties; but when he arrives at All Saints', he arrives at the chief excellence—the pride of the place. It stands as a prince among subjects; a giant among dwarfs. Viewed at any distance, or in any attitude, the associated ideas of taste, grandeur, and beauty fascinate the mind; the eye is captivated and continually returns to its objĕct, but never tires. Some pride, more sense, and still more judgment must have combined in our forefathers in the construction of this noble tower; they wrought, and we enjoy the credit of their labour."

Derby has more imposing edifices than it had in Hutton's days; but with all its architectural advances, some of them ambitious, the town possesses no more dominating structure than the noble tower of All Saints'. It stands in Iron Gate, the centre of the borough, and abuts on a busy thoroughfare; but there is cloistral quiet on either side—College Place and Amen Alley; while at the back is Full Street, shy and retiring, with its memories of Charles Edward Stuart, Erasmus Darwin, and Lombe, and the first silk mill erected in England. The tower of All Saints' is a fine example of the Perpendicular period. John Otes, "a free mason fondo of charite," began its erection in 1509. He completed his labours in 1527, for the process of building such a masterpiece of Gothic art was patient and protracted. The tower took the place of a steeple which dated from the twelfth century; for All Saints' was a collegiate church, with seven clerks attached to it, in the time of Edward the Confessor. It is built in three storeys, and on the string-course on the south side of the lower stage is an inscription in old English—"Young Men and Maydens." The same words in more ancient spelling appear on the north side. A cherished local legend curiously accounts for this imprint, and the tradition has received the support of several respectable authorities, including so eminent an ecclesiologist as the Rev. Dr. John Charles Cox. It is to the effect that the tower up to the height of the inscription was erected by the subscriptions of Derby lads and lasses; and that when any maiden, born in the parish, was married, the bachelors rang

the bells of All Saints' tower in honour of the event. Certes, the bachelors of the town provided one of the peal of ten fine-toned bells possessed by All Saints', which also owns a set of chimes that play eight times every twenty-four hours. The funds for the completion of the tower were raised by what are known as "Church Ales," and very handsome sums were realised in both borough and shire by this objectionable method, which was associated with the consumption of much malt liquor, and with mystery plays, morris dancing, cudgel playing, shooting at the butts, and other sports pertaining to a country fair of the olden time.

The massive tower, which is enriched with beautiful mouldings and delicate tracery, and crowned with panelled battlements and lofty pinnacles, reaches, at the summit of the vanes, an altitude of 210 feet, thus exceeding in height some celebrated towers of the same class. It is 21 feet more lofty than the tower of St. Mary Magdalene at Taunton, 42 feet higher than that at Wrexham, and 52 feet higher than the tower of Magdalene College, Oxford; while it soars above the cathedral towers of Wells, Peterborough, Winchester, Exeter, Carlisle, Chester, and Bristol. In the opinion of ecclesiastical architects, it was originally intended to surmount the tower with a spire, or a lantern after the style of "Boston Stump;" and the manner in which the roof of the bell chamber is vaulted, with eight rows of massive moulding protruding from the walls, leaving an octagonal opening in the centre, certainly favours this supposition.

Many are the stories relating to All Saints' tower. For instance, there is record of a mania for "flying" in 1732, when one Gillenoe, a Frenchman, "flew" down a rope from the top of All Saints' steeple to St. Michael's Church, which was a distance of 150 yards from the base. He executed this feat several times, sounding a trumpet, firing a pistol, and posturing as tailor and shoemaker when suspended in mid-air. This audacious acrobat, though he succeeded at Derby, lost his life in a similar adventure at Shrewsbury. The rage for "flying" from All Saints' tower had not abated two years afterwards, for we read in 1734 of a reckless performer whose rope was extended from the top of All Saints' to the bottom of St. Mary's Gate. He drew after him down his steep aërial inclined plane a wheelbarrow containing a boy. After this surprising extravagance was consummated, another sensation was provided for the delectation of the outside "supporters" of the church. A contemporary record states that: "About twenty yards before he reached the gates of the County Hall the rope broke. . . It brought down both chimneys and people. . . In the dire calamity the ass which maimed others was unhurt himself, having a pavement of soft bodies to roll over."

Another remarkable incident in connection with All Saints' is charmingly told by Mary Howitt. It relates to two boys who adventured to capture a

jackdaws' nest from a crevice under the belfry window. It was impossible to achieve their object while standing within the building, and equally out of the



THE TOWER.

question to reach the nest from below. So the *modus operandi* adopted by the boys was to put a plank through the window. The bigger boy balanced it by sitting on the end within, and the lighter lad fixed himself on the outside end. From that dangerous position he reached the object of his quest. He found in the nest five fledged young birds, and announced the news to his comrade.

"Five are there?" replied he; "then I'll have three!" "Three!" exclaimed the other indignantly; "no, I ran all the danger, and I will have the three." "You shall not!" replied the voice from the interior. "Promise me three, or I'll drop you." "Drop me and welcome!" replied the intrepid youth perched on the trembling piece of wood *in medio*. Strange to relate, the youngster alighted to the ground more than a hundred feet below unharmed. "At the moment of his fall," says Mary Howitt, "he was holding his prize by the legs, two in one hand and three in the other, and the birds finding themselves descending instinctively fluttered out their pinions. But it was not these alone that saved the boy. He had on a stout new carter's frock, secured round the neck, and this filling with air from beneath buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground, alighting, like a cat, on his legs; and then looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, 'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent." Linked with All Saints', too, are the Shrove Tuesday football battles, now happily extinct, which took place between the parishes of All Saints' and St. Peter's. If at the termination of these ferocious struggles (which often became aquatic encounters in the Derwent) the "Saints" won, the church bells rang jubilant peals; and if St. Peter's proved victorious, the belfry of that church became animated.

The body of All Saints' is unfortunately out of all character with the splendid tower. It is of uncouth pseudo-classic style, and was erected in 1725, from the designs of Gibbs, the architect of the Radcliffe Library, Oxford, and of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London. It took the place of a fine fourteenth century edifice, which, prior to the Reformation, was a collegiate church, with its dean, sub-dean, and prebends. Dr. Cox says that "it vied with the smaller cathedrals in the richness and value of its ornaments and jewels, and possessed an exceptional number of subsidiary altars, supported for the most part by the numerous trade guilds of the town." Gossiping reminiscences, rather than serious ecclesiastical history, are identified with the records of All Saints'. Here, in 1709, Dr. Henry Sacheverell preached a seditious assize sermon before the Judges, which he repeated before the Corporation at St. Paul's, London. He was suspended from the pulpit for two years; his sermons were committed to the flames by the common hangman. The extravagant preacher, however, became a popular hero, and the party cry of the time was "Sacheverell and the Church for ever!" The curate, Dr. Michael Hutchinson, collected by his own efforts £3,249 towards the building fund of the present incongruous Grecian structure, and several anecdotes are told of his importunities. So industrious was the doctor in his successful solicitations that he treated the Christmas "waits" who fiddled at his door with a tankard of ale, and wheedled a guinea out of them! In the

list of subscribers we meet with the names of Sir Robert Walpole and Sir Isaac Newton, which shows that the energetic doctor extended his exertions beyond the county town; while no stranger passed through Derby without succumbing to his stratagems.

The interior of All Saints' is spacious, and its fine proportions have commanded general admiration; and it is matter for regret that, since the church is in private patronage, the Suffragan Bishop of Derby was precluded from choosing it for his cathedral, instead of St. Werburgh's, which, however, has now been rebuilt on a much larger and more imposing scale. All Saints' boasts a remarkably fine organ gallery; and the artistic ironwork of the chancel-screen calls for special admiration. This rich, open screen-work was fabricated by Bakewell, and originally divided off the east end of the church into three parts, viz., that in the centre of the chancel proper; that on the north side for vestry and Corporation purposes; and that on the south for the Cavendish Chapel. It is the characteristic art of a local worker in metal whose handicraft recalls the designs of the fifteenth and sixteenth century smiths. The Cavendish Chapel is a feature of the church, with its monuments of the Cavendish family. There are other monuments to less notable people from the chisels of Chantrey and Westmacott; and a splendid marble memorial, surmounted by shot-shattered flags, records the deeds of the Derbyshire Regiment, which was decimated at the Battle of the Alma. A relic of the old church is preserved, and is worthy of the attention of the antiquarian. It is a marvellous specimen of oak carving, consisting of a series of thirteen figures beneath rich canopies. The archæologist will also find a remarkable incised slab of alabaster. It bears the figure of a priest holding a chalice in his left hand, and having his right hand uplifted. He is standing beneath a richly-decorated canopy, having a series of figures of saints and angels in niches up each side, while above is a representation of the Deity.

The most gorgeous monument in the church is that to the memory of the redoubtable Countess of Shrewsbury—"Building Bess of Hardwick." It was erected in her lifetime, and an endowment was made for its perpetual maintenance. She was the confidante of Queen Elizabeth, and for some years the harsh custodian of poor Mary Queen of Scots. She built Hardwick Hall, Chatsworth House, and other "elegant seats." From the Latin inscription on her mural monument in All Saints' we learn that she was married four times. Her husbands were Robert Barley, Sir William Cavendish, Sir William St. Loe, and George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. By each of these marriages she secured affluence and influence. She was wedded to her first husband at the age of fourteen, and survived the last by seventeen years, dying on the 17th February, 1607, in the eighty-seventh year of her

age. Horace Walpole records a tradition concerning this staunch dame to the effect that she was told by a fortune-teller that her death would not happen while she continued to build. To prolong her life she spent many thousands of pounds in building operations. At last there came a hard frost, the masons could not work, and as soon as they ceased from their labours the celebrated



THE INTERIOR (1890).

Countess died. Adjoining All Saints' are the almshouses founded by her in 1599.

Much ignorant "restoration" took place at All Saints' in 1873, when not a little of Bakewell's unique wrought-ironwork was removed, and the gates at the western side of the churchyard were disposed of by public auction. At the same time the body of the church was "refitted and painted after a music-hall style" (*vide* Dr. Cox); but recently the colouring has been improved, and handsome oak choir stalls have been placed outside the screen; and no traveller who has an hour to spare at Derby can better employ his leisure than by paying a visit to All Saints' Church.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

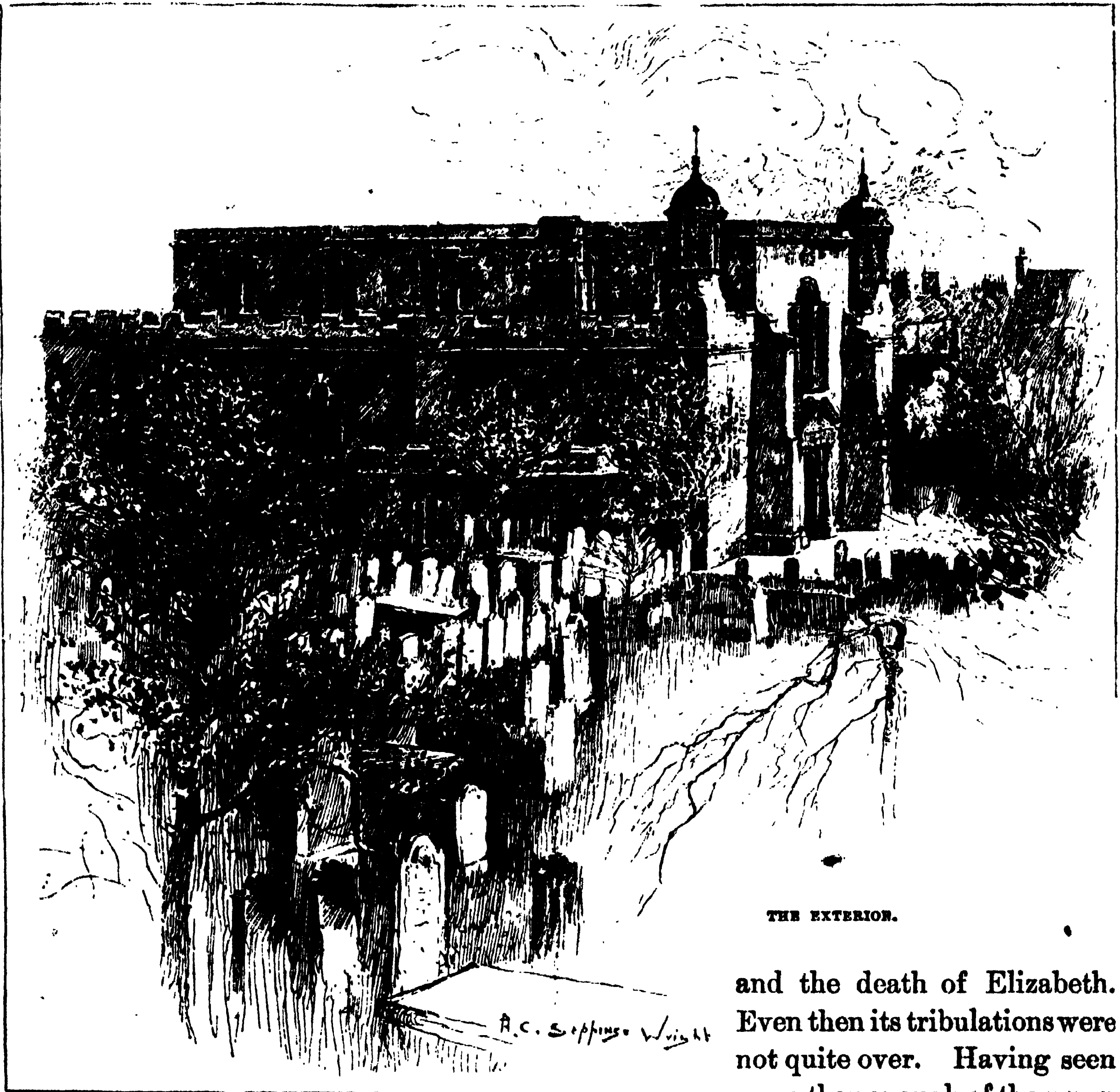
BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

A PURITANS' CHURCH.

THE parish church of this historic Border town is a salient illustration of the invincible determination of topographical writers to be complimentary. Mackenzie, in his "View of the County of Northumberland," joins with a writer in the "Parliamentary Gazetteer" in terming it a "handsome edifice," though perhaps the two witnesses should rather be counted as one, since it is more than a little probable that one copied from the other. So grave a work as Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary" goes a good deal further; for it not only commits itself to the term "handsome" (this time, however, it is a "structure"), but adds quite seriously that it is "in the Decorated English style." After this there is nothing to do but to marvel at the self-restraint of the author of a curious little "History of Berwick," published early in the century, who might have been excused by local partiality for indulgence in encomiastic language, yet is content to tell us that the church "is built in the ancient Gothic order, remarkably plain, and no steeple." The simple truth is that the building is not handsome, is not Decorated English, is not Gothic. If it had to be allocated to some order of architecture it might be called Classical, though only in the sense of its being less unlike this style than any other. Interesting it certainly is, both in the special circumstances of its erection and as a specimen of what the Puritans could achieve in the way of ecclesiastical architecture; but all that was done to it in 1855, when the chancel was added and the interior rearranged at a cost of £3,000, and again a few years later, when a still larger sum was expended upon its improvement, has only resulted in making it decent and commodious.

The present church, dating from the middle of the seventeenth century, succeeded an earlier one on the same site. Another church, which stood at the head of Marygate, was taken down in the reign of Mary Tudor, presumably in one of the extremities to which the town was frequently reduced, to afford material for strengthening the fortifications. It was not inappropriate, therefore, that when the time for rebuilding the parish church came, the ruins of the castle, which was no longer needed after the coalition of the crowns, should have been used for the purpose. This, however, did not happen till a good many years afterwards, for the times were too full of trouble for the townsfolk to be able to think of even so important a concern as that of getting for themselves a new parish church.

It was, indeed, one of the worst periods in the woful history of the Border town, for although Berwick was the subject of an amicable treaty between Edward VI. and Mary Stuart, it changed hands as many as thirteen times between this period



THE EXTERIOR.

and the death of Elizabeth. Even then its tribulations were not quite over. Having seen more than enough of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, it tried hard to keep out of the civil broils of the seventeenth century, and was to that end garrisoned by the townspeople, who were even prepared to fight in order not to go to war. In 1647, however, it was surprised by a small force under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and delivered up to a governor appointed by James, Duke of Hamilton, but was surrendered to Cromwell in the following year, something

having in the interval happened at Preston. Eight years before this the mayor and burgesses had petitioned Charles I. for a brief or patent authorising them to collect funds for a new church; and, although this prayer was answered, nothing was done until 1648, when Colonel Fenwicke was installed by Cromwell as governor. He was probably one of those "men of religion" whose strong right arms beat down the chivalry which spent itself so gallantly in a service not worthy of it; for he seems to have set to work upon the church in the very first year of his governorship, and within four years it was finished, at a cost of about £1,400. The colonel did not long survive the completion of his pious enterprise; he died in 1656, and was buried in the church, nearly opposite the pulpit, as may be seen from an inscription, which is a model of brevity and good taste: "Colonel George Fenwicke, of Brenkburne, Esq., Governor of Berwick, in the year 1652 was the principal instrument of causing this church to be built; died March 25th, 1656." With singular modesty it makes no direct assertion as to his character, but simply adds, "A good man is a public good"—a general proposition from which no latter-day enthusiast for one of the least admirable of lost dynasties need dissent.

The church, as we now see it, consists of two storeys, the upper of which is not supported by the walls of the lower, but by two rows of Tuscan pillars, five on each side, joined together by semicircular arches. Round three of the sides runs a capacious gallery, which is the explanation of what would otherwise be the surprising statement that the church gives accommodation for fifteen hundred worshippers. The pulpit, like the reading-desk, is of oak, panelled; it is in the Elizabethan style, and is said to have been brought from the old parish church in which John Knox preached for the space of two years. The organ is arranged on both sides of the gallery at the west end. The greater part of the stained glass in the west window, the gift of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, first Lord Tweedmouth, who represented the borough in more than one Parliament, was transferred from the church of Whitchurch, in Middlesex, originally the private property of the Dukes of Buckingham; in the lower part are emblazoned the borough arms. The circular stained window above the chancel arch, showing a lamb surrounded by twelve angels, has beneath it a brass plate, with an inscription explaining that it is dedicated "To the memory of the Rev. Wm. Stephen Gilly, D.D., Canon of Durham and Vicar of Norham, who departed this life on the 10th day of September, 1855. His last sermon was preached on the occasion of the re-opening of this church, after its restoration and enlargement, on the 26th day of August, 1855, from the remarkable words—'We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'" The stained east

window preserves the memory of a former Vicar of Berwick, the Rev. Joseph Barnes, who ministered here for nearly half a century, dying in 1855. In the "History of Berwick" of which there has before been occasion to speak, this worthy is the subject of emphatic but somewhat confused commendation. Having praised the beauty which he found in the interior of the church, the writer adds: "But . . . it is blessed, or rather the people are blessed, with an able and eloquent minister of the gospel, to preach the Word of Truth to them: the Rev. Joseph Barnes, vicar, aged 27 years; the Rev. Mr. Scott, curate; Mr. Jameson, clerk." He then proceeds to argue that the good man was very inadequately remunerated for his labours, since we expect a "clergymen to live something similar to a gentleman; especially when a rising family has to be educated and maintained in a genteel manner." Berwick has not always had such pattern priests, for it is recorded that John Smithson, who held the living from 1664 to 1672, was executed in the latter year for the murder of his wife.

The writer who had such unexceptionable views as to clerical income and status has also something to say about the churchyard, which, he tells us, "is remarkable for its number of headstones and monuments; it has been remarked by travellers, who say there is no such numerous show of monuments in any burying-ground in England except Bunhill Fields, London." Gaudy with tulips and other such garish flowers, abounding with deciduous trees, which at a distance make it look more like an apple-orchard than a God's Acre, and crowded with huge and cumbrous tombstones and headstones, large enough to commemorate a race of giants, it is indeed a "remarkable" home of the dead, presenting the strongest of contrasts with the idyllically beautiful graveyard of Norham, some half-dozen miles up the Tweed. It is certainly not a place which anyone would choose for meditations among the tombs, yet even here there are hints of sorrow that rebuke the touch of scorn, as for example the stone "in memory of five children of John and Elizabeth Carr, who died in infancy."

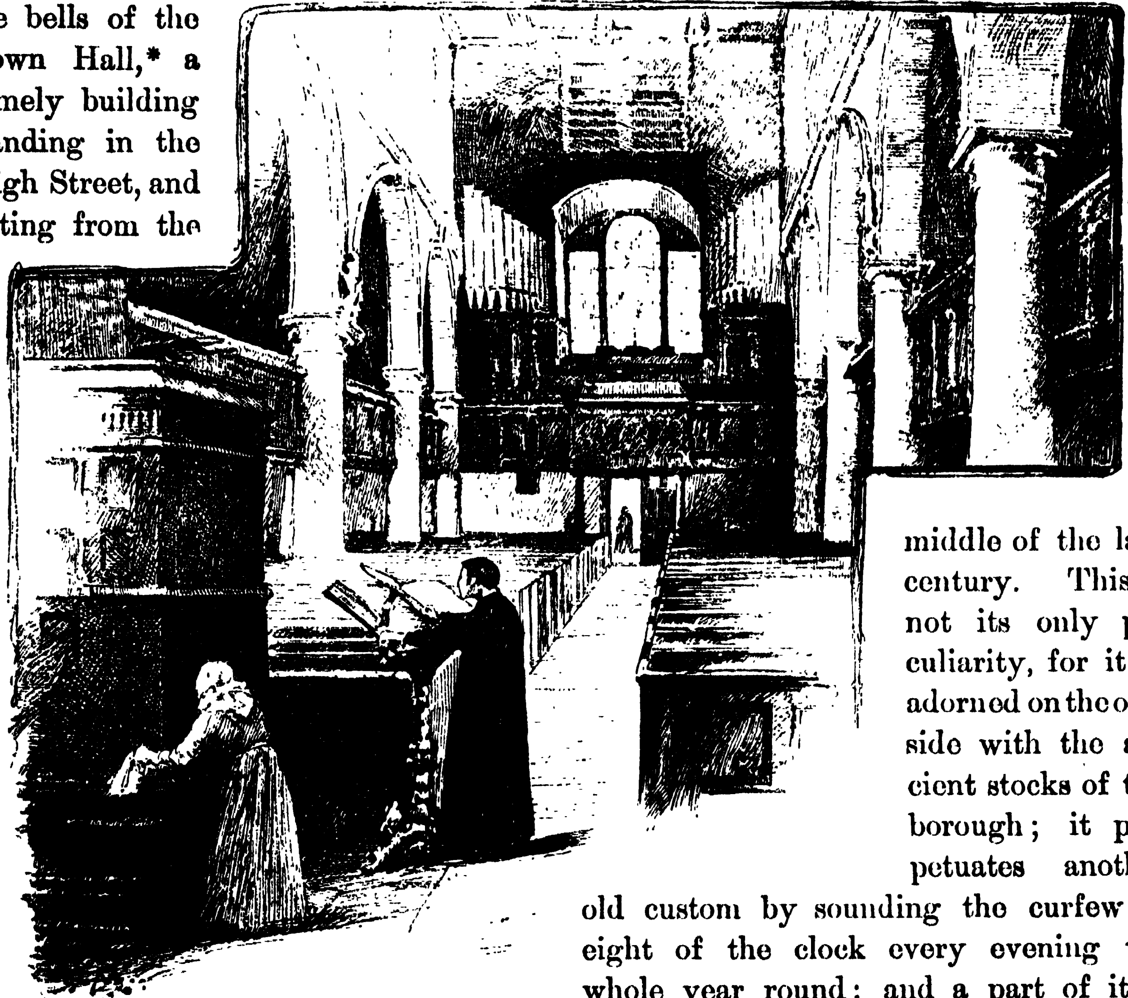
The humour of the graveyard, too, is very well represented. Thus we are assured that—

> "If breath were made for every man to buy,
> The poor man could not live, the rich man would not die."

Worse poetry than this has been written, and even found its way into print; but unfortunately the writer lacked the gift of leaving off when he had finished, and must go on to declare that—

> "Life is a blessing can't be sold, the ransom is too high;
> Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold, that man may never die."

The church, as we have seen, has no tower or spire. Governor Fenwicke, no doubt, had a conscientious aversion to "steeple-houses," and so in place of a belfry there is nothing more than a small open turret, with cupola, at either angle of the west front. The parishioners were not, however, to be permanently deprived of this means of grace, and for many a year they have been "knolled to church" by the bells of the Town Hall,* a comely building standing in the High Street, and dating from the middle of the last century. This is not its only peculiarity, for it is adorned on the outside with the ancient stocks of the borough; it perpetuates another old custom by sounding the curfew at eight of the clock every evening the whole year round; and a part of it is used as a lock-up, which is perhaps the most agreeable place of detention ever devised, since the prisoners are kept, not in dungeons in the basement, but in cells at the very summit, where they have "excellent views of the town, the German Ocean, Bamborough Castle, and Holy Island." Berwick is fortunate indeed in its situation in a region not only exceptionally lovely, but also abounding in historical and romantic associations, which may be regarded as its compensation for the woes it has had to suffer in the stormy past. It is still a place of arms, with a



THE INTERIOR, LOOKING WEST.

* Of the eight bells, only four are taken possession of by the Vicar at his induction.

considerable garrison, and ramparts that are "the promenade to which all the beauty and elegance of Berwick resort." Evidences of prosperity there are in abundance, among them the admirable state in which the ancient wall, dating from the closing years of the sixteenth century, is kept. Yet even now Berwick is not what it once was. From the beginning of its history until the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne, it was "as a ball that never found rest." Time after time it was besieged and sacked; but it was at its capture by Edward I. that it suffered the cruellest of its visitations. When the king sat down before it, it was the greatest merchant city of the North, ranking second to London among English towns; he left it little more than a ruin, and it has never since been anything more than a "petty seaport." Its defenders had been imprudent enough, in the delusive security of their walls, to mock the fierce Plantagenet; and when the place had with very little effort been stormed, he gave it up to massacre. Eight thousand of the citizens were slain, some brave Flemings who held the Red Hall were burnt to cinders in it, the churches proved no sanctuary to those who fled to them for shelter, and the carnage did not cease till the sad and solemn priests bore the Host into the king's presence and implored his mercy, when he burst into tears and ordered the butchery to stop. Even then his vengeance was not fully slaked, for we read in Mackenzie that after the churches had been defiled with the blood of the slain, they were despoiled of all their ornaments, and turned into stables. The people of Berwick, at any rate, are not likely to believe that the former days were better than these.

W. W. HUTCHINGS.

EVESHAM ABBEY.

A DESTRUCTIVE REFORMATION.

IN one of the loveliest spots in the West of England, known as the Vale of Evesham, the river Avon with a curious bend encloses a little green peninsula in the south-east of Worcestershire, close to the borders of the counties of Warwick and Gloucester. In this little Avon-surrounded district is a tall and singularly graceful tower of the purest Perpendicular work. Like so many of these peculiarly English Gothic towers, massiveness is combined with exquisite grace and beauty. The fabric is square, strengthened from base to parapet by graduated buttresses with panelled fronts. The fronts are entirely covered, save where the gate and window arches occur, with panelled mullions under foliated transoms, and the whole is surmounted by an embattled parapet delicately pierced, and crowned with tapering pinnacles. The tower to the summit of the pinnacles is 110 feet, roughly speaking half the height of the graceful yet massive tower of Gloucester, or to indulge in another comparison, half the height of Wren's twin towers of Westminster Abbey. This, with the exception of a mutilated archway, is really all that remains of the once lordly abbey and monastery of Evesham, one of the most notable abbeys of England.

The noble tower, the work of the last real abbot of Evesham, Clement Lichfield, was completed just before the surrender of the monastery, A.D. 1539, and was designed for a clock and bell tower. It was built at the entrance of the cemetery.

The story of Evesham Abbey goes back many, many centuries. Eoves, the swineherd of Ecgwin, third bishop of the Hwicci, while tending his animals was startled with a vision of the Blessed Virgin. He told his master, the bishop, what he had seen. The bishop accompanied his swineherd to the spot where the radiant apparition had dazzled his servant. The same vision was vouchsafed to Ecgwin, who thence concluded that it was Mary's wish that a church should be erected on that spot. A very considerable tract of country was given by the Christian King of Mercia, Ethelred, to Ecgwin, who, on the site of the vision, built the first church and monastery. The district became known as Eoves-holm, which in time was contracted into Evesham. Ecgwin subsequently resigned his bishopric, and became the first abbot of the Evesham monastery. The year of our Lord 714 is usually given as the date of the founding of this great religious house. We possess few or no details of its history for the first two centuries. But in the tenth century, like Gloucester and other "houses," it was one of the battle grounds of the secular clergy and the monks, both claiming Evesham as

their own. As at Gloucester and so many other abbeys, the policy of Dunstan, which afterwards became the policy of Lanfranc and the school of Church reformers of the eleventh century, prevailed, and Evesham became the home of a great Benedictine colony.

After the Conquest the story of Evesham closely resembles that of Tewkesbury, Gloucester, and many other of the more important foundations. A monk, Walter of Cérisy, appointed abbot by William, determined to rebuild the abbey church on a grand and magnificent scale. He commenced with the massive crypt or undercroft, then proceeded with the choir above, and the great central tower as far as the first storey. By slow degrees the whole of the splendid abbey was completed about ninety years after Walter of Cérisy commenced it. Its outline was in form of a Latin cross, and it consisted of a nave, transepts, and choir, with a great central tower rising from the intersection of these divisions. From the bases of some of the nave columns which were discovered among the few fragments remaining, and, alas! removed as curiosities to a neighbouring park, it appears that Evesham Abbey possessed cylindrical piers of vast size, like those of the nave in Gloucester and Tewkesbury. Its length from east to west appears to have been about 300 feet; the length of Gloucester (without the lady chapel, which belongs to a later age) being 314 feet, Tewkesbury Abbey 286 feet long, and Hereford Cathedral 288 feet.

But when we look at Domesday Book and see what were the possessions of Evesham Abbey, we are not surprised that the great Norman abbot was determined to have a house of God in some way worthy of its great wealth. Even after the spoliation of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother, and Urse d'Abitot, the rapacious sheriff of the county, who confiscated some 12,000 acres of the abbey land, it was registered as owning 21,862 acres, mostly in the neighbourhood of Evesham.

As years passed on, the abbey increased in power. It claimed exemption from all episcopal control, and as early as A.D. 1163 its abbot received the mitre. Its interior decorations were of unusual magnificence. It was fitted with shrines of elaborate workmanship, enclosing relics of ancient Mercian kings and bishops. We have a record of one of them which will help us to form some conception of its pre-Reformation grandeur. The shrine of St. Ecgwin, the founder of this famous house, was partly the work of Abbot Mannie, a contemporary of Edward the Confessor. Mannie was reckoned the best goldsmith of his day. This exquisite shrine was made of gold, studded with sparkling gems, and when the lights were lit in the church, the dusky gleaming of the gold and gems is said to have positively lit up this Holy House of God. The numberless services were rendered with great pomp and ceremony, and at vast cost. The vestments of the lord abbot and of the officiating priests were gorgeous and



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH. THE BELL TOWER, EVESHAM ABBEY. ST. LAURENCE'S CHURCH.

costly, and an enormous number of sacred and other vessels belonging to the abbey were of solid silver, not a few of them enriched with gems.

With a fierce recklessness, with a strange disregard for what was beautiful and venerable, the Commissioners of King Henry VIII. swept away many of our inimitable abbeys and the exquisite buildings which so often surrounded them. Nowhere, though, was their savage thirst for destruction perhaps so wantonly gratified as in the stately monastery of Evesham. The estates were confiscated and parcelled out, and the abbey was dismantled and given away to Sir Philip Hoby, a gentleman of Worcestershire, who shortly afterwards seems to have leased out the magnificent buildings of abbey and monastery as *a quarry for stone.* These were of so vast an extent that in 1657, considerably more than a hundred years after the suppression, the quarry was not yet worked out, for we find in the book of the Corporation of Evesham this curious entry: "That the churchwardens of the several parishes in the borough no longer sell limestone indiscriminately, of or belonging to the churches, but preserve the same for public use." The noble conventual library was scattered, according to some, in part devoted to the flames.*

I know of none of the greater monastic foundations which has suffered like Evesham. Scarcely can it, with its mouldering chapter-house arch and solitary tower, be called even a ruin; and yet against the mighty monastery which lay beneath the shadow of the glorious abbey church so utterly destroyed, no charge of wrong-doing or evil living is extant. Its historian,† after weighing the evidence with care, arrives at the deliberate judgment that Evesham comes within that catalogue of religious houses strangely enough referred to in the Act of King Henry VIII.,‡ where thanks are given to God that "within divers and great solemn Monasteries of this Realm, religion is right well kept and observed."

Our great abbey was not connected with many of the stirring scenes of English history. It was too near the ancient cities of Gloucester and Worcester to become an important national centre. But in the reign of Henry III., Evesham stands out prominently in the story of England. It was a time of sore peril for the country. Were the immortal provisions of the great Charter wrested from King John to be trampled under foot? There were men who encouraged the Sovereign to enter upon this course. Had it succeeded there had been no splendid story of England to tell. That it failed was owing in great measure to the noble and heroic devotion of one man —Simon de Montford—whose gallant resistance, though he, as so many of earth's great ones, died apparently in defeat and dishonour, successfully taught

* May's "History of Evesham." pp. 144, 145.

† May, p. 146.

‡ 27 Henry VIII., c. 28.

his countrymen what was the deadly peril and how they should ward it off. De Montford was in the Abbey of Evesham when the news of the appearance of Prince Edward — afterwards Edward I.—and a numerous well-appointed force was brought him. There was no escape for the English hero save by a doubtful flight. So with sadly unequal forces he gave battle, and he and his devoted band of followers were cut to pieces. The scene of the bloody encounter—known in history as the Battle of Evesham—was on a woody hill washed by the Avon, over against the green peninsula on which the fair abbey and the monastery of Ecgwin of Evesham were built. The body of the English patriot was shamefully mutilated, but eventually laid to rest in the choir of the abbey church. For long years the tomb of De Montford became a shrine to which vast numbers of pilgrims to Evesham, especially the sick and ailing, resorted. Many legends are extant of wonderful cures worked at the grave of the dead hero. The tomb of De Montford was destroyed when the abbey was surrendered to the Commissioners of Henry VIII. in the sixteenth century.

The pilgrim to the site of the lost abbey of Evesham, standing near the poor remains of the monastery wall, is surprised to see in close proximity to the tall and graceful solitary bell-tower of Abbot Lichfield, two fair-sized churches, each with its own tower and spire, only a few yards separating the twin churches and the Lichfield bell-tower. These two churches were chapels founded by the monks of the great abbey for the use of the dwellers in the town, the splendid abbey church being generally reserved—except probably on the occasion of the more important festivals—for the constant services of the monastery. These chapels, dedicated respectively to St. Laurence and to All Saints, were served exclusively by the abbey monks, who arranged and provided everything for the services.

The twin churches are now united under the charge of the Vicar of Evesham. One is tempted, however, sadly to regret this thirteenth century arrangement of the monks, which provided parish churches for the dwellers in the little town clustering round their great house; for had they not existed at the time of the Reformation it is probable that the inhabitants of Evesham, like the people of the neighbouring Pershore and Tewkesbury, would have made interest with the ruthless Commissioners of Henry VIII. and purchased, for their own use as a parish church, the whole, or at least a part, of the noble abbey whose complete disappearance we so bitterly mourn.

Each of the twin churches dates back to the thirteenth century, St. Laurence being the older of the two. The tower and the spire of the original church still remains, but with this exception, successive additions and restorations have destroyed most of the old work. But the glory of St. Laurence is a small chantry erected by Clement Lichfield, the builder of the bell-tower.

This exquisite little chapel was built in order that daily mass might be performed for the repose of the founder's soul. It is square, and four richly ornamented fans round a carved pendant form a most perfect ceiling, which is still in admirable preservation. The once rich altar is gone, and all the elaborate ornamentation has disappeared; but even in its scarred beauty it is very lovely.



RUINED ARCH LEADING TO VESTIBULE OF THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

The other church, All Saints, which has been sadly damaged and disfigured, also possesses a beautiful fan-roofed chantry; built, too, by Abbot Clement Lichfield, who prepared this little chapel as his last earthly resting-place.

Both these interesting churches or chapels are used at the present day. All Saints has been elaborately restored, and presents the appearance of a beautiful and thoroughly devotional parish church. St. Laurence, too, has been partially rebuilt, and under the watchful care of the last vicar, the whole of the interior except the Lichfield chapel was restored.

H. DONALD M. SPENCE.



Photo: Harvey Barton, Bristol.

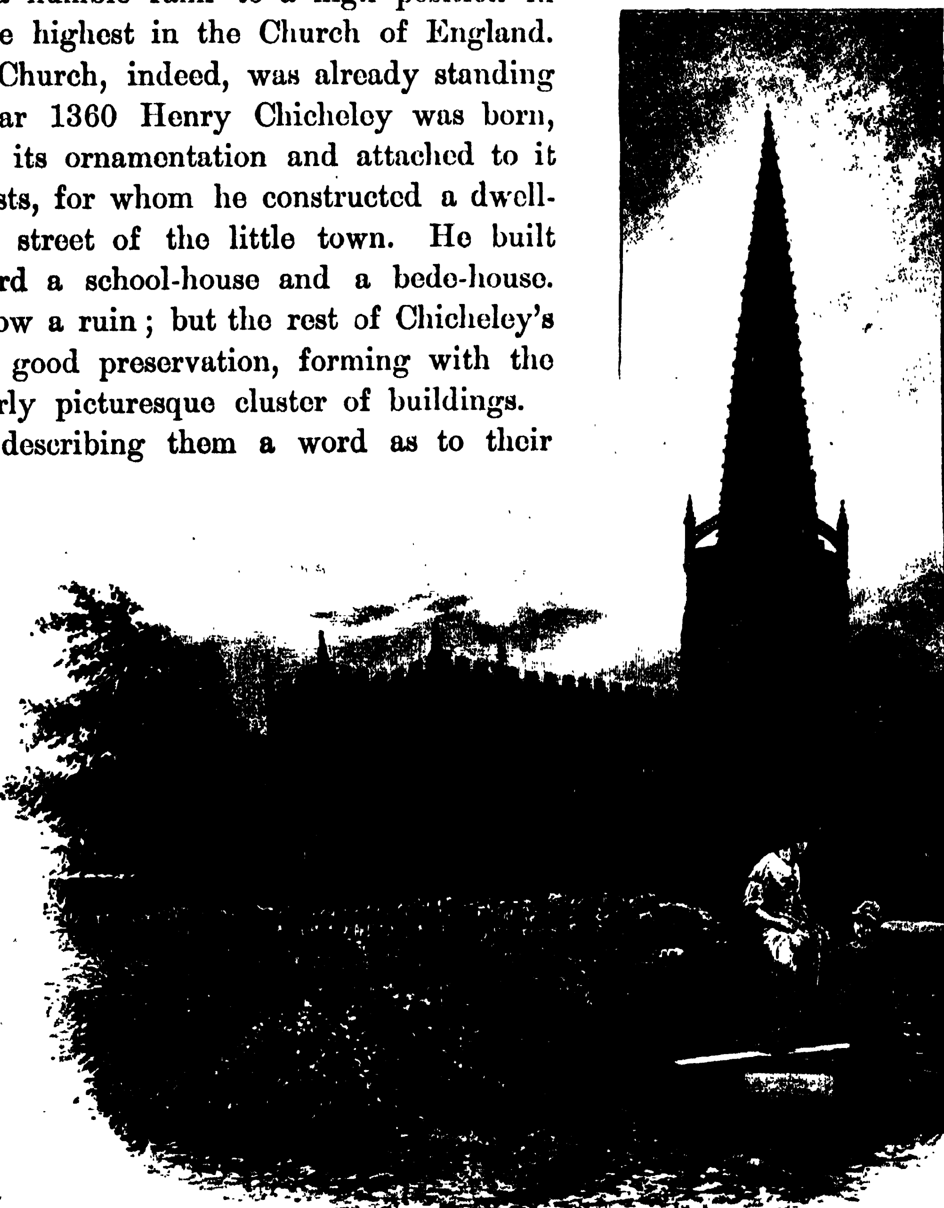
EVESHAM ABBEY AND CHURCHES, FROM THE AVON.

HIGHAM FERRERS.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S THANKOFFERING.

HIGHAM FERRERS has an interest exceptional and peculiar. Around its church gathers a group of ecclesiastical buildings, almost without a parallel in England; a thankoffering in stone, set up in his native village by a man who rose from a humble rank to a high position in the State and the highest in the Church of England. Higham Ferrers Church, indeed, was already standing when in the year 1360 Henry Chicheley was born, but he added to its ornamentation and attached to it a college of priests, for whom he constructed a dwelling in the main street of the little town. He built in the churchyard a school-house and a bede-house. The college is now a ruin; but the rest of Chicheley's work remains in good preservation, forming with the church a singularly picturesque cluster of buildings.

But before describing them a word as to their founder. Henry Chicheley, or Chichele, was born at Higham Ferrers of poor parents. He is said to have been accosted, while tending sheep, by William of Wykeham, who was struck by the intelligence of his answers and took charge of his education. This story, however, is of dubious authority.



NORTH-EAST VIEW.

Certain it is that the lad was sent to the school which the good bishop had founded, whence in due course he proceeded to New College, Oxford. Here, after a time, he devoted himself to the study of canon law, but he was not ordained till he had reached his thirty-second year. In 1396 he was instituted to the living of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and practised as an advocate in the Court of Arches. His merits appear to have been quickly recognised. Other preferments were added. He was sent on embassies by the king, and while engaged upon one of these at Rome was consecrated, by the Pope himself, to the bishopric of St. David's. This was in the year 1407; seven years later Chicheley was transferred to Canterbury. Most places with which he had any connection bear to this day traces of his princely munificence. He is supposed to have aided in the rebuilding of Croydon Church. He certainly added to the Palace at Lambeth, the Lollard Tower being part of his work. He was a liberal donor to the bridge at Rochester, and a benefactor to the cathedral at Canterbury, erecting the library and enriching it with books; and the last work of his life was the foundation of All Souls College, Oxford, the statutes of which were sealed only ten days before his death in the month of April, 1443. Liberal with his own, he was ready—if we may trust Shakespeare—to resist, or rather to buy off attacks on the property of the Church,* and his legal skill is tested when the king bids him

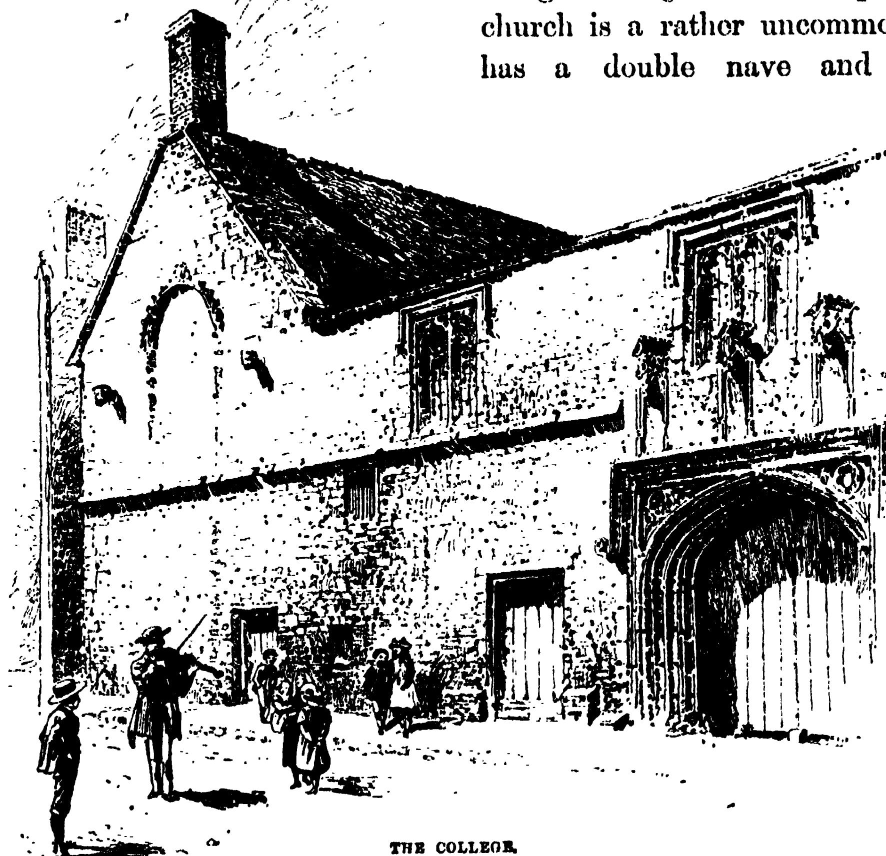
> "Justly and religiously unfold
> Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
> Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim."

Higham Ferrers stands on the gently rolling upland of Northamptonshire, on the right bank of the Nen, and about half a mile from its brink. The valley is now becoming rather wide, and the road near the railway station is carried across it on a raised causeway, part of this being formed by a fine old bridge of about sixteen arches, under about six of which the water flows. This may be as old as the thirteenth century, and is not the only one of ancient date which remains in the valley of the Nen.

The road ascends the shelving side of the valley, passes between the fields, and enters the long street of the old-fashioned town; for this it may claim to be called, as it has a mayor and was a borough from the reign of Mary till that of William IV. The seal of the Corporation may still be seen carved on the front of its ugly little "Hanoverian" town-hall. We pass by the ruins of the college, of which more presently, and the shaft of the market cross—which still rises above its steps in fair preservation, though the sculpture of the Crucifixion which it formerly supported has long since disappeared—and we come to

* "Henry V.," Act 1. sc. i.

the church, which stands a little back from the street, the garth being almost open to the country on its eastern side. We enter the gate. The steeple rises in front of us; the school-house with its ornate gable almost blocks the view of the northern aisle. Yet nearer is a second and smaller cross, and on the south side of the churchyard is the old and lowly front of the vicarage, with the bede-house built by Chicheley close to its garden gate. The plan of the church is a rather uncommon one. It has a double nave and a double



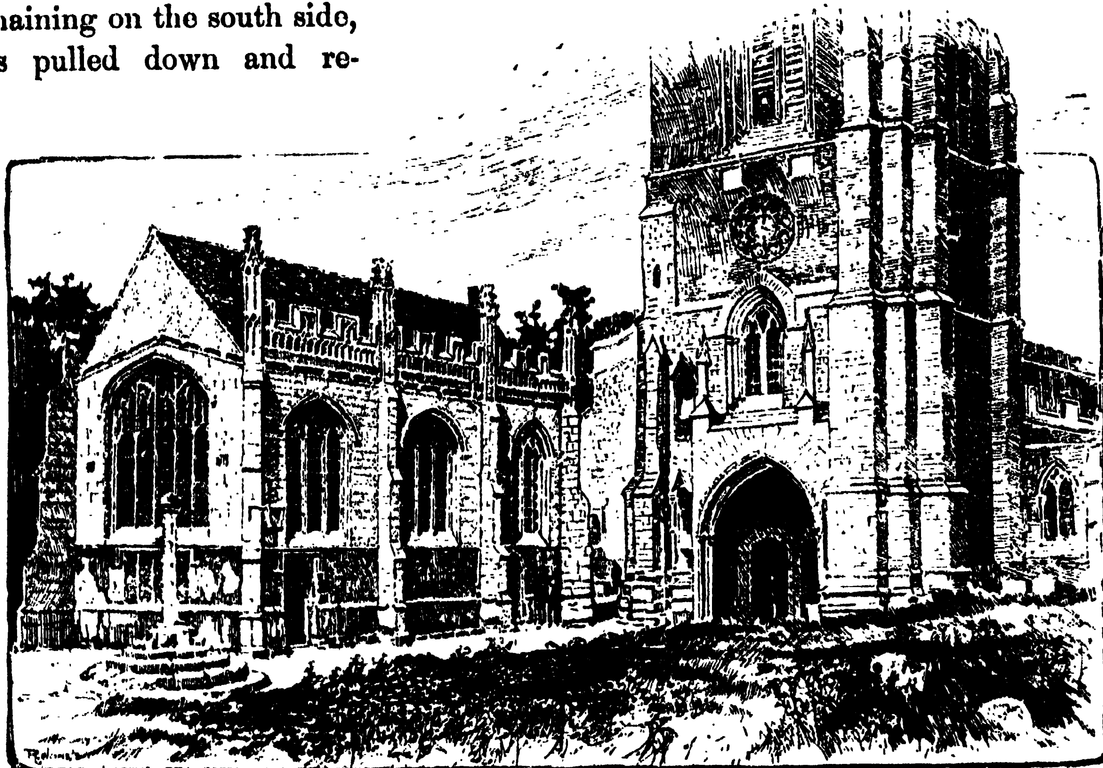
THE COLLEGE.

chancel; the latter corresponding in width with the former, and about three-fifths of its length. To this double nave aisles of the same length are attached on the north and on the south.* The tower stands at the western end of the southern half of the nave; there is also a south porch.

A brief examination indicates that this plan is not the original one, but is the result of a process of accretion and expansion. Tower, porch, and the southern half of the body of the church retain the outlines of the oldest part, an Early

* Length of church 119 feet, breadth 69 feet.—"Churches of the Archdeaconry of Northampton," Higham Ferrers, on the authority of which book many of the statements in this article are made.

English structure, erected probably between the years 1220 and 1260; the latter being the date assigned to the tower. This may have been the work of the Ferrers family, from whom the village derives its distinctive name; for advowson and manor were then in their possession. Near the end of the thirteenth century, probably in the last decade, the original north aisle, which no doubt corresponded with that still remaining on the south side, was pulled down and re-



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND CHURCH TOWER.

built so as to be of the same width and height as the original nave, and a chancel was added to it to serve as a lady chapel. This change may have been the work of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, to whom the manor was granted, on the attainder of Robert Ferrers, grandson of the first owner, in the year 1266. This Edmund died in the year 1301, but the advowson of the living remained in his family until 1355, when Henry, Duke of Lancaster, appropriated it to the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, at Leicester, of which establishment he was the founder. Rather before this, probably about 1340, the architects again took the church in hand; they pulled down the high-pitched roof and erected a clerestory with roof of a comparatively low slope; they altered most of the windows, and transformed the chancel externally into a Decorated structure; they built a new aisle on the north side of the double nave, and erected a spire. Some minor alterations were made about the

beginning of the fifteenth century, which brought the church nearly to the condition in which it is now seen. One change, however, was yet to come; in the year 1631 the spire and part of the tower were blown down, and rebuilt.* But as the old materials were largely used up again and the old design was very closely followed, the results of this disaster were less lamentable than might have been anticipated, and it requires close scrutiny to see that the steeple really is not much older than the Civil War.

The steeple, undoubtedly the most striking feature in the exterior of the church, is a fine one, even for Northamptonshire, rising to a height of 170 feet.† The tower is square, with unequal buttresses, and terminates in pinnacles with light flying buttresses, which seem to support—the effect being somewhat feeble—a rather ornate octagonal spire. The most striking feature is the western doorway, which like those in the neighbouring churches of Raunds and Rushden, is double, and is set back in a recessed arch, with a highly enriched tympanum, worthy almost of a cathedral. Between the two doors is a strong central shaft supporting a richly sculptured bracket, on which formerly a statue must have been placed. The tympanum, on either side, is adorned with five medallions which are linked together with foliage. In these are sculptured scenes from the New Testament, the details of which are worthy of examination. Almost the whole of the tower above the lowest stage, and part of the southern side of that, have been rebuilt, though the windows have been reconstructed with the old materials.

A duplicated nave is an unsatisfactory design, for the want of a dominant and central feature is at once felt, and the plan seems more suited for a hall than for a church; the obviously different dates of the pillars also produce a rather "composite" effect. Still the interior of this church is undoubtedly attractive, with its ornate eastern windows, its simple, open wooden roof, its monuments, and its chancel, with the flooring of ancient encaustic tiles, and the richly carved woodwork. The tiles occupy the steps which formerly led to the high altar; they are ornamented with impressed patterns and glazed with a uniform colour, but more varied tints are employed in the "risers" or upright parts of the steps. There is no chancel-arch, but a rood screen of Perpendicular age, the line of which is prolonged north and south by other screens. Within this screen are the seats for the members of Chicheley's College. These occupy the western half of the chancel, and are separated by another rich screen from the lady chapel. They are twenty in number, three being in the "returns" on either side. The carving of the "misereres" and of other details is good. Beneath the eastern of the two arches which connect the chancel with the lady chapel is a handsome

* Begun, as inscriptions state, April 20th, 1631; finished in November, 1632.

† Height of tower 71 feet, of spire 99 feet.

monument supposed to commemorate one of the Dukes of Lancaster. On it is laid a fine brass—not in its original position—representing a priest in vestments, in memory, as stated in an inscription, of Lawrence Seymour, who was rector from 1289 to 1337. Among the other brasses is a second one to a priest, dated 1498; one of a civilian and his family, dated 1504; also one to a warden of the college; and an elegant cross commemorating the father and mother of Archbishop Chicheley, the former of whom died in the year 1400.

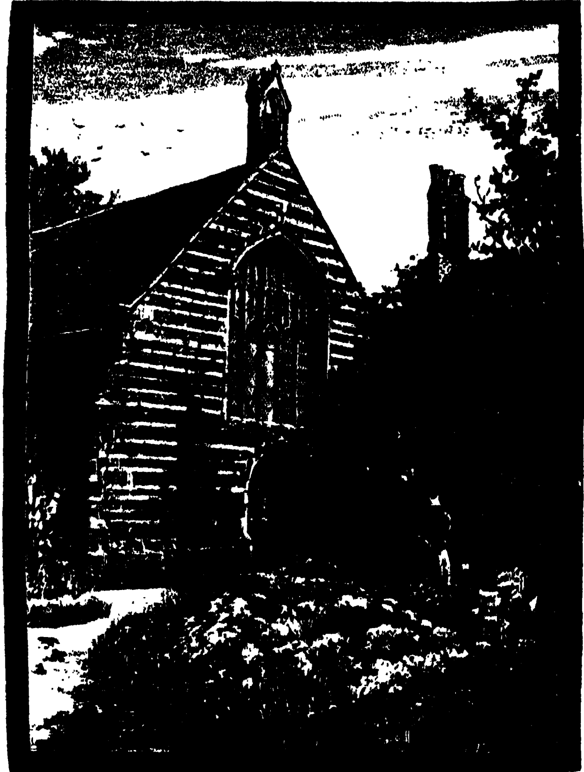


WEST DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH.

The school-house, as already said, stands in advance of the northern half of the church, a space of three or four yards only intervening between their walls. It is a building of three bays, with buttresses, pierced battlements, and ornamented gables with fine windows, an excellent example of a rather small Perpendicular structure, handsome without being ornate. The south door, near the church, remains open, and there is in the interior a stone pulpit. Some authorities have doubted whether this building is not a little later in date than Chicheley's time, and whether it was originally intended for a school, but the general opinion favours the view which has been followed. The bede-house is a larger but plainer structure. This, however, has only two windows on each side, with a large one at the west over the door, and an open bell-cote on the gable. It terminates at the east end in a small chancel rather richer in its details, with an eastern window and one of smaller size on either side. Its floor is considerably higher than that of the principal chamber, and there is a crypt beneath. This chancel, no doubt, was formerly used as a chapel, an arrangement of which traces are often found in old bede-houses and infirmaries. In the south wall is a small door, blocked, which must have led formerly to a yard or garden, and a large though plain fireplace. The latter is considered to be older than the building; some have suggested that it belonged to an earlier house of like nature, which may have been utilised by Chicheley in his own foundation. This was designed for twelve men and one woman, doubtless as their attendant, one of whom was to

be governor and bear the title of Prior. Not many years since the chapel was in ruins, but it, with the rest of the building, has been carefully restored, the old bede-house being now used as a parish room.

Several rather interesting houses still remain in the town, as is usual in Northamptonshire, but we must restrict ourselves to a brief notice of Chicheley's College. This has fared worse than the rest of his good work, for it is in a sad state of ruin, and the parts which still remain are converted into farm buildings. The main entrance, a wide flat-arched door, is fairly perfect. Above it are three canopied niches, and a three-light window. To the north is a smaller window, and in a gable to the south is another window, on either side of which are two rudely carved heads, formerly intended for brackets. The college was built, according to old descriptions, round a quadrangle. The foundation, which dates from 1422, was for eight secular canons—of whom one was to be master—four clerks—of whom one was to teach music and another grammar—and six choristers. Thus ample provision was made for the orderly conduct of worship in the parish church, and further aid was given to the cause of education. Those ages which produced Walter de Merton and William of Wykeham, Henry Chicheley and William of Waynflete, to mention the benefactors of one university only, were not altogether dark. Granted that the circle of studies was narrow, and the chief aim of education somewhat restricted, yet learning was held in honour by rulers and people; it was deemed more useful to the State than voluble ignorance; it opened a career to laudable ambition; its path led to dignity, wealth, and influence, instead of having for its most probable goal, as at the present time, comparative poverty and comparative obscurity. But in those days such learning as there might be was true gold; now there is so much pinchbeck that only an expert can tell the difference; so the mob and its masters care more for brilliant shoddy than for stuff that will wear. Needless to say that Higham Ferrers church was not improved in its details during the period between the completion of the tower and the Victorian epoch, but in the latter it has been carefully restored.


BEDE-HOUSE, WITH RECTORY CHIMNEY.

T. G. Bonney.

CARTMEL.

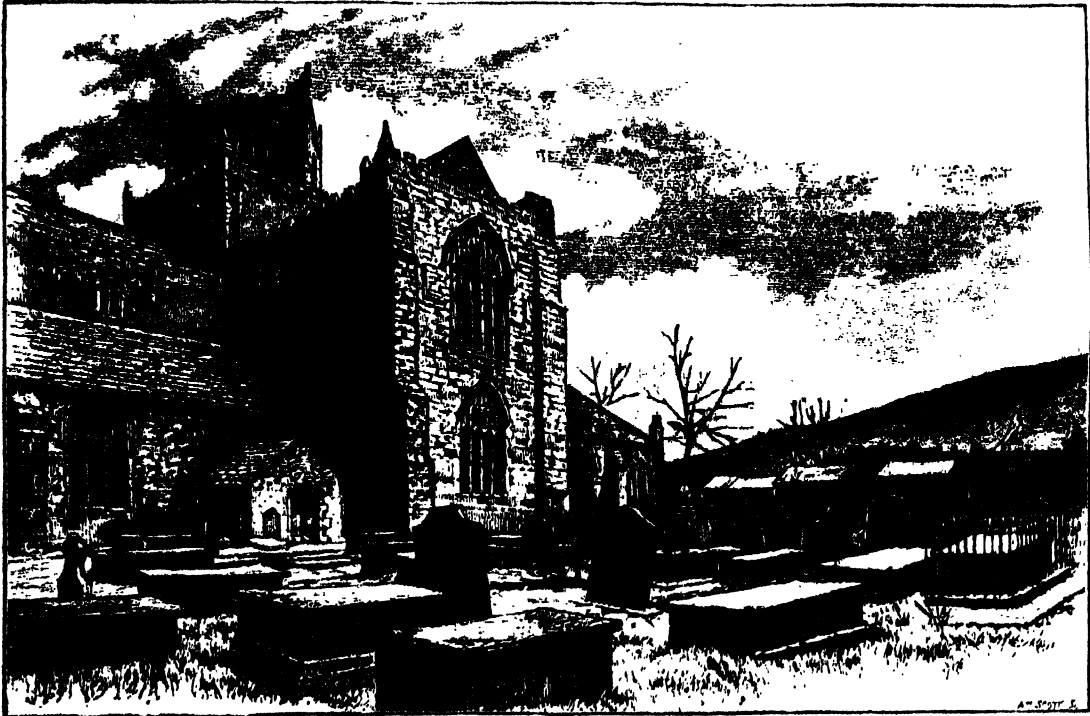
A TOWER WITHIN A TOWER.

BETWEEN the foot of Windermere and the northern extremity of Morecambe Bay there lies a large tongue of rich pastoral land, well sheltered by hills for the most part, but stretching away to the wide sandy flats over which the tides rush up to meet the Kent and the Leven. The district is sparse of population, and the eye wanders round vainly in search of those church spires which were accounted by Cobbett to be one of the chief glories of English landscape. Yet there is no dearth of spiritual provision for such people as may reside here, for in the very heart of a broad valley, sheltered by wooded heights, watched over at a gravely respectful distance by the Coniston mountains, lies the small, quiet village of Cartmel, its housetops dominated by the lofty walls and the singular square tower of one of the largest parish churches in these islands.

In those to whom it presents itself as an unexpected sight, Cartmel Church awakens the same kind of surprise as is said to be occasioned by the discovery of a fly in amber. One wonders through what extraordinary set of circumstances it originally came there. It is not only much too large for the population which the parish at present contains, but it must always have provided accommodation vastly in excess of the requirements of this remote portion of Lancashire. The village of Cartmel contains about five hundred souls, and it has never within historical times been larger or more important than it is at the present day. The nearest town of any consequence is Grange-over-Sands, two and a half miles away; and Grange is a mere mushroom town, dating back only fifty years or so. Nor does this noble church command the undivided allegiance of the folk of even so inconsiderable a village as Cartmel. A Friends' Meeting House of unusually attractive aspect competes with it as one of the distinguishing features of the place. Quakers are abundant, it would appear, and a suspicion that crosses the mind of the stranger is that Cartmel must, in fact, be a Quaker town, so drab is it in appearance, so reminiscent in its brown-grey walls, and blue-grey roofs, and limestone roads, of the quaintly striking dress of the "Friends" of a time when the old Quaker garments were still commonly worn.

It is necessary to go back very far to find why and under what conditions Cartmel Church was founded. The site has religious associations extending into an exceedingly dark and perplexed past. What was anciently defined as the patrimony of St. Cuthbert was the district bounded southward by the Tees and westward by the Cumberland Moors; but we have the authority of Camden for the statement that the great missionary and apostle who has Durham Cathedral for his shrine

and monument extended his authority and rule into this distant part of Lancashire, where Ægfrid of Northumbria had given to him "all Cartmell with the Britons in it." This must have been at some time between the driving of the old inhabitants from Cumbria and the fatal battle of Nechtansmere. And it is interesting to surmise that here the routed Britons assembled, after fleeing over the mountains, to find protection on the one hand from the vast range over



CARTMEL, FROM THE SOUTH.

which no Saxon army would be likely to march, and on the other from the shifting and treacherous sands which extend from Morecambe Bay for mile on mile up the valleys of the Leven and the Kent. Of what St. Cuthbert may have done for the Britons at Cartmel, of any journey that he may have made thither, no safe record remains, but there is a tradition as to an Anglo-Saxon church standing on the site of the present remarkable structure. There is also a curious legend of some monks who came from over seas, at a time which must have been near to Cuthbert's own, when the great Saxon monasteries were in course of building, and when monks were seeking quiet and hidden places of settlement throughout most parts of a disturbed land.

To be sure, the legend scarcely agrees with the idea that there was a colony of Britons at Cartmel, with a church reared under St. Cuthbert's hands. It tells how, at an unknown time, some monks coming from another country found all

this part of the kingdom covered with wood, and how they resolved to build a monastery amid the forest lands. As in the case of Durham, however, their project was taken under heavenly direction. As they were preparing to build their church they heard a voice instructing them to search for a site in a valley where there were two rivers, the one of which should run to the south and the other should pursue its course northward. So thereafter they resumed their wandering, seeking fruitlessly for many a day and week and month for the valley with the two contradictory streams. At length, dispirited and weary, they retraced their steps towards the hill where they had heard the miraculous voice. On their way thither they crossed a stream, the waters of which ran northwards, and a hundred yards or so apart from this they came to another stream which flowed in a southerly direction. They at once accepted the omen, measured and cleared a space between the two rivers, and at mid-distance between the one and the other they built their monastery and their church. For confutation of those who doubt the truth of this ancient story the two streams may yet be pointed out, flowing in opposite directions, one very feebly, and the other with a swifter motion, within a stone's throw of Cartmel Church.

Between St. Cuthbert, these wandering friars, and the undoubted monkish settlement of later times, tradition has grown confused. Light dawns towards the end of the twelfth century, but it is only a fitful light withal. The present striking and singular church originated in a priory which was founded by William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, in 1188. How the renowned Earl Marshal came to be identified with this remote region does not distinctly appear; but the evidences of his deep interest in the success and permanence of Cartmel Priory are still to be found in the emphatic language of the original charter. "This house," that document observes, "I have founded for the increase of our holy religion, giving and granting to it every kind of liberty that heart can conceive, or mouth utter, and whosoever shall in any way infringe upon these immunities, or injure the said Priory, may he incur the curse of God, of the blessed Virgin Mary, and of all other saints, as well as my particular malediction."

That a church already existed at Cartmel in 1188 appears clearly enough from the fact that the advowson was conveyed by Pembroke in his first grant to the priory, as well as from certain records of priests who served there before 1155. Also the subsequent history and preservation of the church is to be most satisfactorily explained on the theory that the rights of the parishioners to a share in the building had been acknowledged through all vicissitudes. The Cartmel monks were "canons regular" of the Order of St. Augustine, so called as a means of distinction from those secular canons who do not live in community. They were well provided for, though perhaps never very numerous;

Comparatively recent excavations have made it appear that the priory walls, which were of great thickness, enclosed a space scarcely less than that which is now occupied by the village of Cartmel. Pembroke's generosity to the place was on a scale commensurate with his own importance. When the priory was founded King Richard had not been crowned. In the first year of King John a royal charter was granted confirming the canons in their lands, their church, and their liberties. Seventeen years later additional lands were granted by the founder, and a further charter was issued when Pembroke's young *protégé* came to the throne. Three years after this event, "having continued to govern England in the young king's name with wisdom, moderation, and success," the founder of Cartmel Priory died, leaving to history the reputation of one of the best and bravest men "by whom it has ever been the blessing of this country to be defended and ordered."

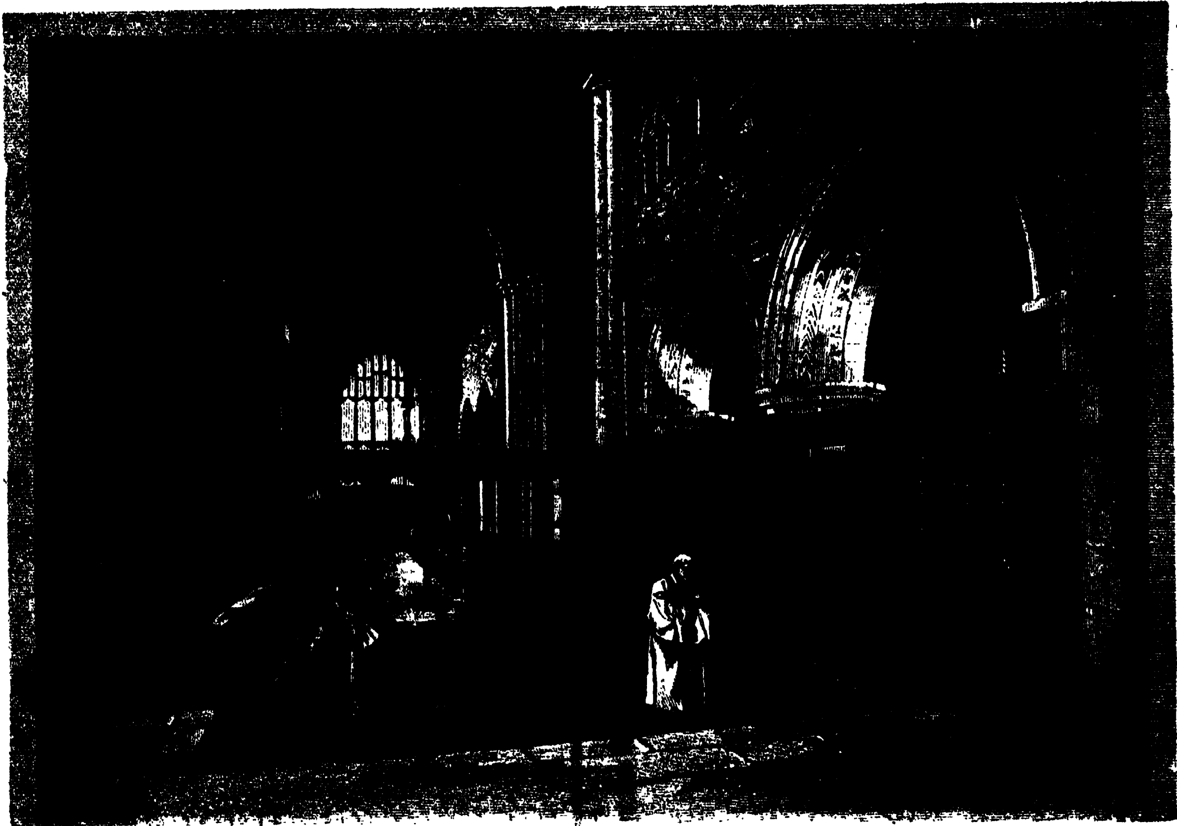
Of the priory nothing now remains but the gateway tower, an unusually tall fabric, resting on a lofty archway and a groined vault. The work of destruction at the dissolution of the monasteries was here done with great thoroughness, having been entrusted to Thomas Holcroft, "an expert in suche thynges," as a contemporary document observes. His reward was a grant of the manor and estates of the canons, and the praise of "having byne very diligent here, for the which he was put only in trust to pluck down this church." Nevertheless, the church was not plucked down, the affection of the parishioners having availed to save it. As John Britton says, in his monumental delineations of "The Beauties of England and Wales," "the inhabitants of the town adopted the spirited determination of purchasing the monastic church, which was afterwards made parochial." The probability is that it was regarded as parochial already, the people of Cartmel always having been admitted to free worship therein. Of the fate of the monks there is no clear record. The house contained ten canons and thirty-eight servants at the Dissolution, the last prior, as it would seem, being one Richard Preston, belonging, it is probable, to that family of Prestons which was afterwards very generous to and mindful of the priory church.

The fine structure which gives so unexpected a dignity and importance to the little village of Cartmel is most immediately striking because of the peculiarity of its tower. This distinguishing feature has been called grotesque, but it is, on the contrary, scarcely less pleasing in effect than original in design. As it was left by its first builders, the tower was not conspicuously higher than the roof, but at a later date it was desired to make provision for a peal of bells, and a second square tower was placed diagonally above and within the older one, as appears from the illustration on page 785.

The builders, it is evident, were men of no common skill. The girder would

have served their purpose, but the girder was then unknown; and so they constructed four cross-arches, springing from the middle point of the tower on each side, and enclosing the entire angle at the four corners. On this they placed their bell-tower, which thus stands as a square within a square, diagonally to its base. No other example of a similar expedient is known to exist either in our own country or abroad.

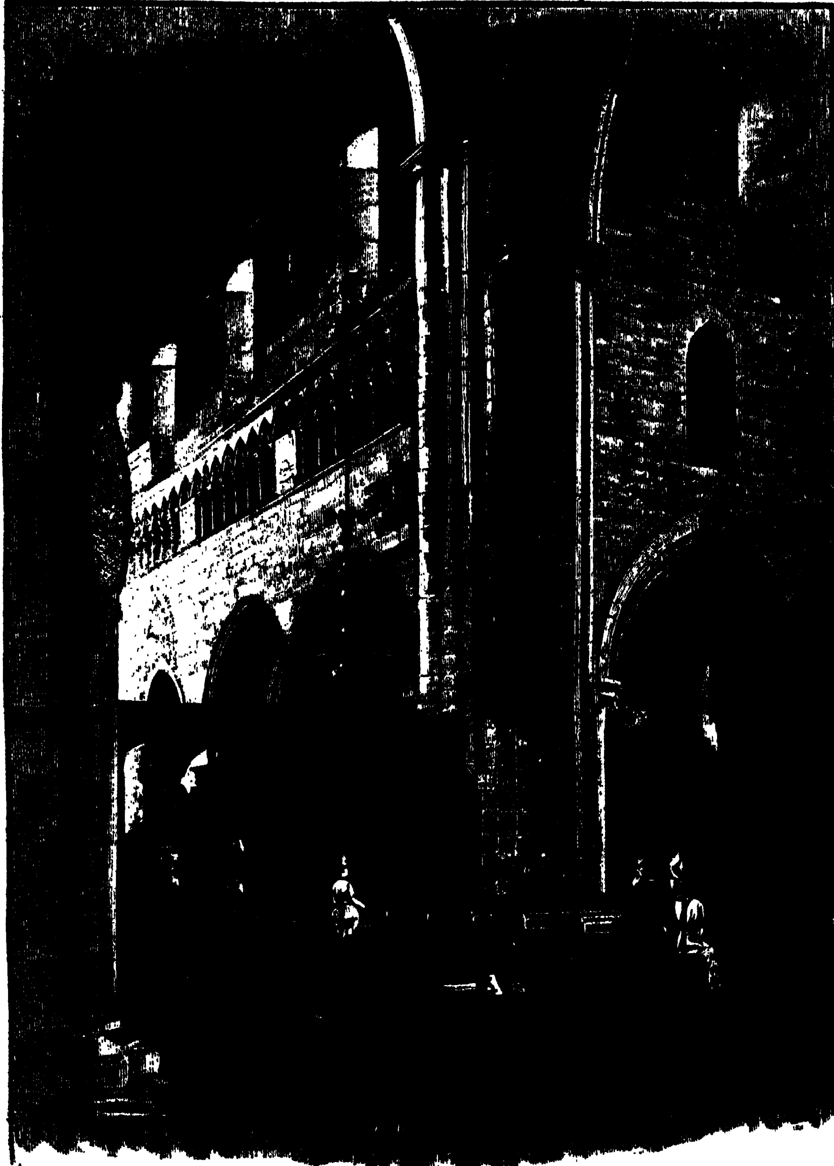
The walls of the church—which is cruciform in shape, the transept being



THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

almost as long as the nave and chancel—are now battlemented, and have undergone much reconstruction and repair. The transept seems to be of Norman work almost up to the topmost courses, but the nave was taken down and rebuilt at some time during the fifteenth century; and the south aisle, which is, in fact, a chapel of fair dimensions, belongs to a still later period, and was used for service when the more important portions of the building were in a condition of neglect and decay. The extreme length of Cartmel Church is 157 feet. The walls are 57 feet high, and the lofty and spacious transepts extend 110 feet from north to south. The choir is obviously the oldest part of the church, and has some fine Norman arches dividing it from the choir aisles. For what must

have been a very long period it stood roofless to the weather, of which fact painful evidence is to be found in the decayed condition of the finely carved stall-ends. In the restored condition of the church the choir screens and stalls



VIEW ACROSS THE NAVE.

are much the most distinguished feature of the interior, and have a peculiarly rich and ornate effect. The stalls are fitted with *misereres*, decorated with rude carvings, some of sacred and some of purely grotesque subjects.

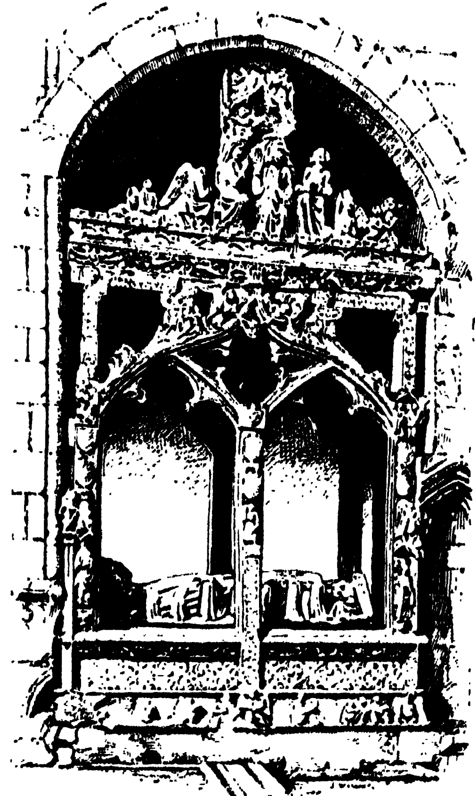
The screenwork of the choir is Jacobean in design, and is remarkably elaborate in its carving. It is a subject for congratulation that the remoteness

of Cartmel Church, and the insignificant extent to which it had been described, kept it out of the hands of the earlier church restorers, otherwise this Jacobean screen-work would certainly have been removed in the interests of the Gothic revival. The screens have carved oak pillars with Corinthian capitals. There is a richly-carved cornice bearing the emblems of the Passion, interspersed with bunches of fruit, and these designs are returned round each of the columns. The stalls are twenty-six in number, and they were restored by George Preston, from whom the manor and the neighbouring Holker Hall descended to the Lowthers, and then to the Cavendishes. A wooden tablet, dated 1640, which commemorates the Prestons, is to be found in a prominent part of the church, and of this George Preston it says that "out of his zeale to God, he, at his great charges, repaired this church, being in greate decay, with a newe roofe of tymber, and beautified it within very decently with fretted plaister worke, adorned the chancel with curiously carved wood worke, and placed therein a pair of organs of greate valew."

The various portions of the church very well illustrate the transition from the Norman to the Pointed style of architecture. There is an exceptionally fine Norman arch within the much more modern church porch. It appears to be in its original position, but evidently underwent some slight repair when the new nave was built. The columns and pointed arches which support the tower are transitional in character. The large windows of the transept are Perpendicular insertions in the Norman masonry. The west end of the nave is lighted by a Perpendicular window of uncommon dimensions, buttressed by two heavy piers, and with a slightly retiring gable, which is surmounted by a bell-niche. An interesting characteristic of the choir is a fine triforium, massive and severe in design, a part of the oldest building, but blocked up as to two of its arches during alterations carried out in the fifteenth century. The east window of the church, which is a good example of the Perpendicular style, has nine lights, and is 48 feet in height by 24 feet in breadth. It contains some old stained glass of good quality, the remains of former windows, inserted as patchwork.

Among the monuments at Cartmel there is a marble slab of the fourteenth century, in memory of William de Walton, the first prior whose name is certainly known. In the south wall of the chancel there has been inserted, in a somewhat clumsy manner, a canopied tomb, which has either been brought from some other church, or was removed from the chantry after the Dissolution. It contains the recumbent effigies of a knight and his lady, and seems to belong to the fourteenth century. The sculpture of the tomb is exceedingly elaborate, and is of excellent quality for the epoch to which it belongs. There remains no definite record of the persons over whom this monument was erected, but they are believed to be Sir John Harrington and his lady, one of whose descendants

was the standard-bearer at the battle of Agincourt. Among the recent monuments is a noble one by Woolner to the memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish; the slab upon which reposes the recumbent figure of Lord Frederick Cavendish bears this inscription:—"This memorial is placed here in memory of Frederick Charles Cavendish, son of William, seventh Duke of Devonshire, and Blanche his wife, by some of those who knew and loved him. Born November 30th, 1836, died in the service of his country and in defence of his friend, May 6th, 1882." A painted reredos has been placed under the east window, the work of Lady Louisa Egerton, also a member of the Cavendish family, who have intimate associations with the church, Holker Hall, one of the seats of the Dukes of Devonshire, being in the immediate neighbourhood.



THE HARRINGTON MONUMENT.

The later restorations of the church were carried out successively by the Rev. Thomas Remington and by Canon Hubbersby, both of whom had fortunately a sound taste in architecture. They had the thick coats of whitewash removed from the stonework, and the decayed plaster-ceiling from the centre tower, substituting in the latter case a panelled ceiling of timber, emblazoned with the arms of William Marshal, the original founder, the Prestons of Holker, the archbishop of the province, and the bishop of the diocese. More recently the lath and plaster ceilings have been removed from the chancel and the nave, and the interesting woodwork of the roof has thus been exposed. It should also be noticed that the church displays some good stained glass, both ancient and modern.

The Prestons of Holker were great benefactors to the church, and among the legacies of one member of the family was a valuable collection of ancient books now preserved in the vestry. Here, too, may be seen what is probably the earliest existing umbrella, an exceedingly cumbrous affair, formerly used at burials. The church is much frequented in the season when visitors are swarming along the shores of Morecambe Bay. But not the less does it preserve its ancient and solemn quiet among the seclusion of the hills.

AARON WATSON.

LUDLOW.

"THE NOBLEST PARISH CHURCH IN ENGLAND."

"A TOWN of greater beauty than antiquity." The latter claim to honour has grown somewhat stronger since Camden's time; the former no one can dispute. The charms of the neighbourhood, the picturesque ruins and historic associations of the castle, its own imposing situation and architecture, entitle Ludlow Church to a place in any such work as this. It is termed in an important guide book the noblest parish church in England. Perhaps this supremacy might be disputed, but indubitably not many could be found to surpass it. The district through which the river Teme has carved out its valley is one of rolling, sometimes bold hills, which often are richly wooded and cultivated, but rise here and there in broken slopes to a considerable elevation. Such, for instance, is Titterstone Clee, whose rough top is more than 1,800 feet above the sea, and is visible over all the country round. The valley of the Teme, which flows towards the Severn from the hills of Wales, becomes at times almost a glen, as for instance where it cuts the mudstones, which take their name from the town. Here its course bends from east to south, and the town is situated on the headland thus defined. The church and castle occupy the summit of the hill, the latter overlooking the river, and the streets descending the slopes on either side.

At what date a town, a church, or a castle was first built here is rather uncertain. None of the three appears to have been in existence when Domesday Book was compiled. The castle probably was built soon after this date. The church—that is, the predecessor of the present one—cannot have been founded long after it, for even if the castle were the first building on the hill, a hamlet would soon grow up at its gates.

The district before that time was known as the Manor of Lude, and from a "low" or tumulus which crossed the hill, Ludlow took its name. This barrow must have occupied some part of the site now covered by the church, for there is a curious story showing how the clergy ingeniously put it to a profitable use. Rather more than a century after the foundation of the castle Ludlow town appears to have grown in importance, and it was decided to enlarge the church by prolonging it eastwards. For this purpose it became necessary to remove the barrow—close to which the original church must have been placed. Now money was evidently wanted by the clergy of Ludlow. The benefice was a poor one, the church possessed none of those attractions in the form of relics which at once acted like a magnet on pilgrims and a stimulus on their liberality.



Photo: T. Jones & Son, Ludlow.

LUDLOW: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

The clergy were smart enough to avail themselves of the opportunity which the removal of this ancient monument presented. Some human remains were found — apparently in three separate places—but besides this the workmen discovered an inscribed scroll, enclosed partly in wax, partly in lead. This declared the remains to be those of three Irish saints, who, in the sixth century, had wandered away from their native land to settle in this region. According to this veracious document one of them was St. Fercher, another St. Corona, the third St. Cochel; these being respectively the father, mother, and brother of St. Brendan of holy memory. The relics were joyfully received and carefully preserved until their wonder-working power might be duly demonstrated, a result which no doubt before long followed the discovery.*

The present church is of later date than the above incident. Though portions of Early English and of Decorated work are incorporated into the building, most of it was erected during the later part of the fifteenth century, and thus may not have been completed much more than half a century prior to the Reformation. In plan it is cruciform, with a lofty central tower. The nave is in six bays, with aisles; the choir has five bays, but is without aisles. There are, however, two chantry chapels of considerable size, opening eastwards from the north and south transepts respectively, together with a porch which forms the southern entrance to the church. This is on an unusual plan, being a hexagon, in some respects resembling that of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol. The west window is of modern workmanship, and is filled with stained glass, the gift of the late Mr. Beriah Botfield, but the grand east window is the special feature of the church. It is of great size, occupying the whole breadth of the chancel, and is filled with stained glass representing incidents in the life of St. Lawrence, to whom the church is dedicated. According to the published description there are no less than sixty-five compartments. Most of the glass is ancient, the window having been the gift of Bishop Spofford of Hereford, who occupied the see between 1421 and 1448. It had suffered many injuries, but rather more than fifty years since was restored by Messrs. Evans, of Shrewsbury.† The fine reredos below is a restoration of the ancient one. A handsome pavement of inlaid marble is one of the most recent additions to this part of the church. The large windows on either side of the choir are also worth notice; in these, too, much of the original stained glass still remains. Three on the north side have been restored by the liberality of Earl Powis, and two on the south at the cost of Lady Harriet Clive. Much ancient stained glass also remains in the northern chapel, dedicated to St. John. The east window records the story of the warning of coming death given to Edward the Confessor,

* This reconstruction of the church occurred about 1199. Some authorities are of opinion that the enlargement was westwards, not eastwards. From traces of Norman foundations discovered during the restorations made of late years, the old church appears to have occupied much the same site as the present nave.

† Details of the subjects are given in Wright's "History of Ludlow," p. 457.

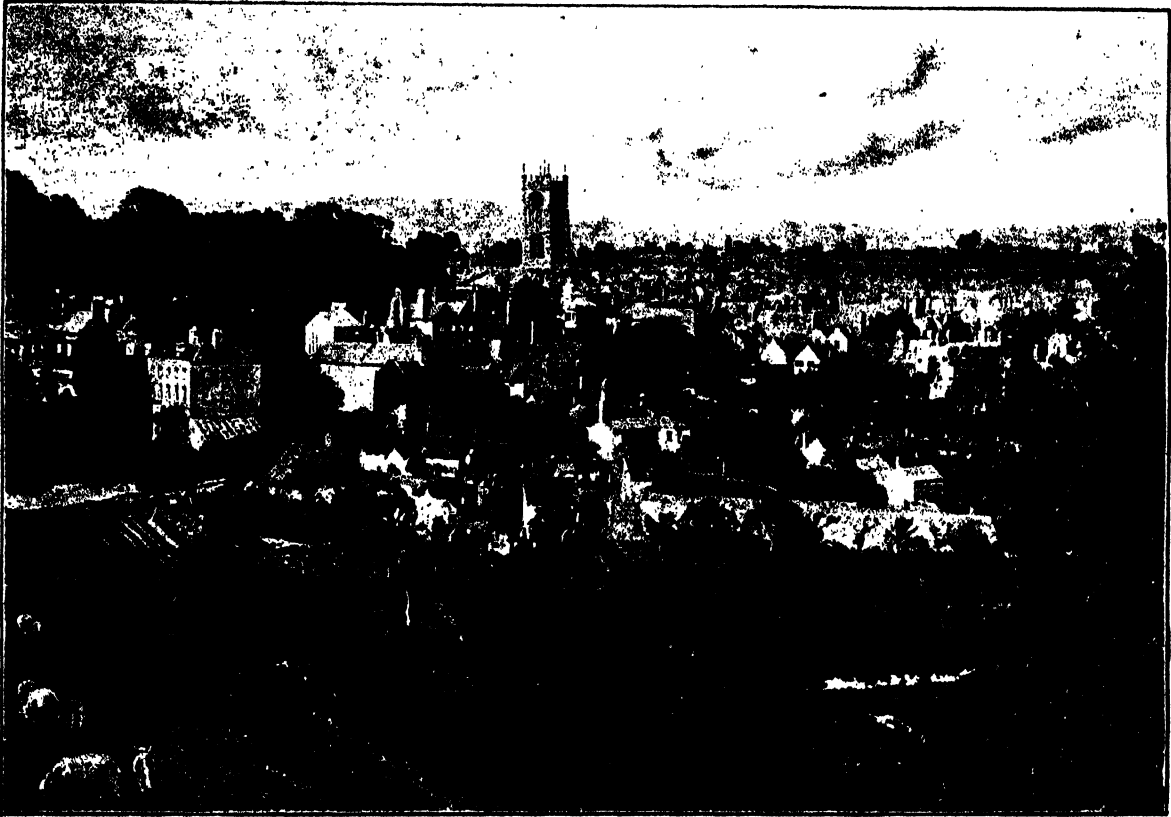
when a ring "was brought to him by certain pilgrims from Hierusalem, which ring he hadde secretly given to a poore man that asked his charitie in the name of Godde and Sainte John the Evangelist," these pilgrims being men of Ludlow. A guild of "Palmers" existed in the town at an early date. The other windows also are interesting, and have been well restored, as memorials. The handsome monument of Sir John Bridgman and his wife, attributed to Fancelli and dated about 1637, which unfortunately has been much and wantonly injured, is in this chapel. The windows of the south chapel appear to have been no less richly adorned, indeed the church in the days before the Reformation must have possessed an unusually large quantity of stained glass. The east one—a good example of a "Jesse" window—is a recent restoration. The north transept has a remarkable flamboyant window, recently reconstructed, and the screens which part the chapels from this and the other transept are well executed. The oak roofs of the church, especially that of the choir, are very handsome, and the stall work of the latter is of admirable workmanship.* The organ is a fine and powerful one. A very extensive restoration of the church was carried out about 1860, when the encumbrances of more than two centuries were cleared away; but much was left which has been done since this date, not only by way of ornamentation but also in structural repairs, for the red sandstone used in the building is not a durable material. The most serious expenditure has been over the tower, which was discovered to be in an unsafe condition, but which has now been thoroughly repaired and strengthened, at a cost of above £8,000.

We must not forget the churchyard with its old yews, which on the northern side rests upon the ancient town wall and commands a beautiful view over the valley of the Teme and more than one tributary stream, or the quaint old timbered house which one Thomas Kaye built in the year 1616. This is the official residence of the rector's assistant, for besides a rector the church has attached to it a functionary who has this title and a lecturer; but as it is small in size, it has for some time past been handed over to a tenant. Curious as it is, this is not the best specimen of timber work in Ludlow—and there are several—for the Feathers Hotel much surpasses it, being a fine one even for the western side of England.

The castle, too, must have a word of notice, for among its ruins is an ecclesiastical building of exceptional interest, and the place itself is full of historic memories. The plan is rudely quadrangular; there is a large "outer bailey," entered by a gateway on the south and separated from an inner court by a moat. In the latter are the keep and other principal buildings; these are of

* The length of the church is 203 feet, 93 feet going to the nave. The breadth of the latter with its aisles is 82 feet, and the choir 22 feet. The extreme length of the transept is 130 feet; the height of the tower is 166 feet.

various dates from Norman to Elizabethan, and in the open space within stands one of the most curious chapels to be found in the British Isles. It belongs to the group of "round churches" already noticed in this work, but differs from the Temple Church in London, and from those at Cambridge, Northampton, and Little Maplestead, in this respect, that all these, like the Dome of the Rock, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, consist of a central rotunda



GENERAL VIEW OF LUDLOW. (*Photo: T. Jones, Ludlow.*)

lighted by a clerestory in the drum, and surrounded by an aisle. This in Ludlow Castle is merely a circular tower in plan; it has no aisle, but only an arcading to relieve the surface of the wall within. The western door is richly ornamented, and is an excellent piece of work; over it is a window in the same style, and opposite to it a larger Norman archway, also ornate, which gave entrance to the choir. This, according to recent excavations, was small. There can be little doubt that this chapel, if not the oldest, is one of the two oldest, of the English "circular churches;" according to the "Romance of the Fitzwarines" it was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, on the day of St. Cyriac (August 8), but the year is not recorded. It is a building graceful in ornamentation, if rather peculiar

in form, worthy of the picturesque ruins of a castle which in its perfection must have been equal to its site.

The massive keep carries us back to the earlier days; some of the adjacent buildings recall its later and most poetic associations. As for the former, the early history of Ludlow seems to be one long tale of Border forays. Joce de Dinan, by whom it was completed in the reign of Henry I., and two of his neighbours carried on their wars as if they were chiefs of nomad tribes in a savage country, and they fought with varying fortunes. One episode is a romance in itself. A certain Walter de Lacy had been harrying the lands of Joce, even within sight



LUDLOW CHURCH, FROM THE NORTH-WEST (1800).

of the walls of Ludlow. This was more than man could bear, when troops were at his call, so down swooped Joce and his men-at-arms and scattered the enemy. Joce himself overtook De Lacy just beyond the river and was on the point of making him prisoner, when three of the latter's knights came to the rescue, and the tables were being turned. Joce's wife and daughters saw the danger from the walls. Their cries aroused a noble lad, Fulke Fitzwarine, who had been left behind as too young for the battle. He clapped an old helmet on his head, caught up a great Danish axe, jumped on the back of a carthorse which chanced to be in the stables, and galloped down to the fray. Before the combatants realised what was happening, Fulke had severed the backbone of one foe and the skull of another, whereupon De Lacy and the other knight, who had already been wounded, had to yield themselves prisoners. After this, of course, Fulke married one of the

daughters of his guardian. This was followed by a second romance, with a black ending. De Lacy and his companion escaped from captivity, helped by a damsel in the household of Joce de Dinan's wife, who had fallen in love with the second prisoner. After the marriage the castle was left in charge of a garrison. The damsel, on pretence of illness, contrived to remain behind the bridal party. When the coast was clear she sent word to her lover, and let him into the castle, but the knight did not come alone, for while he was engaged with the lady his "ladder of ropes" had been in constant use, and during the night his comrades overpowered the guard, and became masters of the castle. Then they sallied into Ludlow town, burnt it, and slew man, woman, and child. When the damsel woke in the morning she realised with what a feast her illicit nuptials had been honoured, so she straightway stabbed her paramour with his own sword, and leaping from the window broke her worthless neck. After waiting long and slaying much, Fitzwarine got back the castle, and the town was rebuilt. His son had many adventures in the reign of King John, who bore to him a special hatred arising, it is said, from this cause, that when they were boys together, the lad had been unwittingly the cause of the young prince —very deservedly—being whipped "finely and well." Altogether the Borders do not appear to have become an attractive place of residence for quietly disposed people till towards the middle of the fourteenth century.

By Edward the Second's time Ludlow had passed by marriage into possession of the Mortimers, and its lord, the favourite of Queen Isabella, ended his life on a common gallows in London. In later times it was a residence for Edward IV., and here died Arthur, Prince of Wales, a few months after this marriage. A shrine at the north-west corner of the church indicates the spot where, for a time, his heart was deposited. The castle was much altered in the days of Elizabeth, when it had become the habitual residence of the Lord President of Wales, Sir Henry Sidney, and here, in the year 1634 the Masque of Comus was first performed on the occasion of Lord Bridgewater being appointed to the lordship of the Welsh Marches. A few days after reaching the castle he, his sons, and his daughters were benighted and for a short time lost in Hay Woods, about three miles away from Ludlow. This, it is said, suggested to Milton the idea of the masque. But the history of Ludlow Castle was drawing near its end. Civil troubles were at hand; the castle was held for the king, but was surrendered to the parliamentary general, Sir William Brereton. It was then dismantled. It was, however, occupied for a time after the restoration, and Butler wrote part of "Hudibras" in a chamber over the gateway.

T. G. BONNEY.

EAST DEREHAM, BERKELEY, AND BRONLLYS.

SOME CAMPANILE TOWERS.

EXACTLY in the centre of the county of Norfolk stands the little town of Dereham. It is a flourishing place in its way—with its County Court and its cattle market, its great malthouses and smaller manufactories, its 6,000 inhabitants increasing in number annually, its important railway junction, and above all its highly interesting parish church. When the Romans had retired from Britain about a hundred years, the Angles from the other side of the Channel had succeeded in building up a kingdom which included the modern counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, stretching, that is, from the Stour to the Wash; in the middle of the seventh century this kingdom was governed by a certain King Anna, who had embraced the Christian faith with extraordinary fervour, and exhibited extraordinary zeal in its propagation. One of his daughters, Ethelburga, founded the monastery of Ely; while another, Withburga, it is said, set up a nunnery at Dereham, which tradition, and something more than tradition, assures us prospered for some generations. When Withburga died she was buried at Dereham, where, we are told, she had built a church. This church can have been nothing but a structure of timber; for the Angles knew little about working in stone, and it must have been no more than the church of the religious house which had been founded by the pious princess.

When the great survey was made by the Commissioners of William the Conqueror about twenty years after the battle of Hastings, Dereham was but an inconsiderable village, and the church a humble little edifice; but when the Bishop of Ely became "lord" of the manors hereabout, and the rectory of Dereham fell to his patronage, he seems to have built the first stone church for the little township. And the remains of this stone church may still be seen in the Norman work of the chancel arch. This church, which appears to have been erected during the first half of the twelfth century, may have been, and probably was, the work of Nigel, Bishop of Ely, who presided over that see from 1133 to 1169, and there is reason to believe that it was a small cruciform church with an apse at the east end, dedicated to St. Nicholas.

But in "the ages of faith" it was not enough that a church should be built; it was necessary that it should grow. The original edifice had hardly been standing for a century when Dereham had developed into a market town and the inhabitants had prospered. So it seemed to them that the time had come for them to enlarge their church. Thereupon they drew out their plans and

counted the cost, and they set to work to build. Walter de Suffield, the Bishop of Norwich, had just before this time taken it into his head to demolish the apse which had stood at the east end of Norwich Cathedral for one hundred and fifty years or so, and had erected a much larger and more spacious quadrangular lady chapel to replace the ancient semicircular one. The men of Dereham



EAST DEREHAM, FROM THE WEST.

thought they could not go wrong in following their bishop's example; and they, too, pulled down their little semicircular apse and built on the beautiful chancel, which still exists and retains all its original architectural features. This was put into a good state of repair, with very few vagaries, by Mr. Christian, the architect of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and at the expense of that body, about twenty years ago. Concurrently with the enlargement of the chancel, a corresponding enlargement of the western members of the church was effected. The nave was greatly lengthened, and an aisle was built out on the south and carried along the whole length of the nave, the original southern transept being made to form the eastern end of this aisle, and the original southern wall being replaced by a series of seven graceful arches surmounting eight shafts with their bases and capitals, such as we see them at this day. Thus the little church of

the twelfth century—which was cruciform, consisting of a nave, a central tower, two transepts, and an apse—had grown into a structure from which the cruciform character had disappeared, and had developed into an edifice consisting of a nave with an aisle on the south. The chancel which remains, and the original northern transept, with the sacristy filling the corner at the junction of the walls of the transept and the chancel, were by this time all that was left of the first church which had not been altered or built into the new one.

This, the first great extension of Dereham Church, was carried out about the year 1250. Its extreme length extended to 175 feet, that is from the western door facing St. Withburga's wall to the eastern end. In its length the church remains as it was more than six hundred years ago. But its width did not satisfy the Dereham people. A church with only one aisle was like a man with only one leg; and the tempting symmetry which had been attained by making the southern transept serve as the eastern termination of the new aisle seemed to be a continual suggestion that what had been effected on the south should be repeated on the north. Less than half a century after the first extension the northern aisle was added, and now both transepts were merged in the respective aisles of which they had become the terminations; while the ground plan of the church was now a parallelogram of 125 feet long by 60 feet wide, from which the chancel opened out at the east end 50 feet long by 30 feet wide.

There is some reason for thinking that shortly after the north aisle was added, and the church had been completed to its present form, the old tower, which never can have been anything but a light and poorly built one, fell down and carried away a large portion of the south wall. It is certain that the present tower was built not later than the year 1400, and that it was erected upon different foundations and with different supports from those of the earlier tower. About the same time the spaces at the termination of the aisles were turned into chapels, and were used by the guilds or benefit clubs of the parishioners for their meetings, which always partook of a religious character.

The magnificent font was set up in 1468; it was infamously defaced by the iconoclasts of the seventeenth century. All the stained-glass windows and mural paintings had been wantonly destroyed during the reign of King Edward VI. The most modern part of the church is the south porch, which, unfortunately, was never completed.

It must be evident—even to the most untrained eye—that the present central tower could never have been strong enough, and never have been intended, to bear the weight and strain of a peal of bells. Yet a belfry was almost an essential feature of a mediæval church. The truth seems to be that even in early times

the bells at Dereham were hung in a tower detached from the church. It seems that this tower had become dilapidated at the close of the fifteenth century, and that it stood where the present belfry tower stands, about fifty feet to the south of the chancel. The inhabitants resolved on renewing or rebuilding this tower, and set themselves to the work in a very energetic manner. As usual, money was collected and legacies were left by people in their wills, and the work was commenced on a very ambitious scale. The tower is quadrilateral in shape, the base of it being a square whose sides are 32 feet; it is supported at the angles by handsome buttresses 8 feet by 4; the walls are 8 feet thick, and the height is just 86 feet from the ground—that is 16 feet higher than the central church tower. The building went on, and was still going on as late as 1536, but it never was finished; and as it was left when the Reformation came in, so it remains to the present day. Only a single bell seems to have been left in the tower by the visitors of Edward VI. in 1550; this, however, was a large one, "weighing by estimation forty hundredweight." A century and a half later we find that the inhabitants had already replaced some of the bells that had been taken from them. In 1717 there were six; and in 1760 they had become eight.



BERKELEY, FROM THE NORTH.



SOUTH-WEST VIEW, SHOWING THE TOWER.

It is well known that the towers of our parish churches in ancient times

were occasionally used as prisons or temporary places of detention. The belfry tower at Dereham was utilised in this way, and with deplorable results, as late as 1799. In October of that year a British cruiser fell in with a French privateer somewhere off the Norfolk coast, captured her, and brought her into Yarmouth; there her crew, being counted as prisoners of war, were forthwith landed and marched off to be confined in the prison of Norman Cross in Huntingdonshire. The little band rested for a day at Dereham, and were shut up in the belfry tower. During the night they managed to break out. One of them, a certain Jean de Narde, son of a notary at St. Malo, quite ignorant of the English language, and as ignorant of where he was, wandered aimlessly about, and finding himself pursued, climbed up a tree to hide himself. Unhappily the guard was close upon his track and soon discovered him. Summoned to come down, the poor man made no answer, and one of his pursuers without more ado raised his musket and shot him dead. Twenty years ago there were men and women still alive who remembered seeing the soldiers coming back to the town bearing the corpse upon their muskets. The poet Cowper was living at Dereham when this event happened, and was within a few months of his death. He lies buried in the northern transept, where a very ugly marble monument commemorates him.

Among the rectors of Dereham there have been more than one who were celebrities in their time—the rectory being a sinecure. The most notorious of these rectors was Edmund Bonner, the Bishop of London whose name will always be associated with the hideous Marian persecution of the Protestants. Bonner was presented to this preferment in April, 1534, and apparently went down to Dereham to take possession during the next month; but he never resided in the town for any time.

Two relics of the past which are to be found in this church deserve notice: the Sanctus bell on the roof of the lantern tower, which dates back as far as the fifteenth century; and the old carved chest of Flemish work, with an extremely elaborate lock, said by experts to have been taken from an earlier chest. The restoration of the church, carried out very judiciously in 1885, was effected at a cost of some £3,000. It would be difficult for a visitor at the present time to imagine what the place looked like only a few years ago, when two enormous galleries ran along both aisles, and under them were closely packed the square pews in which wakefulness and easy slumber were equally impossible.

Augustus Jessopp.

Few of the historic homes of England have been longer held in direct descent than has Berkeley Castle by the family which, among other social exploits, has contributed one of the most remarkable chapters to the romance

of the peerage. In the eighth or ninth century the site was occupied by a wealthy abbey, which was replaced some time before the reign of King Edward the Confessor. The ecclesiastical history has a bearing upon the peculiarity which makes Berkeley a noteworthy church. Earl Godwin contrived the suppression of this nunnery by a trick of which it is only possible to say that one would rather expect to read of it in the pages of Le Sage or Boccaccio than in an English chronicle. The ill-gotten possession became a royal demesne when the great earl, who was in his day a prototype of Warwick the Kingmaker, was disgraced and his property confiscated, and at the time of Domesday it was held by Roger de Berkeley, whose family was ancient and wealthy. His descendants, however, made the mistake of supporting King Stephen in the civil war which centred so much in the west as to be called in the chronicles of the time the "Bristol War." King Henry consequently bestowed Berkeley upon his mother's half-brother and most powerful champion, Robert Fitzhardinge, who built the famous stronghold, Bristol Castle, and was the king's provost in that city. In those turbulent times it was, however, easier for the king to grant than for the grantee to obtain quiet possession; but matters were arranged by the favourite device of a marriage between Fitzhardinge's son and the heiress of Berkeley, and the earldom of Berkeley has descended in the same family ever since. The fifth Earl of the creation of 1628 married privately, and some years afterwards publicly re-married the same lady. The Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords on his death in 1810 found that the first marriage was not proved to its satisfaction, and that therefore the title passed to the eldest of the sons born after the public marriage; but he very honourably refused to assume an inheritance at the expense of his mother's good name. Since then there has been further litigation, with the result that the original decision was confirmed.

Berkeley Castle still stands as the picturesque home of Lord Fitzhardinge, who, instead of keeping a horde of armed retainers, is master of the Berkeley pack of fox-hounds. Close alongside the picturesque castle is the very large and handsome parish church, which at once strikes the visitor as peculiar because the tower is on the other side of the churchyard. It is evident that there was never any attempt to build a tower as part of the church, although the present tower dates only from 1753. This, however, replaces an older one which had become ruinous, and was probably built upon the same foundations and in similar proportions, for although the detail is worthless, the general effect is good. There is a tradition of fragments of other buildings attached to the former tower, which was undoubtedly part of an earlier church, and was preserved, either from motives of economy, so to speak, or because it was not desired to erect a tower nearer to the castle walls.

The absence of a tower makes the church look very long and plain, but the west front is such as few parish churches have to show. The almost circular arch of the western door rests upon most graceful detached shafts of Purbeck marble, and is flanked on either side by narrower blank arches, each being surmounted by a gable-shaped drip, which blends the three into one



design. Above is a very fine Early English window with five lights, in similar detached shafts, which brings back memories of Salisbury Cathedral and Beverley Minster. The buttresses, one of which contained a staircase, are imposing, but the original gable of the roof is gone and the ends of the aisles are more recent. The interior is impressive, the nave being in seven bays and the chancel long. There were at one time several chantries in this church, and there are still indications of the positions of the altars. There is a very fine rood-screen, with shields showing the various families with which the Berkeleys intermarried; most of it is original. There is also some interesting wall painting, but this also has been restored. The north porch, with parvise, as well as a south door, indicate a Norman

foundation, but there is little left beyond the Norman font and the south door, which is Transition work from Norman to Early English. Built into the wall of the nave is an unmistakable Roman brick, bearing the letters "BCLVI," which has been dubiously interpreted to mean that the place was the station of part of the Sixth Legion; be that as it may, other indications of Roman occupation have been found in Berkeley. The castle was besieged by the Parliament on September 23rd, 1645, and the massive oak doors of the church still show the part it played in the fight. They were loopholed for musketry, and bear the dents of many a shot. The decisive struggle was fought in the north porch, for when the church was lost the castle was bound to surrender. The mortuary chapel of the Berkeley family on the south side of the chancel is late Perpendicular work, and some of the carvings on the stone roof are very curious, such as a boss representing a fox preaching to two geese. The glass in the east window, in which the central figure represents Christ as "the Great Physician," is a memorial to Dr. Edward Jenner, who was born, lived, died, and was buried at Berkeley, where a summer-house is still shown in which he is said to have performed his first vaccinations.

In the churchyard are two monuments which have obtained no inconsiderable degree of fame. One is an altar-tomb near the north porch, on one face of which is the inscription, "Here rest the Body of Thomas Pearce, who was five times Mayor of this Town, who deceased the 25th of February, 1665, ætatis 77." Another individual of the same name, who died in 1728, has an epitaph attributed to Dean Swift:—

"Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's Fool,
Men called him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make Folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry;
Dickys enough are still behind
To laugh at bye and bye."

Bronllys or Bryonllys, as the name was formerly spelt, is a picturesque and sequestered little village amid the hills of Central Wales. In the old guide-books it is said to be midway between Brecon and Hay on the turnpike road; but now the railway has penetrated to the quiet district, although it is somewhat subdued by the local influences of the scene, and does not dash along with the haughty pride of the expresses on the great main lines. Bronllys is left about a mile on one side of the line, but its roofs can be seen from the station at Talgarth. The English visitor will have had a most delightful ride, for he has traversed for a considerable distance the lovely valley of the

Wye, and has seen many of its quieter if not more admired beauties. The little tributary stream of the river Lunwy runs through the valley which Bronllys overlooks. The name of the village is said to mean the eminence or brow near the court or palace; and surely enough there is the frowning remnant of a strong Norman keep. This consists simply of a circular tower on an artificial eminence, but it is of remarkable height and great strength. There is a local tradition that Mahael, the ejected son of Barnard Newmarch, being on a predatory expedition, was entertained here for one night by Walter de Clifford. The building took fire, and Mahael, in attempting to escape, was crushed to death. A very fanciful local idea attributed the foundation of the castle to the Phœnicians, but there is no warrant for putting it earlier than the eleventh century.

The village clusters round the church, at some distance from the castle and the modern residence which bears its name. The church, which is dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, is a quaint little building of undoubted antiquity, but it has lately been so thoroughly restored that it is difficult to distinguish between new and old. It consists of nave and chancel with a roomy south porch, with an effective gable-ended timber roof. The windows are small and deeply splayed on the inner side. The rood-screen is placed some distance westwards of the chancel arch, and although a simple design, is carved with some effective proofs of rustic fancy. There are traces of a rood staircase and entrance to the loft; and the font is Norman. The size of the building is indicated by the fact that the nave is seated with about ninety rush-bottomed chairs.

Although the tower is detached from the main building, it stands so close to it that at a distance they appear to be in one. It is, too, most curiously situated at the south-east corner of the building, and is in no particular style. It is square, with a saddle-backed roof, and bears a closer family resemblance to a Flemish tower than to anything in English architecture. It contains a peal of five bells.

The monuments in the churchyard are not of more than local interest. In the middle of the last century there was an inscription here to the memory of a person who died from a fall from his horse, which, though seriously intended, often provoked a smile.

"Man's life is a vapour and full of woes,
He cuts a caper and—down he goes."

In the list of vicars occur two successive incumbencies of unusual length. Thomas Williams, who was presented in 1677, held the living for sixty-two years; and his immediate successor, Thomas Vaughan, appointed in 1739, remained for forty-seven years.

HAROLD LEWIS.

PERSHORE.

THE FRAGMENT WHICH REMAINS.

FROM a very early period no district in England was so rich in monastic foundations as the old Hwiccian Land—roughly including the present counties of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire. At the close of the eighth century there were no less than twenty-four of these monasteries in the district in question. On some of these old sites have been erected stately abbeys which are still with us—such as Tewkesbury, and the lordly pile of Gloucester. On some of them only a ruin or a hallowed memory remains, such as Evesham; here and there a glorious fragment, more or less carefully preserved, tells its story of Christian worship for more than a thousand years.

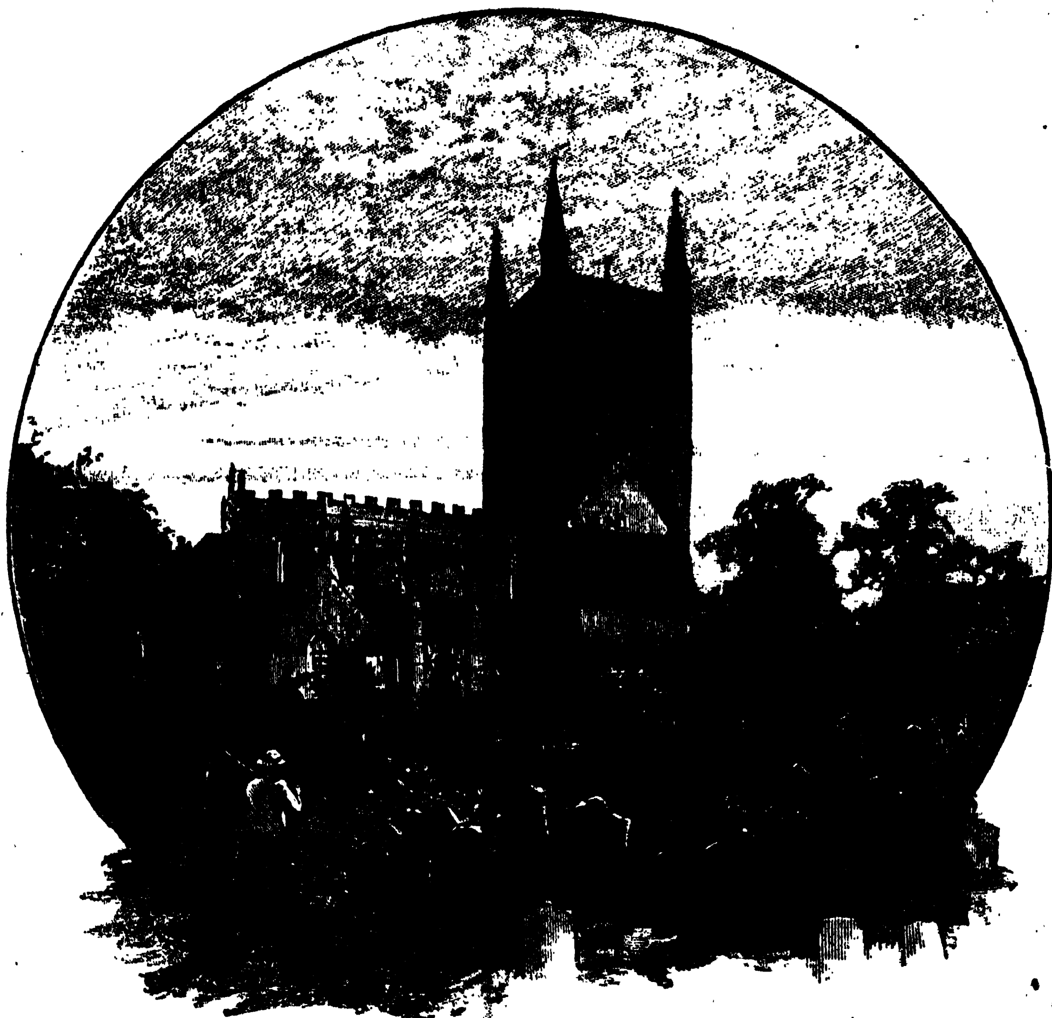
In this latter class of time-honoured sacred buildings in the Hwiccian Land the abbey of Pershore is a notable example — a noble monument of Norman devotion and skill of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, curiously and quaintly varied by the more decorative work of the Early English school of builders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It was condemned to utter destruction by Henry VIII. and his rough lieutenant, Cromwell, and only partially rescued from these ruthless and careless spoilers by the self-denying far-sightedness of the poor inhabitants of Pershore, who—for what was to them a great sum—bought back from the rapacious Minister of King Henry VIII. a fragment of the glorious abbey which they loved so well, and of which they were so justly proud.

The Norman nave of Pershore Abbey was at this sad period of its history pulled down, as also were the lady chapel with other parts of the grand abbey, such as the beautiful chapel of St. Eadberg, and the far-reaching buildings of the great monastery. Two centuries ago—weakened perhaps by the inroads made in the masonry for the insertion of a large window in the Perpendicular period—the north transept fell. Our own times have witnessed a complete and thorough restoration and careful repair of the beautiful fragment of the old abbey which remained.

This fragment includes the south transept of the original Norman church, the piers and arches of the tower, and very slight remains of the north transept and the Norman nave; to these older parts of the great church we happily can add the choir, built in the first half of the thirteenth century, almost in its entirety—a most noble specimen of Early English, with an exquisite vaulted roof of later date—the two upper storeys of the tower, the lower storey of which formed an exquisite lantern, the lantern pronounced by the late Sir Gilbert

Scott "to be, with the single exception of Lincoln Cathedral, probably the most beautiful feature of its class to be found in any English church."

The great church of which we possess this lovely fragment has a story reaching back twelve hundred eventful years. Two brothers, Oswald and Osric,



PERSHORE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

nephews of King Ethelred of Mercia, the son of the famous Penda, received grants of land—the one at Gloucester, the other at Pershore—probably as outposts against the dreaded incursions of the British from South Wales. One of these princes, Osric, was the founder of the cathedral of Gloucester. The other, Oswald, was the traditional builder of Pershore Abbey. The year of our Lord 689 was probably the date of the erection of the first church by Oswald, who died fighting with his brother Osric (subsequently King of Northumbria) A.D. 729.

From incidental notices in monastic cartularies and in other early documents,

we gather that the Pershore Church and Monastery continued to be a centre of mission and other work for God during the eighth and ninth centuries. Like many religious foundations it suffered grievously at the hands of bands of Danish invaders, and in common with other monastic foundations its possession was disputed by the secular clergy, usually probably represented by a small college of canons, and by the regulars, the monks. In the year of our Lord 972 it became remodelled on the Benedictine rule, and from that date monks of this order occupied it until the Reformation, when the monastery was suppressed.

The great prosperity of our abbey in Saxon times seems to have been brought about in this wise. Some eighty years before the Norman Conquest a rich Saxon noble became, from some reason not known to us, deeply interested in Pershore and its ancient church. His name was Egel-wada, and he held the high office of Earl of Dorset. This munificent noble splendidly restored the abbey and the buildings clustered round it, and then purchased for an enormous sum from his aunt, the Abbess of St. Mary, Winchester, the precious relics of Eadberg, a nun held in great reverence by the Saxon Church. Eadberg, who was subsequently canonised, was a granddaughter of King Alfred, and a nun of extraordinary piety. After her death her bones were reputed to work wondrous miracles of healing. The possession of these wonder-working relics, which brought a great influx of pilgrims and strangers to worship in the restored and beautiful abbey, and the rich gifts and endowment of land of Earl Egel-wada, raised the monastery of Pershore to a high position among the Saxon religious houses of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

These prosperous days came to an end in the later years of King Edward the Confessor, who seems to have had no scruple in confiscating not a little of the broad lands of Pershore, and bestowing them on his favourite Abbey of West-Minster, then rapidly rising in Thorny Island by the Thames water. Some twenty-eight manors were taken away from the monastic possessions, and nineteen of these were given to the foundation of the new abbey.

In common with all other Saxon foundations Pershore was more or less impoverished as a result of the Norman Conquest. For a long period the value of land was much depreciated, and rapacious Normans—like Urse d'Abitôt, the sheriff of Worcester, who possessed vast powers in this part of England—heavily oppressed with exactions the Saxon proprietors who escaped confiscation. But the abbey suffered less than most Saxon foundations, for it had the good fortune of being ruled over at this juncture by Eadmund, a man widely respected for his high and stainless character. The next abbot but one was Guido, who was probably an Italian, and certainly a great builder. The grand Norman abbey church of Pershore was his work. The responds of the nave—those half-columns we see still outside the west-end of the church—closely resemble the lofty round massive pillars

peculiar to Gloucester and Tewkesbury. Indeed the Norman abbey at Pershore of Abbot Guido must have closely resembled the glorious Gloucester Minster and the slightly smaller sister church of Tewkesbury, and the three must have been the fruit of one inspiration, the architect of Serlo of Gloucester most probably designing them all. The Norman south transept of Pershore Abbey is still standing much as Guido's workmen left it, and is, in its quaint irregularity and strange, stern beauty, intensely interesting to the archæologist and the architect. We have in the church two "memories" of the Crusades. In the transept there is a rude carving of three elephants' heads on a small capital, a remembrance of what the artist had seen in the East. The other "memory" is a more interesting one. It is the beautifully wrought effigy of a crusader of mark, Sir William de Harley. It has unfortunately been fixed on the top of a stone coffin with which it has nothing to do. This crusader was Lord of Harley in Shropshire, who fought in the first crusade, and was knighted at Jerusalem, tradition says, by the hand of Godfrey de Bouillon.

In the year 1204 Gervase became abbot. Dissatisfied, as were so many of the monk-architects of the thirteenth century, with the grave, fortress-like Norman work, he determined to rebuild the choir with graceful pointed arches and rich tracery. During his long reign of thirty years his beautiful work was almost completed. It is with us still, but little harmed by time and neglect, save for the disappearance of the gold and colour which once relieved much of the sombre greyness of the walls, and is a very noble example of Early English architecture.

Pershore, after the confiscation in the time of Edward the Confessor, and the subsequent impoverishment consequent on the Norman Conquest, was evidently never a wealthy house. Yet the Pershore monks, in spite of their poverty, were lavish and splendid in their magnificent buildings. The thirteenth century witnessed the designing and erecting of the noble Early English choir, which took the monks some thirty years to complete. A disastrous fire, which happened near the end of that century (the thirteenth), seriously injured the Norman nave, and especially damaged the tower. So terrible was this conflagration that forty years later we read of the ruinous state of the nave and tower. The monks, after restoring their nave, set themselves, somewhere about the year 1330, to rebuild their tower — a truly magnificent piece of work, which still remains to us almost in its fresh beauty. We have no record of the details of this superb work. The very name of the great architect is lost. But Sir Gilbert Scott, who in 1865, with vast skill, conducted the restoration works, is convinced that the same master mind that guided the builders of the gorgeous central tower of the magnificent cathedral of Salisbury, planned the smaller but still exquisitely beautiful tower of Pershore Abbey. "Every

feature," says our learned nineteenth century architect, "in Salisbury and Pershore is alike; the lower stage is merely a plainer version of the corresponding stage at Salisbury, the great distinction being that it is but one, whereas there are two in the prototype, and a spire in addition."



THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.

In the thirty-first year of Henry VIII.'s reign the confiscation of the abbey lands was completed. The abbot and the monks were pensioned. The nave and the lady chapel were pulled down, as well as the monastic buildings. The beautiful chapel of St. Eadberg, the granddaughter of the beloved King Alfred, which was on the south of the choir, was probably

destroyed somewhat later. Then it was that the people of Pershore—"poor folks they must have been, came forward with their little offerings, and bought the remnant of the church, that they might make it their parish church for ever."

From the time of the Reformation, the poverty of the people, and the small interest generally felt in these splendid memorials of a little understood past, allowed the noble fragment of the glorious abbey gradually to decay. The great north transept, as we have said, fell; two large buttresses were erected to support the massive tower; vast galleries were put up, reaching well-nigh half down the choir. The matchless lantern was shut out from view by a floor unskilfully built beneath it. The south transept, which still defied the wear and tear of time and neglect, was shut off from the choir and converted into a parish schoolroom. In 1861 the tower showed signs of giving way. Then the people of Pershore awoke from their long torpor, and, guided by their devoted and energetic vicar, the late Dr. Williamson, set themselves to repair and to restore their noble choir, transept, and tower. The result of the work* has been to give us back, exquisitely restored, one of the noblest fragments of Norman and Early English work our country possesses—a grand example of the learning and piety of our age, which, while incapable of erecting a Pershore Abbey, has sense and discrimination to appreciate and love these mighty efforts of a power and genius which exist no longer.

H. DONALD M. SPENCE.

* The parishioners are said to have expended some £10,000 on their abbey, while the late Sir Gilbert Scott directed the restoration, which is still incomplete. A few years ago in the course of alterations to the Capital and Counties Bank, in the High Street, Mr. W. Lunn discovered, built into the walls and buried in the vaults, a large quantity of masonry from the abbey, including the finials of the western turrets, and tracery which shows that the large windows of the transept and west end were very noble specimens of the Perpendicular. I may here mention that many of the details in this study have been taken from two admirable unpublished lectures on the abbey by the late Prebendary Wickenden of Lincoln.

HOWDEN.

A STORY WRIT IN STONE.

ALTHOUGH in Roger of Hoveden the parish of Howden in Yorkshire gave to us one of the most renowned of our chroniclers, the documentary history of its noble church is singularly meagre. The building or buildings which preceded it have fared even worse. It is clear from an entry in Domesday Book that Howden had a church at the time of the Survey, and this was perhaps the one which, as would appear from a charter dated A.D. 959, was built either in that year or shortly afterwards. It is possible indeed that even this was not the first of the churches of Howden. In Giraldus Cambrensis we read of a tradition that here was the tomb of St. Osanna, sister of King Osred, who flourished in the eighth century; and there are vague references, for which one can find no sort of authority, to a "heathen temple" as having previously occupied this or an adjacent site. But Giraldus was not entirely penetrated by the historical spirit, and allusions to heathen temples occur with such frequency in accounts of ancient churches that one is apt to suspect the historian of having yielded to the temptation to make a good start. When we come to the present church, history of the verbal kind is, as we have said, unusually scanty. Nor is this all. The absence of authoritative record has been the opportunity of the speculative antiquary, and a pretty use he has made of it. The most ridiculous guesses have been gravely propounded as indubitable facts; and errors only to be accounted for in the first instance by the grossest carelessness have been repeated again and again, although the hastiest visit to the church would have led to their detection. In these days, happily, the chronological significance of mediæval architecture is better understood, nor do archæological writers feel that they have fulfilled the whole duty of the antiquary when they have copied from Leland and Camden, even when these authorities have been followed, without being confirmed, by Pennant.

The style of which the church of Howden is so splendid an example is the Decorated, which is represented in almost every stage of its development; but there is some Early English work in the transepts, the chapter-house is Early Perpendicular, the upper stages of the tower are in more advanced phases of the same style, and the Grammar School, tacked on to the south aisle of the nave, and extending from the south porch to the west end of the church, is still later. When completed, it consisted of a nave of six bays, with clerestory, and an aisle on either side; vaulted south porch with parvise; the Grammar

School; a central tower; north and south transepts; a choir of six bays, equal in length and breadth to the nave,* with a clerestory and triforium, an aisle on each side, and chapter-house on the south; there were also several chantries, attached to the transept and elsewhere. The whole of the eastern half of this magnificent structure, including its finest feature, the chapter-house, has gone to ruin, and the floor where surpliced priests and choristers intoned the prayer and rolled the psalm has long been given over to the prone and silent dead. Considerable portions of the walls and arches, however, remain—enough not merely to form a singularly picturesque ruin, but to furnish the clearest indications of the aspect and character of this part of the building before it fell into decay. The space beneath the tower is now used as the chancel, the eastern arches of the transept having been filled up and a window inserted in the central one, while the ancient stone rood-screen through which the choir was formerly entered has been converted into a reredos.

There can be no doubt that the form the church now presents, partly to the sight and partly to the imagination, is not that which it received from the original builders. Of this there are several indications, as unmistakable as they are interesting; but the only ones which there is space to speak of here are the two weather mouldings on the eastern face of the tower, one above the other (see page 816), and a similar mark on the western face in the nave (see page 817), corresponding with the lower of the two on the eastern side, while the present roof of the nave corresponds with the higher of the two. Even if the walls of the nave did not themselves testify to their having been raised, the only possible explanation of these phenomena is that the roof, both of nave and of choir, was elevated, and that too within not many years of the original completion of the church, as is evident from the prevailing harmony of style. The transepts, which have not in themselves undergone much alteration from the first, are, as we have seen, Early English, which shows that the building was begun somewhere in the thirteenth century. Now it appears that in early days the Howdenshire demesnes were the subject of perpetual disputes between the prior and convent of Durham on the one hand and the bishop of that see on the other, which disputes came to an end in 1228, when an agreement was arrived at which settled the advowsons of all the Howdenshire churches on the prior and convent, with the tithes in each parish as an endowment for their rectors. Mr. Hutchinson conjectures

* The length of the choir is 107 feet 9 inches, of the nave 109 feet 5 inches, with a common breadth of 58 feet 4 inches; the transepts, including the intersection, are 117 feet by 30 feet. These figures, with other particulars, are taken from an able and interesting paper read before a party of antiquaries from Newcastle, by the Vicar, the Rev. W. Hutchinson, who had evidently made the church a subject of long and careful study. The paper, with illustrations from drawings by Miss Frances Hutchinson, has been reprinted from the Proceedings of the Society for which it was prepared.

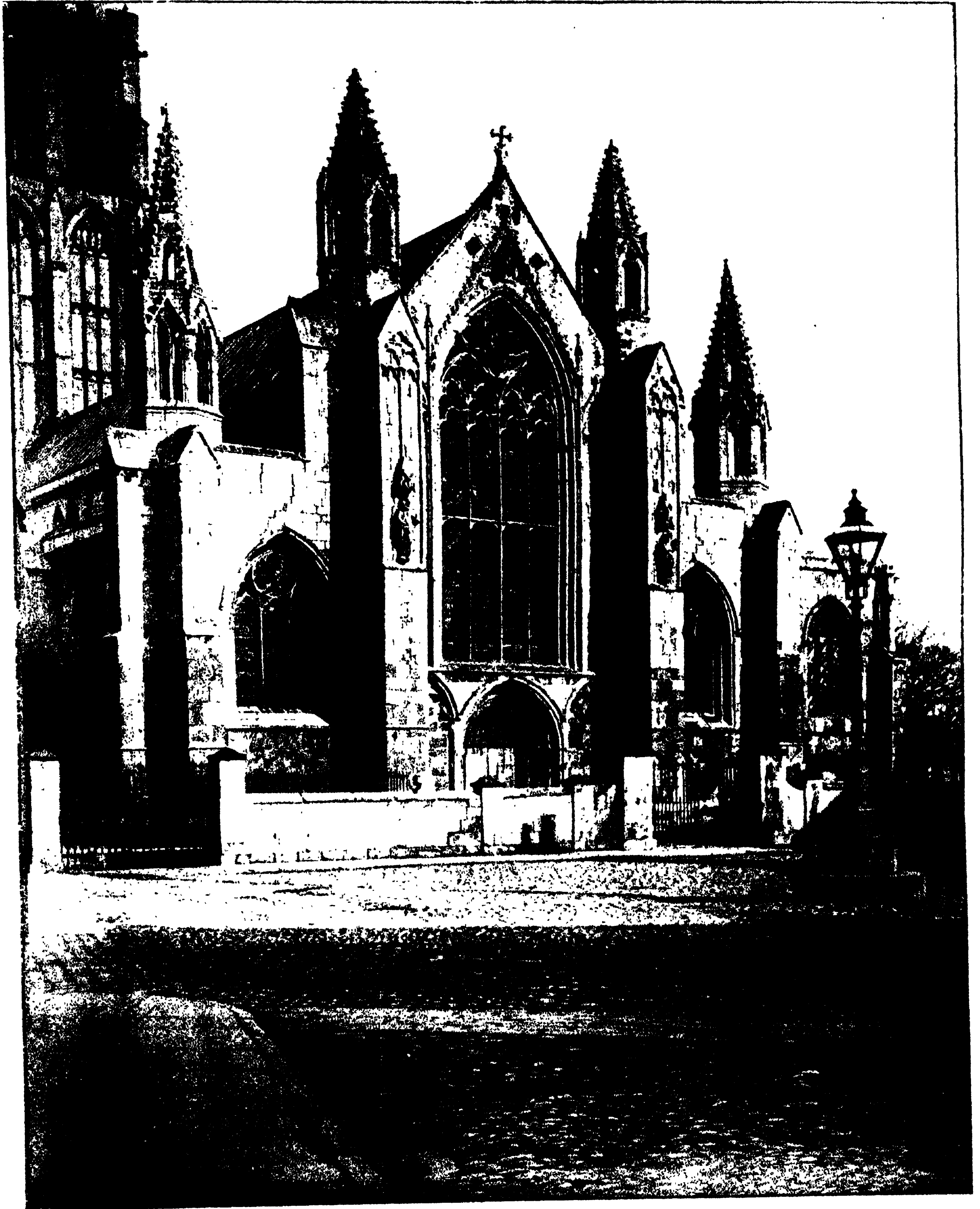


Photo: R. J. Latham, Howden.

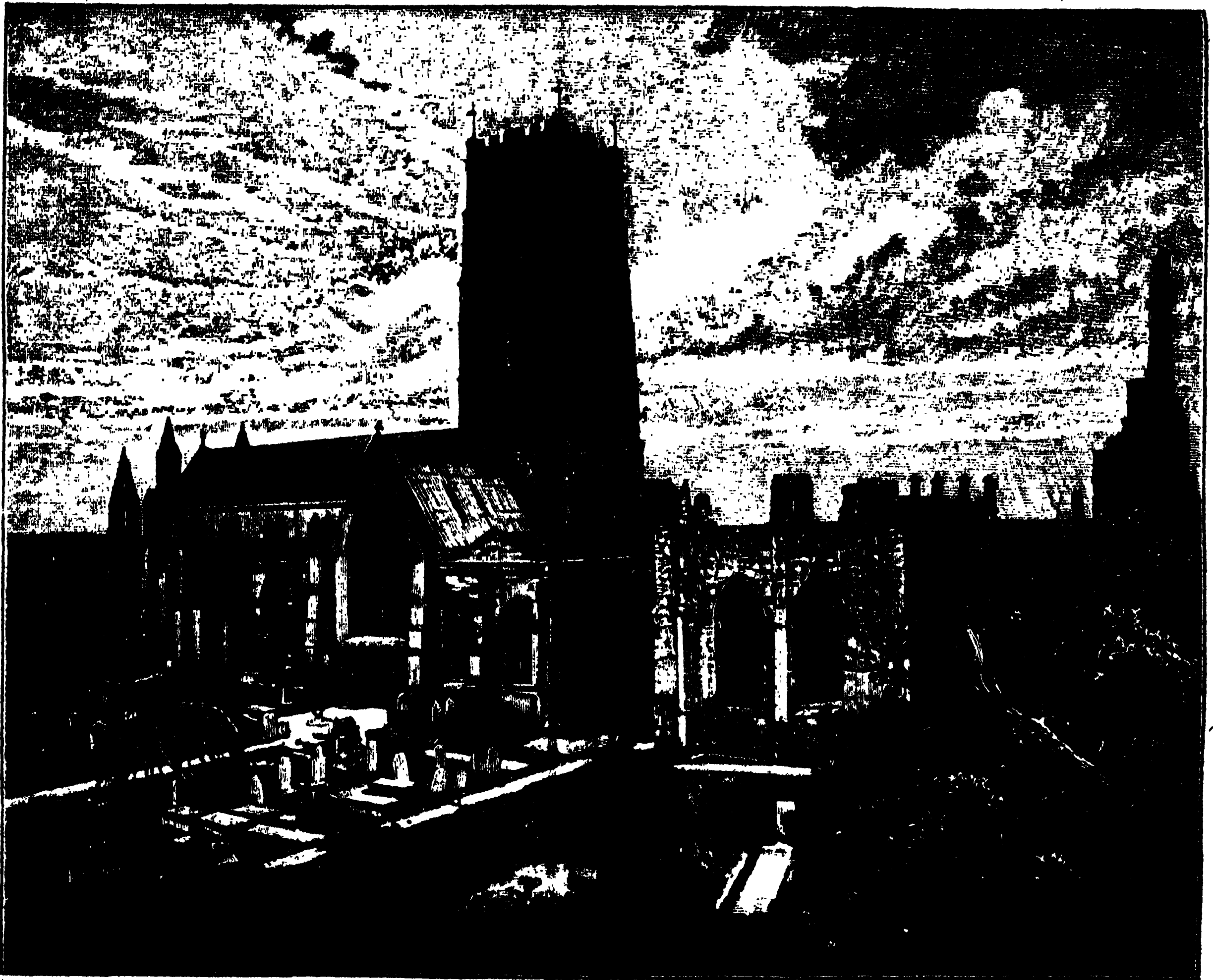
HOWDEN. THE WEST FRONT.

that it was now, or shortly afterwards, and in consequence of the security they were able at last to feel, that the prior and convent began to build; and in the absence of any Saxon or Norman remains, he suggests that the earlier church noticed in the Domesday Book occupied a different site, though close at hand. If this be so—and there is everything to give it probability—the work of construction would probably be finished somewhere about the middle of the century, and so we can account for our church in its first form—a church with transepts and nave very much as they are now seen, except that the roof of the latter was not carried so high, but with a choir which would probably not extend beyond two of the six bays of which it afterwards consisted.

Where, then, are we to look for an explanation of the very considerable enlargement, amounting indeed almost to reconstruction, which must have been begun within not many years of the completion of the fabric? The answer, as at Ottery St. Mary, where a similar question arises, is without doubt to be found in the fact that the building was elevated into a collegiate church. There is an interesting passage in one of the Burton MSS. which tells how Walter, Archbishop of York, finding the revenues "sufficient for the maintenance of many spiritual men," ordained that there should be "in this church of Hoveden five prebends for ever, and each of them to maintain, at his own proper costs, a priest and clerk in holy orders to administer in the same, in canonical habit," and how, fearful, as one may suppose, lest the holy men should all scramble after the lowest seat, he gave minute directions as to "the manner of sitting in the quire," the first seat being allotted to the prebendary of Howden, and so forth. It was in 1267 that the church acquired its new dignity, and it is easy to see that as it existed at that time it would not be judged worthy of a collegiate foundation with five prebends—afterwards, by the way, increased to six. Hence the works of extension, which were probably entered upon before the century had run out, or at any rate early in the next.

The chapter-house is later, belonging to the closing years of the fourteenth century, and due to the generosity of Walter de Skirlaw, not the least famous of the Bishops of Durham, who also probably built the little chantry almost adjoining, and finally, at his death, in 1406, left a large sum of money for the completion of the tower. His design in raising the tower to so lofty a height has been ludicrously misconstrued by Camden and others. It was, to quote Camden's words, in order that "in case of a sudden inundation, the inhabitants might save themselves in it"! By a later writer this has been stigmatised as a "romantic tale," for, he urges, if the banks of the Ouse and the Derwent were levelled, Howden could not be laid more than six or eight feet under water. "There was consequently," he proceeds, "very little need of building a steeple [*sic*] of 135 feet in height to enable the inhabitants to keep their heads above water, when

a structure of one-eighth part of that height, and more capacious, would have more effectually answered the purpose. Some doting scribe, desirous of assimilating the story of Howden Church to the Tower of Babel, has ascribed to Walter Skirlaw the ideas of the people in the Plain of Shinar."



VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

The Grammar School, in advanced Perpendicular, was the last addition made to the church. It has been said to be the part last erected before the decree went forth to destroy the college, but unless there is some record absolutely fixing the date, of which the present writer is not aware, it is not unlikely that, as at Ottery St. Mary and elsewhere, the foundation of the school accompanied the suppression of the college, as a small concession to local feeling. The dissolution took place in 1547, within a few weeks or months after the Defender of the Faith had gone to his account, and the temporalities remained with the Crown until 1592, when they passed by

gift or purchase into private hands. After this the story is one of decline and fall. There were, of course, no funds sufficient for keeping so large a building in repair. The choir, being entirely neglected, soon became unsafe,



THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.

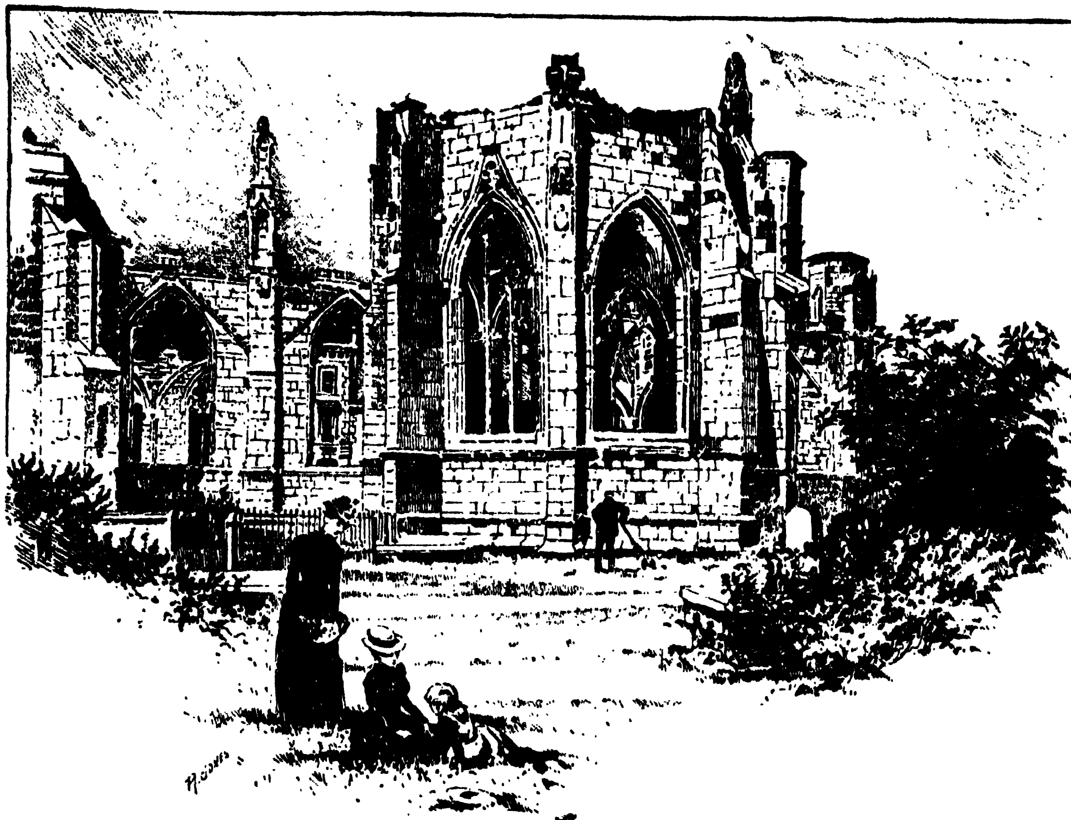
and in 1635 was disused, certain alterations being in consequence made to the nave. It was not long before the end came. The material used for the choir was a local magnesian limestone which can ill withstand exposure to the weather, and in 1696 the groined roof fell in. As time went on the nave, too, became dilapidated, and was disfigured with a gallery, but extensive repairs were made in 1843 and 1850, and in more recent days nothing has been left undone that can atone for the wrongs of the past. The organ is now in the north transept; the lovely south porch has become a vestry fit for an archbishop. During the renovations of 1850, the prebendal residences—or what was left of

them—were removed, by order of the Bishop of Ripon, to which diocese the parish had been transferred, and since then a vicarage has been built in the grounds.

The feature of the church that first strikes the mind is the tower, which from its great height and ample breadth is certainly an impressive object, visible for miles in the flat country around. It must, however, be admitted that the near view is less satisfactory than a more remote one. Those are no doubt right who hold that before the uppermost stage was added its height was proportionate neither to its own bulk nor to the height of the body of the church, yet one cannot but regret that the addition was not made before the Gothic had succumbed to *rigor mortis*. Nor is it easy to escape from the feeling that in the absence of pinnacles the tower, although battlemented, ends with unpleasing abruptness. Its very loftiness creates a need for a less sudden termination; the eye unconsciously assumes that after so long a journey it will not be called upon to make a sudden stop, and the expectation thus formed is only very partially appeased by the vanes at the angles, which, by the way, are not unanimous witnesses of what the wind is doing. The west front, too, is not quite beyond criticism, lavish as is the praise meted out to it. Over a central doorway, the recessed arch resting upon numerous columns with richly carved capitals, and flanked by a blank arch on either side, is seen a window deep and broad, rising to a crocketted apex which encloses a figure and terminates in a foliated cross, and divided into four lights, the extreme length relieved not merely by tracery in the sweep of the arch, but by a transom below. The front as a whole is broken up into four sections by as many buttresses, the inner two marking the nave, and all of them carried up above the roof in large octagonal pinnacles, spotted all over with crockets, and pierced with tiny windows. The caps are, perhaps, too liberally crocketted to suit all tastes, and while the window has great beauty, and most of the details of the front are admirable, it is open to question whether the general effect is entirely satisfactory. It might not without reason be urged that the design lacks concentration—that the spectator is unable to find in it a central feature, so that his eye wanders from side to side without finding rest; and if this be so, the responsibility must be laid upon the pinnacles, which not only look out of relation with the buttresses, being set back from them, but by their size and redundant decoration are able to exact a disproportionate share of attention.

When, however, one looks at the east front there is nothing to do but to admire with all one's might. To hint a fault here would only be less difficult than to adequately praise. Comparison has been made between these ruins as a whole and those at Melrose, and while there are few churches which "St. David's ruined pile" need fear to be set against, it is questionable whether its east front, at least, was ever so lovely as this must have been in its palmy

days. It was set about with statues, twenty-two in number, the majority of them sheltered by canopied niches; the gable ran up into a towering pinnacle; the elaborate mouldings were profusely ornamented with the four-leaved flower; and Mr. Hutchinson has pointed out that even the sides of the gable were



THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, FROM THE SOUTH.

panelled, although this could only be properly seen from the tower. Of the chapter-house, also, no admiration could be excessive. Entering from the south aisle of the choir, you find yourself in a diminutive octagonal chamber, fitted with thirty seats, canopied in imitation of a groined and ribbed arch, and separated by dainty clustered pillars with foliated capitals, from which rose tabernacle work of cunning device to ornament the arches. At each angle is a richly ornamented buttress, and in each of the eight divisions is a window of three lights, the mullions flowing into tracery which adds to exquisite beauty of line the charm of variety, for the design is, it would seem, different in nearly every case. The groined roof and octagonal spire fell in on St. Stephen's Day, 1750, and every feature of the tiny building has suffered more or less from the tooth of time; but now these, in common with the rest of the ruins, are carefully watched over and admirably kept. It is not pleasant, however, to

see in the centre a modern grave. The structure which one writer of ample knowledge considered to be the finest piece of Gothic work in the kingdom is surely worthy of a better fate than to be turned into a charnel-house, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the mistake, if it cannot be repaired, will not at any rate be repeated.

The double chantry adjoining the south transept has not yet been noticed, and this with much besides must be passed over. A word must, however, be said about one of several interesting memorials of the dead—an ancient coffin-lid bearing a partly obliterated inscription, which was thus rendered by Leland and Pennant:—"Hic requiescunt viscera Walteri Skirlaw." There is no doubt that Bishop Skirlaw died here, in the summer palace which he built hard by the church, and that he was "embowelled" before being taken to Durham for interment, and for hundreds of years this relic was supposed to refer to him. But at least two other Bishops of Durham also died here—Walter Kirkham, who preceded Skirlaw by nearly a century and a half, and Hugh Pudsey, the warrior-bishop who gave Norham Castle the mighty keep which still looks down upon the Tweed; the former also, before being borne off to his cathedral for sepulture, was subjected to the same unpleasant process as his remote successor, and a less careless scrutiny of the inscription towards the end of the last century led to the discovery that it referred to him and not to Skirlaw. It led also to a war among the antiquaries. Criticising Hutchinson, the historian of Durham, by whom the blunder was exposed, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1793 denounced "the vagaries of upstart antiquaries, who seem to delight in new speculations and unfounded assertions, and bring discredit on the science of antiquity by flourishes of pedantic language." "This requires no comment," was the rejoinder. And then came the comment, the assailant being informed that he "disgraced the public society to which he belonged." Dryasdust is evidently a fierce creature when roused.

W. W. HUTCHINGS.



ST. PETER'S, WOLVERHAMPTON, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

ST. PETER'S, WOLVERHAMPTON.

IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

WOLVERHAMPTON is best known as the capital of the Black Country, the centre of a vast district of flaming furnaces, and blinding smoke which settles like a pall upon the face of the land and kills all vegetation for miles round. The spectacle at night is a remarkable one, not easily forgotten by the unseasoned observer, to whom it will probably recall the first book of "Paradise Lost." These triumphs of industrial enterprise over the beauties of nature have, however, grown up within the last hundred years. But Wolverhampton was a place of some importance before William the Conqueror stumbled out of his boat upon the British shore, and it has not altogether lost the pleasant, natural appearance which it had then in common with all the country round; indeed it is to-day somewhat of a green oasis in the manufacturing wilderness. It still preserves a few old timbered houses as proof of its respectable antiquity. But chief of all the buildings which it has inherited from the past is that which crowns the eminence on which the town stands, the collegiate church of St. Peter, colloquially known among the natives, since a very active church extension movement has greatly multiplied places of worship during the past fifty years, as the Old Church. Although it has been very roughly handled in times gone by and has in later times been much built in, it is a noble structure of which the town may well be proud.

The first recorded fact in the history of the church is its munificent endowment, probably not its foundation, about the year 994, by Wulfrun, widow of Athelm, Earl of Northampton, and sister of King Ethelred. In all likelihood the royal rank of its patroness secured for its college of secular canons the privilege of exemption from Episcopal authority, such as the Chapter of Westminster enjoys to this day. The exemption was renewed by King Edward the Confessor, and the position of dean became a much-coveted appointment. King William I. conferred it upon a favourite Canon of Bayeux, Samson, who, when he was preferred to the bishopric of Worcester, conveyed it to the prior and convent of St. Mary in that city. King Henry III. gave the dean the right to hold a market in the town, and during the reign of King Edward I. the authority of the dean had become strong enough to obtain a charter of confirmation for all his privileges, which included the right of capital punishment within his manor, as well as holding an annual fair and weekly market. In 1335 Hugh Elys was appointed dean, and obtained from the king in 1342

a writ for a commission to report upon the state of the "King's Free Chapel." As it was found to be in a ruinous condition, extensive repairs were undertaken, and at the same time the church was enlarged, the north transept being added, and the tower raised to its present height. In the second year of King Edward VI. nearly all collegiate churches and free chapels with the exception of Windsor were abolished. The lands and possessions of this church were seized and granted to the Duke of Northumberland, but Queen Mary reversed the gift and restored the college. Although it did not succeed in getting back all its lands, it was fortunate enough to secure from Queen Elizabeth a confirmation of the privileges granted by her sister. The college thus survived the changes of the Reformation, to be swallowed up, after a recorded existence of 850 years, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1846, upon the death of the last dean, the Hon. Henry Lewis Hobart. The revenues of the prebendal stalls, which retained the same designations as were given them in a charter of 1338, were diverted to the endowment of additional churches, of which nearly thirty have been built during the last century and a half.

The church is cruciform in plan, with a central tower, although as the transepts do not extend further north and south than the nave aisles the shape of the cross is somewhat lost. Wolverhampton stands upon the thick bed of New Red Sandstone which meets the great coalfield at its western boundary, and of this sandstone the church is built. The local stone used in the nave was evidently found not to stand the weather well, and the upper stages of the tower are built of a harder quality which must have been brought from a considerable distance.

The Early English arches, which have on the chancel side some dog-tooth moulding, have borne the weight of the tower securely for centuries, but they are rather low and narrow and somewhat divide the nave from the chancel. These arches, with the lowest stage of the tower, parts of the south transept, the south wall of the nave, the porch, and part of the west wall, are the oldest portions of the present church, and date from the middle of the thirteenth century; of the original church, no traces can be found. The nave is for the most part fourteenth-century work, although portions of the western wall, as we have said, are older; it consists of five bays, with north and south aisles. The clerestory windows are unusual, consisting of two square-headed lights placed one above the other. The pierced parapet with pinnacles which surmounts the nave roof is a modern restoration, and the fine oak roof is of recent date. On the interior, between the clerestory windows, are seven carved figures on either side, which are said to represent the virtues on the south and the vices on the north. The most interesting feature of the nave is the carved stone pulpit which is placed against the first column on the south side; it is a very handsome piece of Perpendicular work,

supported from the ground by a single shaft, and reached by a stone staircase which winds very ingeniously round the pillar of the nave, the baluster terminating in a very remarkable carved lion. The historic interest of the pulpit is that it must have been frequently occupied by Joseph Hall, afterwards ejected from the bishopric of Norwich, who was in 1612 appointed prebendary of this church, and had a notable litigation with Sir Walter Leveson to regain the revenues of his stall.

Another feature of the nave is the western gallery, erected for the accommodation of the Grammar School boys. It rests upon two richly carved columns, on which are incised representations of grapes and foliage, and the design is repeated in the front of the gallery, which is crowned with an effective balustrading and cornice. Between two shields is the following inscription: "This gallery was built at the prop costes and charges of the Worfl. Company of Merchant Tailors of London anno domi 1610 in the tyme of Mr. Thomas Rowe Master; John Woolly, Randolf Woolly, Ralph Hamor, and Thomas Iohnson wardens of the same society. W. Bailey official." The great west window is filled with stained glass to the memory of the Duke of Wellington; and there are two deeply recessed lancet windows below with glass representing St. Peter and St. Paul.

The south porch has a groined roof, the ribs springing from slender shafts with plain moulded capitals and octagonal bases. Upon the west wall is a tablet, with an inscription from the pen of Dr. Wilkes, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, commemorating Charles Claudius Phillips, and his inimitable performance on the violin, with a revised version by Dr. Johnson. The vestries on the north side were erected in 1886, but the north door, which we expect to find in a church of Norman foundation, is ancient.

The north transept is known as the Lane Chapel, owing to its containing the tombs of members of that family. The earliest is an altar with effigies of John Lane and his wife of the date 1582, but the principal interest attaches to the monument, on the east side, of Colonel John Lane, who died in 1667, and who was instrumental with his daughter, Jane Lane, in securing the escape of King Charles II. to Bristol, and so to France, after the Battle of Worcester in September, 1652. Near this is a medallion portrait of Richard Fryer, the first Member of Parliament for Wolverhampton, which was one of the towns enfranchised by the Reform Act of 1832. In a niche close by is a life-size statue of St. John Baptist, in Caen stone, by Earp, which was set up in memory of the Prince Consort. It is somewhat appropriate to find in the same transept the font, which is interesting, although the bowl is comparatively modern, having been repaired in 1839, but the pedestal is very much older. It is octagonal in form, panelled with niches, which contain statues of saints. Although much defaced, St. Peter and St. Paul can be

identified. The north transept is remarkable for its huge windows; the roof is original but restored. The south transept, which has a lofty appearance with its double row of clerestory windows, formerly occupied the site of four chantries, one of which was the Lady Chapel; it is the old burial-place of the Levesons, and has long been known as the Leveson Chapel.

Wolverhampton was at one time a great centre of the woollen trade, as some of the very big windows of the church would lead the archæologist to suppose, and the Leveson family were originally woolstaplers, amassing here much of the wealth which has descended to the ducal family of Sutherland. They also held a considerable quantity of the property of the church until 1702, when they parted with their interest in it for £22,000. In the south transept there is an altar-tomb of the Levesons, of date 1575; but the monument of Admiral Leveson, of about 1633, was pulled to pieces by the iconoclasts, and the bronze statue by Le Sueur, who made the equestrian statue of Charles I. for Charing Cross, was ordered to be sent to Stafford and cast into a gun. From this fate, however, it was rescued by Lady Leveson, and it still adorns the south transept.

In the south aisle, which is of Decorated character, is a graceful arcading, with slender shafts of light grey stone; this is quite modern, and is intended for monumental purposes. Among the memorial brasses already placed here is one to George Augustus Selwyn, D.D., first Bishop of New Zealand, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. From this aisle is a stone staircase leading to the parvise above the porch, said to have been used as a chapter room.

So far nothing has been said about the chancel. This church suffered very much at the hands of the spoiler after the Reformation, and an inquiry made in 1642 records that the choir and chancel were in a ruinous condition. The chapter would not or could not repair the damages, and Dr. Turnor, who became dean in 1682, rebuilt the chancel in a style, of course, which could not be admired nowadays. When the chapter was dissolved, in 1846, the church as a whole was found to be in a state of extreme dilapidation, and the late Mr. E. Christian, who was consulted, advised a thorough restoration and an actual rebuilding of the chancel. The first estimate was £6,000, but by the time the works were completed, in 1886, more than £30,000 had been expended upon them. Since then the organ has been enlarged, new vestries have been built on the site of the old north porch, several memorial windows have been inserted, the two ancient oak screens have been restored and placed in the south transept arches, and this transept has been formed into a chapel for daily service.

In designing his new chancel Mr. Christian departed altogether from the lines of that which he pulled down, but he was careful to build on the foundations of its predecessor, which, if not the original one, was at any rate that which existed with the present nave. The style he chose was Late Decorated, for which

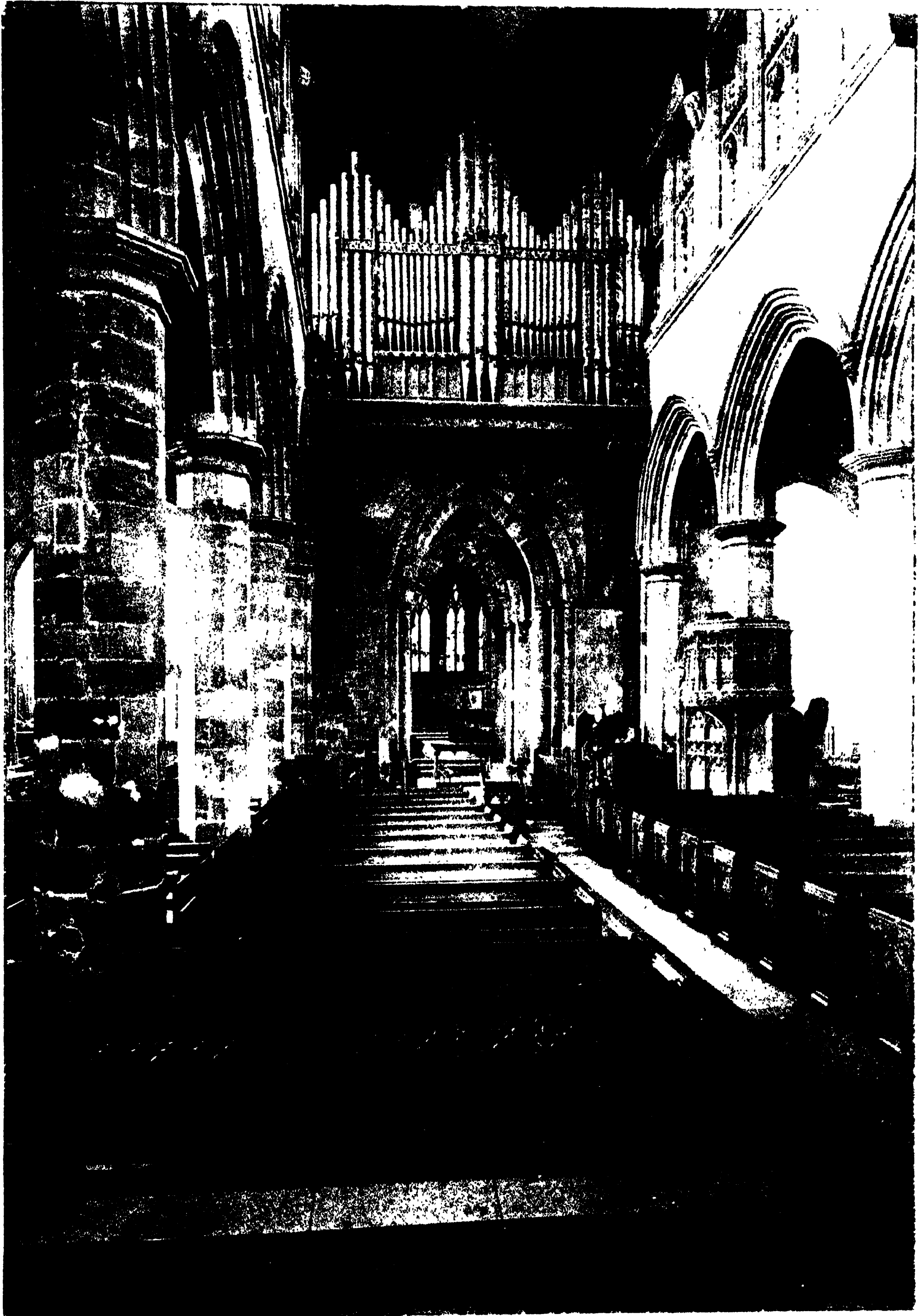
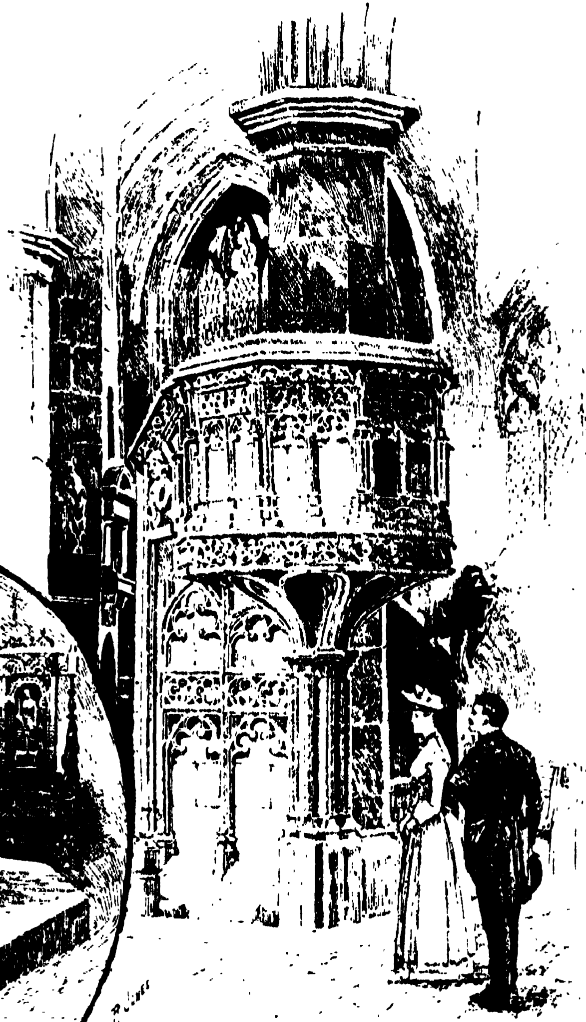


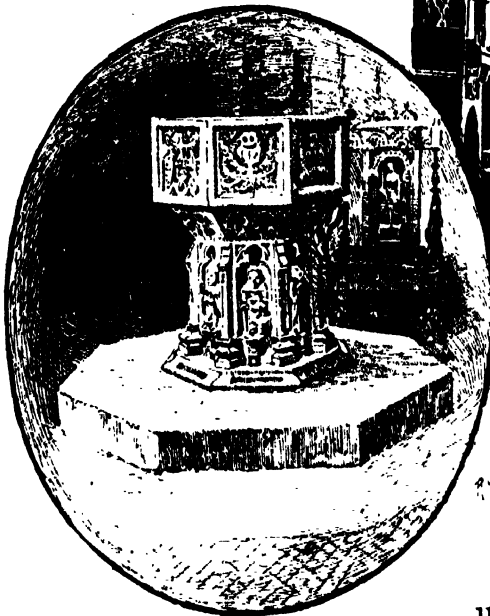
Photo: Gustave Guggenheim, Wolverhampton.

ST. PETER'S, WOLVERHAMPTON: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

he had warrant in the nave aisles, and which he regarded as more harmonious as well as less expensive than Perpendicular work. He admittedly had no authority for giving an apsidal termination to his chancel, but there can be no doubt as to the picturesque effect produced. The vista as one gazes from the western end of the brightly lighted nave through the narrow arches of the tower into "the dim religious light" of the chancel is very striking and effective.



THE PULPIT.



THE FONT.

The tower remains practically untouched since it left its builder's hands. The other walls required casing, but the stone of this was superior, and had withstood the ravages of time. The tower, which is 117 feet high, is square and in three stages. It is much later than the arches on which it rests, being Perpendicular work with very ornate panelling and enrichments, which those who study the symbolical aspects of mediæval masons' work will be interested to know is not continued on the north face.

The old pillar on the south side of the churchyard always attracts a good deal of attention. In all probability it is the remnant of a Saxon churchyard cross.

Harold Lewis.

BISHOPSBOURNE.

MEMORIES OF THE "JUDICIOUS HOOKER."

THIS church is best known from its connection with Richard Hooker, the author of the renowned treatise on "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," who was its rector for five years, 1595—1600, one of the most distinguished of English clergymen, and one of the first and greatest of English prose writers. "His life," says Walton, "became so remarkable that many turned out of the road, and others (scholars especially) went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired." Let us also "turn out of the road" into this quiet nook where he lived and wrote.

We start from Canterbury by the Dover road, and after mounting up for a mile and a half to the old Gate House, we look down after another mile upon the picturesque village of Bridge on the stream of the little Stour, and across to the Barham Downs, where King John assembled his army in 1213, never to be used for the defence of the realm, but only to grace the triumph of Pandulph. Passing Bridge we turn off the road to the right, through the beautiful grounds of Bourne Park, with its fine house of the age of Queen Anne; on the other side of the park we come upon the pretty church and parsonage which form the subject of this article.

Bishop's-bourne. Each part of the word demands a short explanation. The bourne or brook is what is called in Kent a nailbourne, that is, a stream of which the bed is mostly dry, the water percolating underneath; but in some seasons, like the brook Kedron at Jerusalem, flowing above ground. At Bishopsbourne itself the valley is mostly dry; but immediately below it springs up and widens into a lake in Bourne Park, whence it flows out in the copious stream of the lesser Stour. It was *Bishop's*-bourne because the manor was possessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was given in early Saxon times by Aldham, a citizen of Canterbury, to the monastery of Christ Church attached to the cathedral, for the support of the refectory; but in 811 was exchanged by the monastery with Archbishop Wilfrid for Eastry near Sandwich, which still remains in possession of the Capitular body. The manor of Bishopsbourne was in the possession of the archbishop down to the Reformation, when it was exchanged by Cranmer for the manor of Bedgbury, and it passed successively to the Archers, the Corbets, the Beckinghams, and the Bells, its present possessors.

The church, though of moderate size, is sufficient for the needs of the parish. It is in the style of the fifteenth century, and has a nave, two aisles, and a roomy chancel with a large east window. The aisles are separated from

the nave by columns of white stone, some round, some octagonal. On the south-east is a chapel occupied by the family of Bourne Park, and containing memorial slabs of the Archers, Corbets, and Beckinghams, as the aisles contain those of the Mulcasters of Charlton Place. The west window under the tower, by Burne-Jones and Morris, commemorates the incumbency of Dr. Sandford, now Bishop of Gibraltar, through whom the church was restored, Sir Gilbert Scott being the architect. The chancel has been embellished, and the large east window filled with stained glass in memory of Hooker, by the present rector, the Rev. T. Hirst.

It is the fact that Hooker held the rectory for five short years which has made Bishopsbourne famous. The rectory stands in its own pretty grounds at a stone's throw from the church. We enter, and find on the right a good-sized square room, which was in Hooker's time as now the dining-room. It has been kept, as much as the progress of refinement will allow, in its ancient condition, and the rafters are allowed to appear, the ceiling being between not below them. This and another room were unquestionably used by Hooker, whatever changes and enlargements the house may have undergone; and in one of these he died, very possibly in the living-room, since Walton speaks of him as leaving and returning to the company with his friend Saravia the day before his death. In an iron chest in the rectory are kept the parish registers, which for the years of his incumbency are copied in Hooker's own hand, and which contain the entries of his death and that of his parish clerk, Sampson Horton, and the re-marriage of his wife. The fine yew hedge enclosing the garden above the rectory is believed to have been planted by him; but no other memorials of his simple life have been preserved.

Richard Hooker was born at Exeter in the year 1553. His parents were poor but of a good family, his uncle, John Hooker, having been Chamberlain of Exeter and a Member of the Parliament of 1571. He was sent to the grammar school, but would have been unable to proceed to the University without the help of his uncle and that of Bishop Jewel of Salisbury, who had been a Fellow of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, and introduced Hooker (then but fourteen years old) to Dr. Cole, the president of that college, where he became successively scholar and Fellow. Under these ecclesiastical and academical influences he grew up. He was known from his earliest days as a man of grave disposition and a serious student. Walton's Life of him makes, perhaps, too much of his meekness and simplicity in worldly affairs. His writings reveal a man of much independence and even pertinacity; and the fortune which he left at his death (upwards of £1,000, equal to some £7,000 in the present day) shows that he knew how to manage money and to enforce frugality. Still the story of his marriage must be taken as revealing both his self-distrust and his simplicity. He was summoned to London to preach, and there lodged at the house

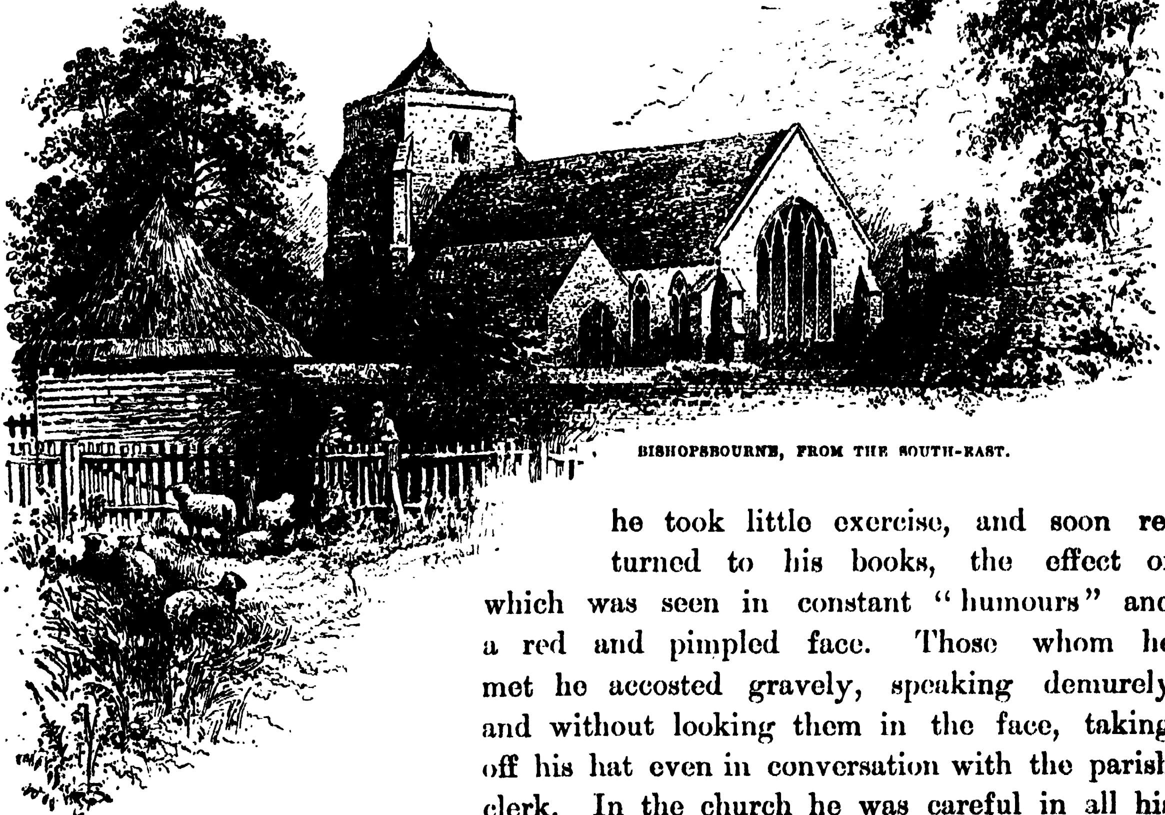
of a draper named Churchman, who had fallen from a higher social station. The wife found Hooker unskilful in taking care of himself, and gave him the aid of her own housewifery; but she suggested that he ought to have a wife to take care of him, and he asked her to look out for him. On his next visit to London he found that she had made arrangements that he should marry her own daughter. The marriage turned out thoroughly unsuitable. Mrs. Hooker was a foolish, extravagant woman, without sympathy with her husband, and inclined at times to be quarrelsome. His friends, Cranmer and Sandys, who came to see him on one occasion found her going out on her own affairs, and Hooker left to rock the cradle.

The marriage, which was in the year 1584, vacated his Fellowship at Corpus, and he took the living of Drayton Beauchamp, near Aylesbury. Thence he received an invitation—through Archbishop Sandys, whose son was his pupil and friend—to become Master of the Temple. His controversy with Travers, the Puritan preacher at the Temple—who, it was said, "preached Genêva in the afternoon, while Hooker preached Canterbury in the morning"—led to the conception of his great work on the "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." But the strain of controversy and the constant interruption of his studies made him sigh for the quiet of the country; and he asked and obtained from Archbishop Whitgift the living of Boscombe, near Salisbury, of which cathedral he also became a minor prebendary. There he remained from 1591 to 1595, and then went to Bishopsbourne, where he resided till his life closed in 1600.

The book is an argument against the contention of the Puritans that in church affairs nothing is allowable but what is prescribed in the Bible. The first four books — written before 1591, but not published till 1594 — are on the nature and sources of law. The fifth book — written at Boscombe, and published alone in 1597—is an elaborate defence of the Prayer Book in all its details against the attacks of the Puritans, and occupies as much space as the four previous books. The story of the last three books is a strange one. On his monument it is said that he wrote eight books, of which three are wanting (*desiderantur*). It was known that these three had been completed, and one of the first thoughts of Archbishop Whitgift, Hooker's patron, on learning of his death, was to ensure, if so it might be, their safety. The widow, who was afterwards summoned before the Privy Council to give an account of the matter, stated that she had had visitors a few days after the funeral, and that they went into the study and looked over the papers and threw some into the fire. As one of these, a Mr. Clarke who afterwards married her daughter, was a strong Puritan, it is supposed that the books were then destroyed. The rest of the papers were sent to Whitgift, and by him committed to others to edit. Fortunately among them were the rough copies of two out of the three missing

books. They passed through many vicissitudes and eventually fell into the hands of Archbishop Ussher. One of them, the eighth, was published by itself in 1651; but no full copy of the whole work, as we now have it, was published till 1662, more than sixty years after the author's death; and of this, one book, the sixth, though unquestionably Hooker's composition, belongs to another work, not to the "Ecclesiastical Polity."

We have thus far viewed Hooker as a writer. Let us come out of the study, and go with him into the parish and the church. In the little street, then as now facing the bed of the stream, he was constantly to be seen ministering to the people, in his cassock and square cap; but



BISHOPSBOURNE, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

he took little exercise, and soon returned to his books, the effect of which was seen in constant "humours" and a red and pimpled face. Those whom he met he accosted gravely, speaking demurely and without looking them in the face, taking off his hat even in conversation with the parish clerk. In the church he was careful in all his ministrations, observing, we may be sure, the arrangements which he had so elaborately defended; and his influence among his people was such that forty years after his death, when changes were introduced in the beginning of the civil troubles, his practice was appealed to as a standard, and the old clerk who still survived refused to retain his office, because, he said, "it was not so done in the time of my master Hooker."

The well-known story told by Walton of his last illness deserves to be repeated, as showing how he blended with his deepest personal religion the divine order of society on which he had dwelt in his great work. He appeared to be deep in contemplation, and, when asked the subject of his thoughts, he said that he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and oh that it might be so on earth!

The following is the entry of his funeral in the Parish Register:—

An. Do. 1600. Mr. Richard Hooker, late parson of Bishopsbourne, buried the 4th of November.

Of his grave nothing is positively known. It is supposed that he was buried on the north side of the chancel, his monument having been originally placed there. But the monument, strange to say, was not erected till thirty years after Hooker's death. It has a bust of Hooker in relief, with his college cap, his grave face, and deeply-sunken eyes, the original colour still remaining. The inscription is as follows:—

Ricardus Hooker Exoniensis, Scholaris Sociusque Collegii Corporis Christi Oxon. deinde Londinensis Templi Interioris in Sacris Magister, Rectorque hujus ecclesiæ. Scripsit viii libros Politiæ Ecclesiasticæ Anglicanæ, quorum tres desiderantur. Obiit Anno Domini MDCIII, ætatis suæ l.

Posuit hoc piissimo viro monumentum, Anno Domini MDCXXXIII, Guglielmus Cowper Armiger, in Christo Jesu quem genuit per Evangelium, 1 Cor. iv. 15.

It will be observed that the date has been wrongly given, Hooker having died on November 2nd, 1600, in his forty-seventh year. His will is dated October 26th. He left four daughters, some of whose descendants were known to Walton, his biographer, in 1675. His wife, after his death, and but a short time before her own, was re-married to her neighbour, Mr. Edward Nathersole, of Barham, one of the daughter-parishes of Bishopsbourne.

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